Saturday Review

June 20, 1964 25¢

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

NEHRU: MAN AND SYMBOL

BY NORMAN COUSINS

"The Professor and the Mustangs," a painting by Luis Eades from "Forty Acres, a Portfolio of University of Texas Scenes"

EDUCATION

CAMBRIDGE ON THE RANC

By David Boroff

SR37891Y 418-469GX
MRS BOWER ALY
1138 22ND AVE E
EUGENE OREG
8

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Meet me and we'll go," she whispered. "We'll go.
What a time we'll have. Weeks together. Ocean, with you.
Sand. Laughing, with you.
Call Hertz to meet our flight.
Make sure it's Hertz. This has to be perfect."

© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC. 1964

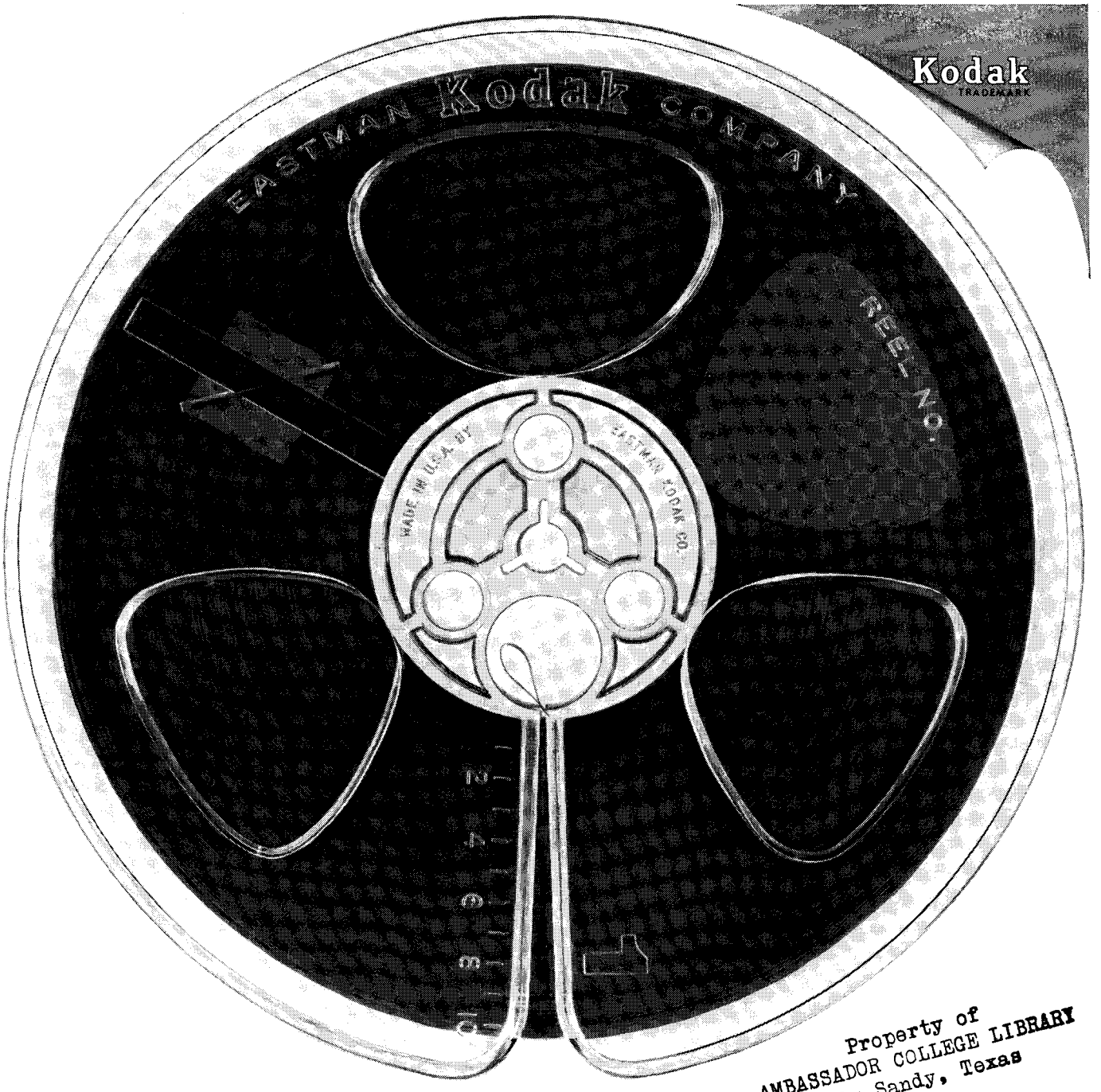
Hertz puts you in the driver's seat!

A car rental company must be as big as the life you lead. Impeccable reservations. A choice of exciting new Chevrolets and other fine cars. To squeeze every extra minute into your vacation. And every instant protected by CERTIFIED SERVICE. Only Hertz meets these requirements. Only Hertz is as big as the life you lead!

HERTZ
RENT A CAR

"You may use your HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card, Air Travel or other accredited charge card...and the new Hertz Revolving Credit Plan lets you rent now/pay later."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Count the reel features:

KODAK Sound Recording Tape *sounds* great. The new reel *works* great. Just check these features.

1) The new KODAK Thread-Easy Reel eliminates fumbling and saves you time. This specially designed reel threads instantly. Just put the tape into the slot, give the reel a turn and it's ready to run.

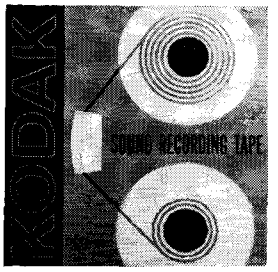
2) And, it has a handy time-saving splicing jig on *both* sides of the reel.

3) And, there are also index scales on both sides for even greater convenience.

KODAK Sound Recording Tape comes in 3-inch, 5-inch, and 7-inch reels. The 7-inch size comes on the KODAK Thread-Easy Reel at no extra charge.

KODAK Sound Recording Tape is made with a new kind of high-performance oxide layer. We've packed more oxide and dispersed it more evenly in a tougher and chemically more stable resin binder. Because we've put more oxide in, you get better output—with less noise. And, because the oxide layer is smoother, there's less recorder-head wear.

Next time get Kodak tape, and enjoy a new standard of tape quality. Available at your Kodak photo dealer's.



©Eastman Kodak Company MCMLXI

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Margaret Mead's

exciting new book

Continuities in Cultural Evolution

Drawing on forty years of study and observation, one of the foremost anthropologists of our time discusses both the role of the individual in history and the impersonal forces influential in cultural evolution. Dr. Mead analyzes evolution through the unique condition manifest in twentieth-century man: his knowledge of evolution and his ability to influence it.

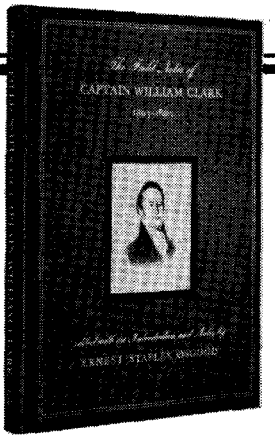
$8.50

THE MORALITY OF LAW

Lon L. Fuller

Complex legal machinery often seems to obscure the moral aims the law was designed to insure. Here the noted legal philosopher discusses morality and law, explaining not only the moral ends behind the law, but also the restraints the law must respect to preserve its own integrity and moral force.

$5.00



THE FIELD NOTES OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK, 1803-1805

edited with an Introduction and Notes by

ERNEST STAPLES OSGOOD

The beautifully designed book reveals, in facsimile and transcript, the rough notes taken by Clark on one of the most exciting adventures of the American West, the Lewis and Clark expedition. These notes were discovered in a St. Paul attic in 1953, over a hundred and fifty years after the journey. 136-page illustration section. 10 x 14 inches.

$12.50

AVAILABLE THROUGH YOUR BOOKSTORE OR

Yale University Press *New Haven and London*

IN CANADA: MCGILL UNIVERSITY PRESS

Saturday Review

June 20, 1964

SR: Ideas

17 Nehru: Man and Symbol, by Norman Cousins

22 Women, Politics, and the Future: An Editorial

SR: Education

48 Cambridge on the Range, by David Boroff

51 Critics of the Schools Never Die, Either, by Charles H. Wilson

SR: Books

31 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks

31 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 Phoenix Nest, by Martin Levin

8 Trade Winds, by John G. Fuller

12 State of Affairs, by Henry Brandon

14 As It Happens, by Fred Sparks

15 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi

23 Letters to the Editor

24 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton at the World's Fair

27 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon on television in the courtroom

28 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews *The Knack* and *Fade Out—Fade In*

28 Literary I. Q.

29 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight sees *Lady in a Cage* and *The Carpetbaggers*

37 Literary Crypt

74 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1576

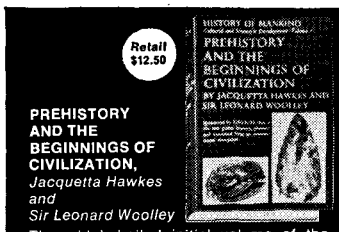
Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVIII, No. 25, June 20, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1964 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article, without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.**

BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California; Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

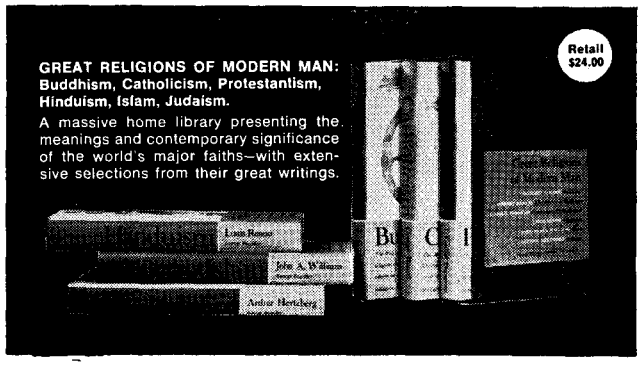
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Retail $12.50

PREHISTORY AND THE BEGINNINGS OF CIVILIZATION, *Jacquetta Hawkes and Sir Leonard Woolley*

The widely-hailed initial volume of the UNESCO HISTORY OF MANKIND—a global history written from an international viewpoint.



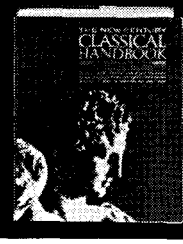
GREAT RELIGIONS OF MODERN MAN: Buddhism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism.

A massive home library presenting the meanings and contemporary significance of the world's major faiths—with extensive selections from their great writings.

Retail $24.00

THE NEW CENTURY CLASSICAL HANDBOOK

An encyclopedic reference to the complete cultures of classical Greece and Rome. The contents include art, architecture, law, archaeology, drama, history, politics, myth, philosophy, medicine.



Retail $15.00

THE WORLD OF LOVE.

The full scope and depth of human love—from its experience, meanings, and pathologies to its social and moral aspects—explored in the great writings of over 100 philosophers, psychologists, theologians, anthropologists, and novelists. Including Menninger, Proust, Freud, Aristotle, Fromm, Adler, Lawrence, *Malinowski, Dostoevski,* and James.

Retail $17.50

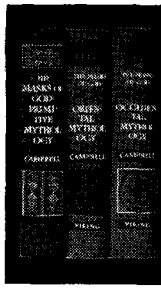
ANY 2

OF THESE VALUABLE REFERENCE WORKS

FOR ONLY $4.95

(Combined Retail Values Up to $44.00)

Ranging from the excitement of contemporary drama to a massive set surveying the world's major religions, these distinguished reference volumes—and the outstanding books listed below—are a vivid demonstration of the high quality of selections that The Book Find Club will make available to you as a member. You will recognize *them as books of current interest and lasting value. What is more,* you may have the Book Find Club selections you want at savings as high as 40%. Then, when your introductory agreement is completed, you will be entitled to choose a free bonus book after every third selection that you take. Why not take advantage of this exceptional opportunity today? And accept any two of these valuable reference works for only $4.95, as your introduction to the many benefits of membership in The Book Find Club.



THE MASKS OF GOD: Primitive, Oriental, and Occidental Mythology *Joseph Campbell*

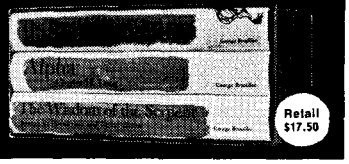
The oldest truths of man's inner life seen in the light of a new science to which psychology, anthropology, and archaeology contribute.

Retail $21.45

PATTERNS OF MYTH

Alan Watts, General Editor

Alpha: *The Myths of Creation, by Charles H. Long.* **The Wisdom of the Serpent:** The Myths of Death, Rebirth, and Resurrection, *by Joseph L. Henderson & Maude Oakes.* **The Two Hands of God:** The Myths of Polarity, *by Alan Watts.* Major themes on the myths of human experience presented in authoritative texts, extensive source readings, and illustrations.

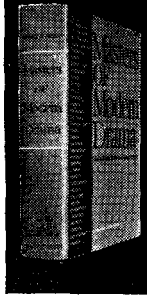


Retail $17.50

THE GREAT AGES OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY

The major writings of the great philosophers through history to today—accompanied by interpretive commentaries to reveal the development of philosophy from St. Augustine to James, Sartre, and Russell.

Retail $15.00

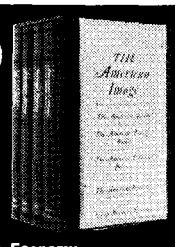


MASTERS OF MODERN DRAMA

45 great modern plays, from Strindberg to Beckett and Ionesco. Illustrated.

Retail $14.95

Retail $20.00



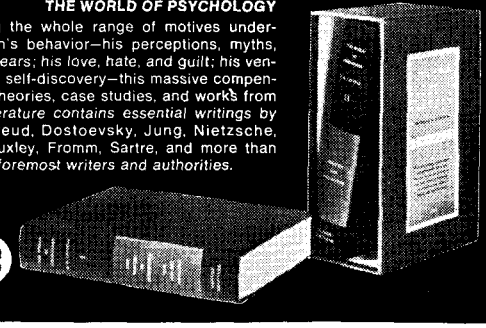
THE AMERICAN IMAGE *edited by Ernest R. May*

Society, Foreign Policy, Political Process, Economy.

A basic 4-volume library of significant writings on American Civilization—from Jefferson and Lincoln, to Roosevelt and Kennedy, from Twain and James to Reisman and Baldwin.

THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY

Exploring the whole range of motives underlying man's behavior—his perceptions, myths, dreams, fears; his love, hate, and guilt; his ventures into self-discovery—this massive compendium of theories, case studies, and works from *world literature contains essential writings by* Plato, Freud, Dostoevsky, Jung, Nietzsche, Kafka, Huxley, Fromm, Sartre, and more than *70 other foremost writers and authorities.*



Retail $17.50

OUTSTANDING RECENT SELECTIONS

Saint Genet: *Actor and Martyr,* Jean-Paul Sartre. Retail $8.50...Member's price $5.95.

Abundance for What? David Riesman; *and* **The Martyred,** Richard E. Kim. Combined retail price $11.00.....Combined member's price $6.50.

The *American Way of Death,* Jessica Mitford. Retail price $4.95. Member's price $3.95.

The Essential Walter Lippmann: *A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy.* Editors: Clinton Rossiter & James Lare. Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.50.

Memories, Dreams, Reflections, C. G. Jung. Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.95.

The Vital Balance: *The Life Process in Mental Health and Illness.* Karl Menninger. Retail $10.00. ..... Member's price $6.95.

Culture Against Man, Jules Henry. Retail $7.95. ..... Member's price $5.50.

Eichmann in Jerusalem: *A Report on the Banality of Evil,* Hannah Arendt; *and* **Love Declared:** *Essays on the Myths of Love,* Denis de Rougemont. Combined retail price $10.00.....Combined member's price $5.95.

The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50.....Member's price $6.95.

Sex, Culture and Myth, *Bronislaw Malinowski.* Retail $6.95. Member's price $5.50.

The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell. Retail $10.00.....Member's price $5.95.

Identity and Anxiety: *Survival of the Person in Mass Society.* Including Mead, Orwell, Rosenberg, Howe, Richards, Gorer, Jaspers, Mills, and more. Retail $7.50..... Member's price $4.95.

Heroes and Heretics: *A Social History of Dissent,* Barrows Dunham. Retail $6.95..... Member's price $5.50.

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, INC.

215 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003

You may enroll me and send the 2 reference works indicated below for only $4.95 (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates from the wide range of books that will be made available to me in the coming year at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

Reference works 1 _____

2 _____

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....

Please print full name

Address .....

City .....State.....Zip Code.....

B68-1

(Same offer & prices apply in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edited by Martin Levin

Collector's Item

Old attics hide the darnedest things—
I found some tiny suits and shirts,
And underneath my teething rings,
A magazine with no inserts.

—Donald W. Jacobs.

Why Can't Schonberg, Kolodin, Sargeant, Biancolli, Kastendieck, Rich, Et Al., Do Their Own Watching?

NOT long ago I was reading a *New York Times* review of the Glyndebourne Festival's presentation of Verdi's *Macbeth* by Harold C. Schonberg when a phrase suddenly stopped me. A certain singer, Mr. Schonberg wrote, had a good tenoric ping ("Fine, fine," I murmured, " 'tenoric ping' is excellent"), and then came the arresting words: The man "might be worth watching."

I know Harold Schonberg. I like him as a man and as a critic. He is industrious, conscientious, and scholarly, but he has this one bad fault: he is forever writing that somebody "might be worth watching" or "is worth watching" and letting it go at that. Nothing about who is to do the watching or where and when.

In this case I knew he wasn't going to do the watching himself, for the next day he was at the Paris Opera listening to Callas in *Norma,* and within a day or so he was in Berlin, and I knew that later on he would find his way to Vienna and probably to Salzburg and Spoleto and eventually to Madrid, where he would poke around in the Flea Market looking for old scratchy phonograph records without giving a second thought to the Glyndebourne man with the tenoric ping.

It would be easy to say that Schonberg is irresponsible, but in that case the same charge would have to be made against all the music critics of the New York daily and weekly press. They all set their readers up with a bit about tenoric ping and then take off for other parts without a word of instruction or counsel.

My small grievance is not a new one. The fact is I have a fairly bulky file on singers in two categories: those who "might be worth watching" and those who "are worth watching."

If I read that a singer "might be worth watching" I make out a card for him (or her). I do it for the other classification as well, and sometimes I advance a singer from one class or demote him; but most of the time I am in the dark.

What a desperate file it is! Schonberg may start, say, with a singer I shall call Albert Junesong, a baritone, who has velvet in his tones, a sound lower register, and a good baritonic ping, and assure his readers that Junesong "might be worth watching," while Irving Kolodin in *SR* declares forthrightly that Junesong "is worth watching." As I like Kolodin and respect his judgment, I waste time in indecision. Will I be fair to Junesong if I accept Schonberg's lesser praise or should I count on Junesong to prove that he actually is worth watching, as Kolodin says he is, and start him off in the higher category at once? The matter is further complicated because Schonberg and Kolodin sometimes exchange phrases at a later date, one lowering his esteem, the other revising his judgment upward.

If one or more of the other critics take part, I am apt to be utterly confused. Still, I like my file and I intend to keep on with it, making only the reservation that a singer, no matter how good his ping, may be dropped if he doesn't advance in five years to some state of recognition. I do this to protect myself.

At the same time it occurs to me that the music critics ought to take over some of the responsibility. Why can't critics who find a singer worth watching keep an eye on him or set up their own central file? At the end of a season they could analyze the whole business, give proper credits, and choose the singer who got the greatest number of "worth watching" or "might be worth watching" citations. The critics could afford to buy a small trophy for the winner—something they could call a Ping.

—John Ferris.

Songbird-Watching

Dr. Einstein's Icebox

ONE day in the early Thirties, Dr. Leo Szilard came to visit me, and as soon as he entered the apartment he headed for the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. He had only recently arrived in New York from Berlin where he had been a *Privatdozent* at the university and a protégé and friend of Albert Einstein. I knew him, since we had both been students at the Royal Hungarian State High Real School for the 6th District in Budapest (to give it its proper name in full) but, to be frank, we were never close friends: he was a year ahead of me and, at that age, a year makes an enormous difference. Even then, though, he was famous, if only on a limited scale: he was the most brilliant student the school had had in years, and one of its poorest soccer players. Later, I met him a few times in Berlin, and now here he was peering into my refrigerator.

No, he was not hungry, and he was not interested in what was in it—he was examining its mechanism. Electric refrigerators were just beginning to become popular; still, I couldn't quite see why a mathematician and theoretical physicist should be so engrossed with the specimen in my kitchen. Then Szilard explained that Dr. Einstein and he had invented a new type of electric icebox (he persisted in calling it that), based on an entirely new principle that would make it more efficient, cheaper to manufacture, and more economical to run. He didn't go into details and I didn't press him since I wouldn't have understood them anyway, but I was deeply impressed by the prospect of his becoming a millionaire practically overnight—there was no doubt in my mind that every manufacturer would jump at the chance of getting their patent.

"Yes," Szilard said, "they all want it. But they all want to advertise it as the icebox Dr. Einstein has invented, and Einstein, of course, wouldn't dream of letting them use his name on an icebox."

Not long afterward I moved to Hollywood and for several years kept watching the refrigerator ads to see whether Dr. Einstein had changed his mind. He never did, naturally.

A short while before his death, I saw Szilard again and I couldn't help but ask whatever had become of Dr. Einstein's icebox.

"Oh that?" Szilard said, smiling. "That went into the atom bomb."

—George Halasz.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEVELOPER

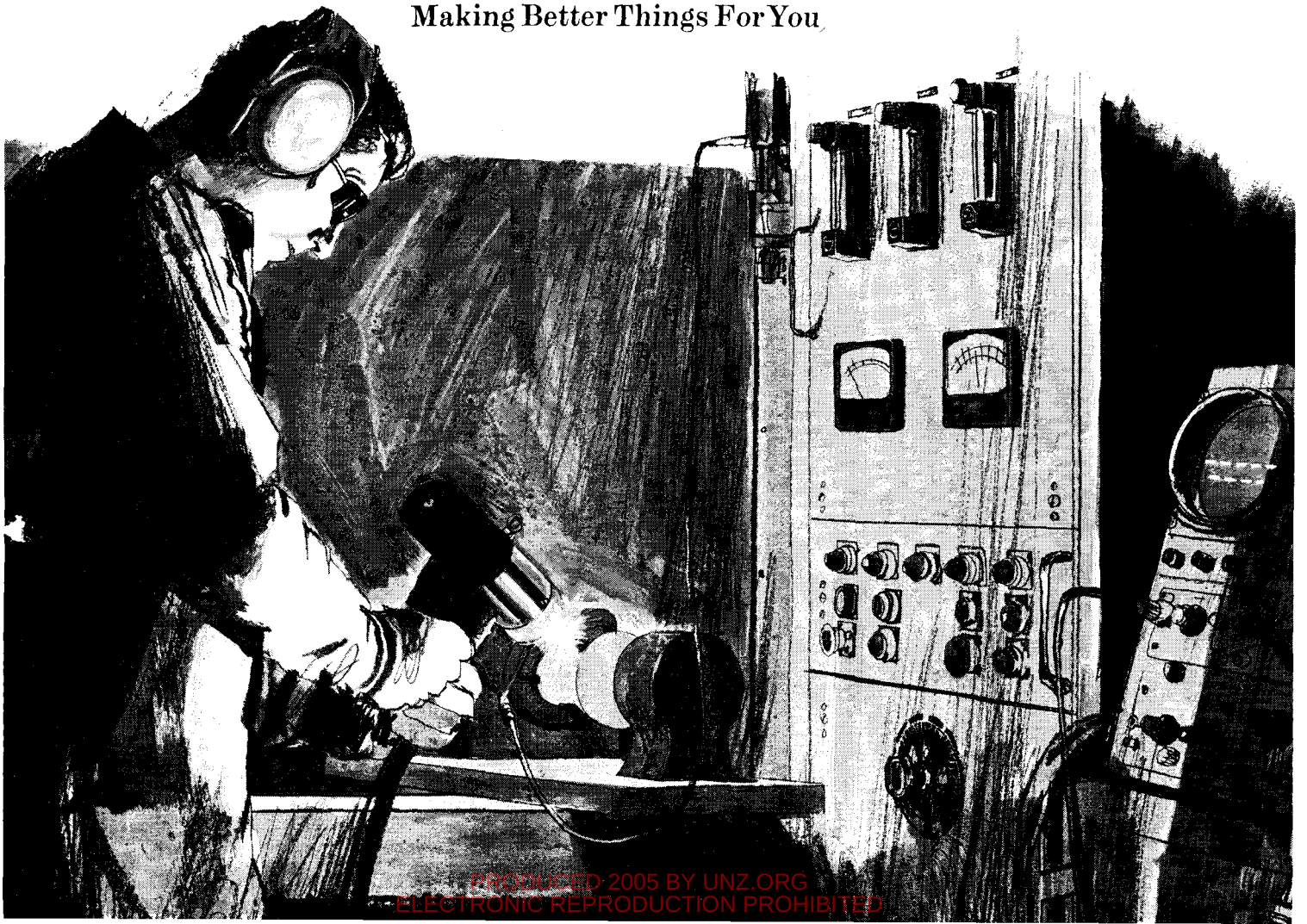
This man is producing a flame *three times hotter than the surface of the sun!* He's a process engineer with the Manufacturing Development section at the General Motors Technical Center, and he's operating a plasma jet torch. The 30,000-degree flame is so hot that it melts the toughest heat-resistant metals so that they can be sprayed like paint . . . and provide a protective coating for the searing heat that rocket parts must undergo.

This is just a sample of the work of over 600 people at GM's Manufacturing Development section. Their job is to improve manufacturing processes by developing new tools and techniques. They develop ideas and make them practical . . . make them work! It may mean a way to make stronger steering gear components, a new way to finish a refrigerator, better techniques for electroplating car parts, an improved method of assembling radio transistors, and there are countless others.

Manufacturing Development, along with the Technical Center staffs of Research, Engineering and Styling, is a highly important part of the General Motors team . . . a big reason for GM's technical advances year after year.

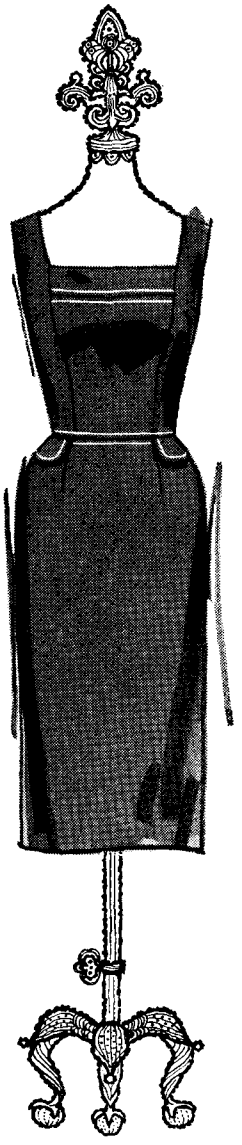
GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

Making Better Things For You



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Jumper Dress

VILLAGER® adds another theme to the collection. Notice the dignity of its spare distinguished shape. Notice the precise detailing, the openness of line, that somehow never seems bare . . . only classical. Come Labor Day, give it a shirt to wear. The cotton denim has great strength and honesty, and comes in Midnight Navy. Sizes 6 to 16.

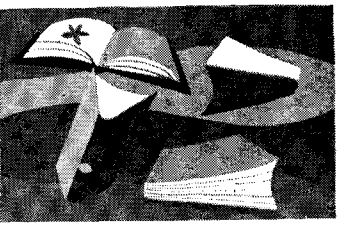
About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York

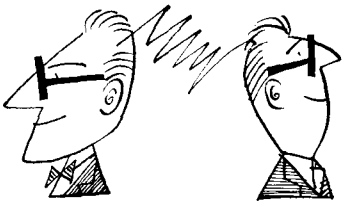
©THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Trade Winds



The country around Rensselaerville, New York, is surpassingly beautiful, including as it does a 20,000-acre State Forest Conservation area and a private 500-acre preserve. Back in the Twenties, Mrs. Francis Huyck turned this peaceful Colonial village into the "Athens of Albany County," as Brooks Atkinson has called it, by bringing leading minds of the day together with the inquiring minds of college students to create forums on important issues then facing civilization.

Nearly four decades later, two of the students who were inspired by the seminars of so many years ago decided



to revitalize the whole idea in the same location, and the result is the Institute on Man and Science. It's now beginning its second year and is incorporated by the Regents of the University of the State of New York.

"The idea grew and radiated from mind to mind," President Everett Clinchy told us, "and before we knew it we had enough contributions to begin the Institute last summer. We're attempting to revive in the best possible sense the Platonic Academy idea, whereby some of the leading men of science and art will converse with interested adults of all ages instead of delivering monologues. Our first season last year worked out extremely well. This year we hope will be even better. Paul Sears, at Yale, has brought together some of the finest scientists in the country. Jean Dalrymple has done the same for the theater, and our discourses on the humanities will include, among others, Harlan Cleveland of the State Department and Lin Yutang. We're hoping soon to have the program the year around."

In its first season, the daily classes included from forty to seventy-five people, increasing in the evening sessions to a capacity 200. This year the program will run from July 6 to August 1, with Loren Eiseley launching the science discourses.

"We hope," Dr. Clinchy said, "to bring out a book later including the most interesting of the dialogues, and to continue supplying radio and television stations with material from the conferences. It's been estimated that last year we reached 5,000,000 people beyond the 2,000 who came to Rensselaerville in person."

Not only are the Oliver Wendell Holmes Association and the Council on World Tensions supporting the project, but the National Science Foundation has endorsed it as a very real help in acquainting the public with the vital scientific issues of the day.

The tuition fee of $60 for the entire course works out to about 30 cents an hour for anyone who would like to cross minds and swords with some of the leading thinkers of the day. Or, if you'd prefer a stimulating vacation, room, board, and tuition come to a total of only $75 per week.

A few weeks ago, we wrote in TRADE WINDS—or *tried* to write, anyhow—that the *Share Your Knowledge Review,* a printer's trade journal, ran the title of its lead article this way: "Hints on Poofreading."

But in the mysterious processes of editing and proofreading, the misspelled word got fixed. So, just for the record, we wanted to correct it—or, if you like, incorrect it.

This sort of difficulty also goes on elsewhere. Peter Macdonald writes to tell us that the name of his company, which owns several newspapers, is Printers, Inc., with the pun very definitely intended. When the company bought the Spencer (Iowa) *Reporter & Times,* the Associated Press reported: ". . . the paper will be operated by a new corporation to be known as Printers, Incorporated."

On the other hand, the services of a good editor or proofreader can save a lot of confusion:

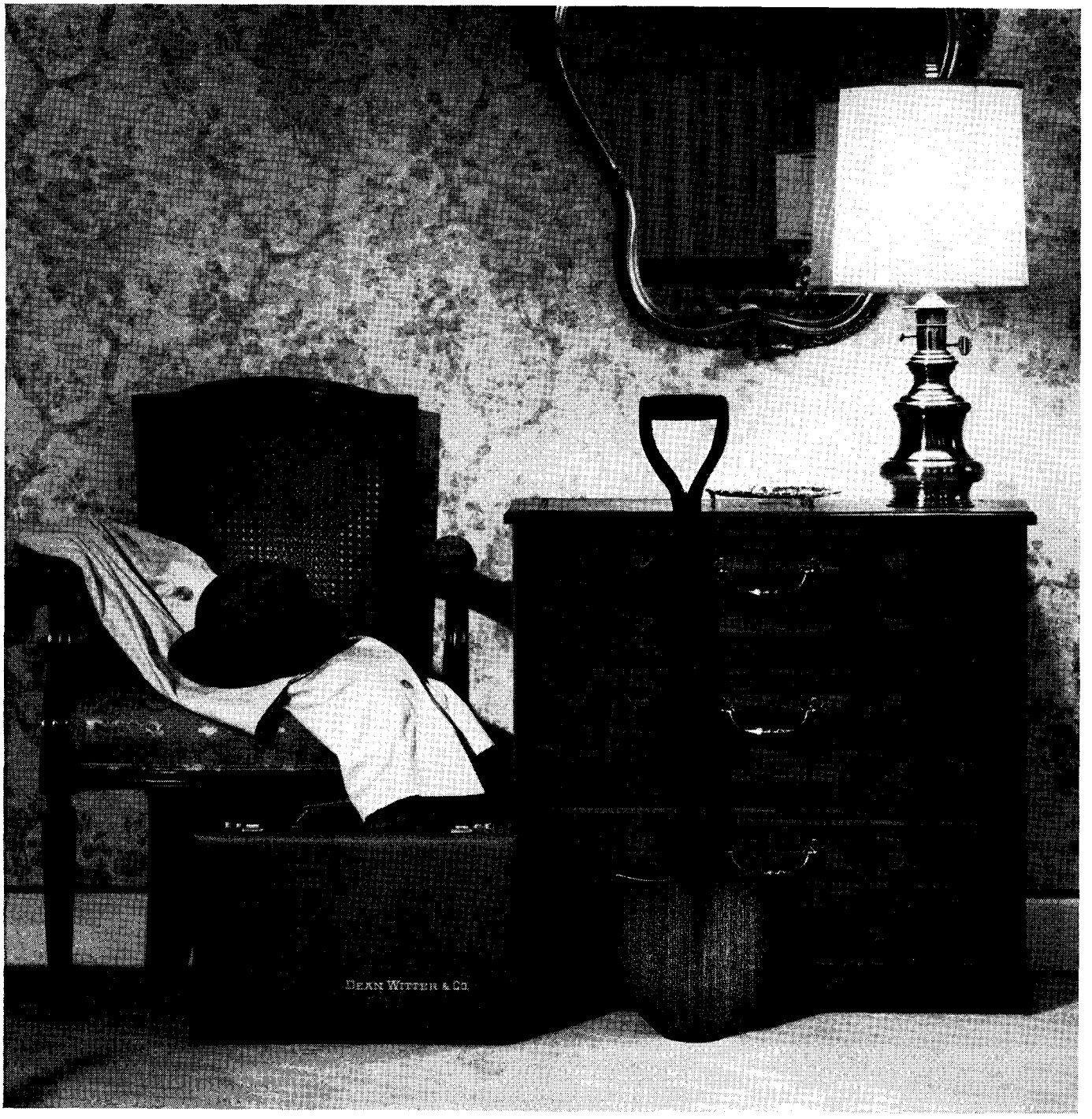
► Gerald Raftery writes about a sign he saw in an apartment courtyard in Elizabeth, N.J.: DON'T PARK IN THE PARKING LOTS.

► Karen Steinberg reports a sign: EARLY AMERICAN STONEWARE BY CONTEMPORARY CERAMICS.

► Max Senopky saw a sign in a mattress store window: ASK ABOUT OUR LAY-AWAKE PLAN.

► Joanne Maynard sends a clipping from a Helena, Montana, paper that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Today the owner of this attache case **dug deep** to serve several different customers. They included a college boy, for whom he bought one share of stock. A retired banker, for whom he bought 20 shares. And a corporate treasurer, for whom he bought 1,000 shares. He would like to serve you, too. Get to know him. He is the kind of man who will **dig deep** for the facts to help make your money work harder.

DEAN WITTER & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange

DIVISION OFFICES IN SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, NEW YORK, CHICAGO • OTHER OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE U.S.

©1964—D.W.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

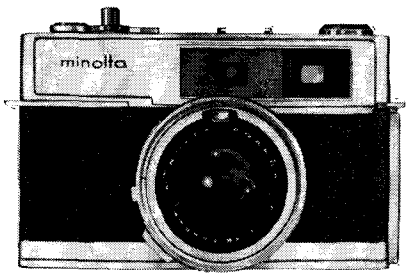
Grant's 8—the light and legendary 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. 86 proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported to the United States by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., N. Y.

©1964

whatever you don't know about picture taking—

this automatic Minolta camera does

The Minolta Hi-matic 7 is so completely automatic that you simply aim and shoot. Result: perfect color slides, razor-sharp snapshots... even if you never took pictures before. A new kind of electric eye (cadmium sulphide) is actually in the lens barrel. It automatically sets the lens for exactly the light that hits your film—even when you use filters. If you want to adjust the lens and shutter yourself, the Hi-matic 7 works manually and semi-automatically too. This 3-way feature is wonderful for special effects—and no other camera in the world has it. Other Hi-matic 7 features: speeds to 1/500th and a precision-ground Rokkor lens for unbelievably sharp pictures. Minolta also makes subminiature, "snapshot" and 35mm single lens reflex models... all with famous Rokkor lenses. At your dealer or write for details to Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. South, N. Y., N. Y. 10003, Dept. F6.



Minolta Hi-matic 7

the name quality made famous

reads: "Seriously, you must consider what we are doing to ourselves by allowing uncontrolled use of poisons when they are not accomplishing the desired end in the first place."

► Marjorie Wheaton makes a hobby of noting such actual conversations as the following:

"The food in the cafeteria is pure poison—and why do they serve such small helpings?"

"Correct me if I'm right on this . . ."

"These things just don't happen at the drop of a bucket . . ."

► Betty Frazier sends a clipping from the *Fort Worth Star Telegram* reading: "County commissioners agreed Monday to name the Tarrant County convention center the Tarrant County Convention Center."

When working for a publisher, Hendry Bart received this letter from a monastery: "I ordered paperback No. 509, *Adventures of Father Brown.* You sent No. 510, *Is Sex Necessary?* As we are committed to a negative answer, may I return the book? Brother Anselmo, O.F.M."

Time was that when any book on the delicate subject of sex was advertised, the publisher was always careful to include in his advertising the phrase "Sent in a plain wrapper." Somehow, this has disappeared from the scene. What's more, there's a danger of becoming a captive audience for some of the books. We received a promotion piece about *The Mystery of Sex* from Lyle Stuart with the headline: *"One* of a Limited Number of Copies Is Reserved for *You."* Now we'll feel guilty for not ordering a copy, even without a plain wrapper.

But cartoonist Whitney Darrow, Jr., has the answer to all the high-pressure business about sex.

"Take a nudist colony," Mr. Darrow told us. "All it is is a place where men and women go to air their differences."

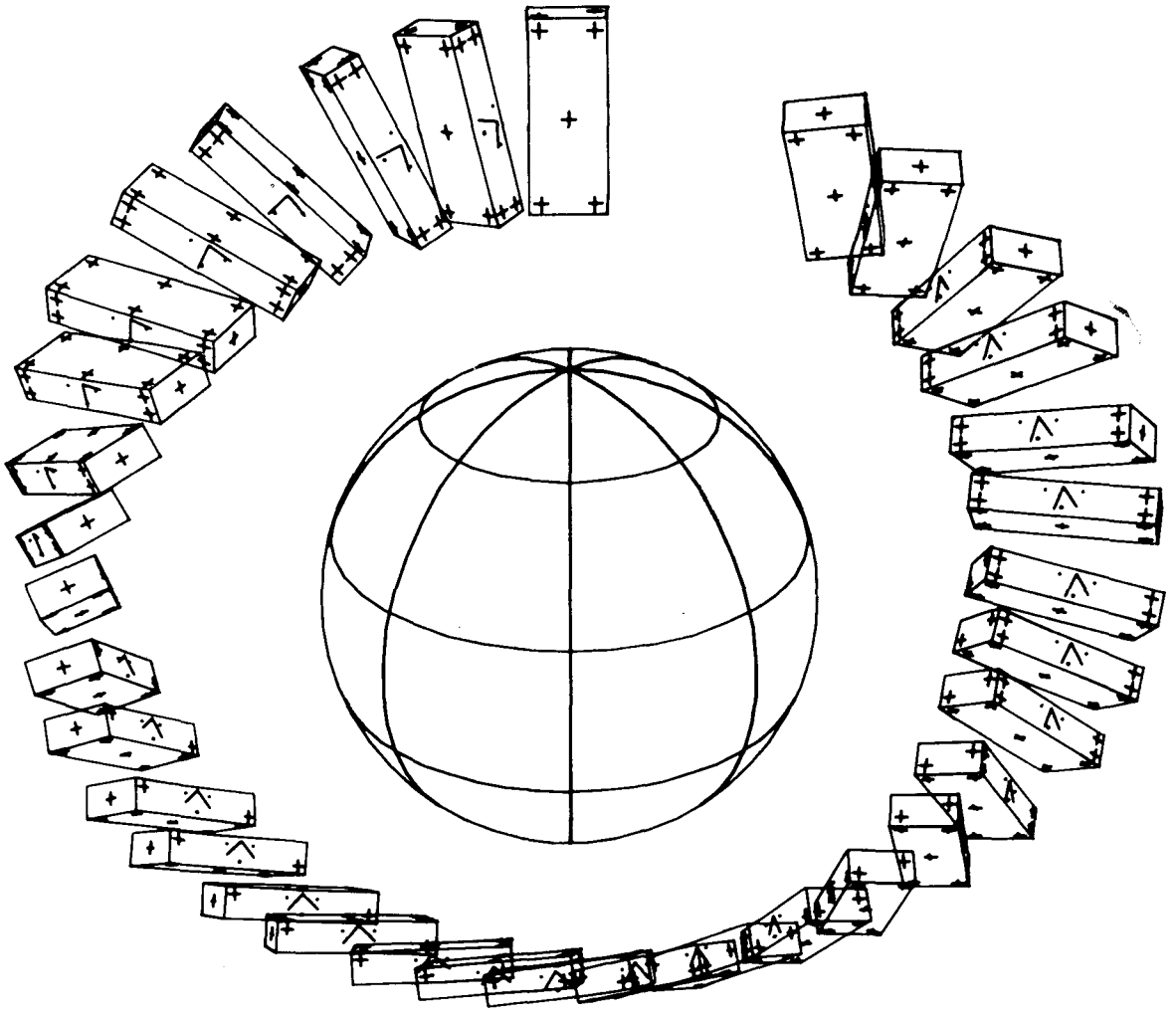
—John G. Fuller.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1575)

(Alan) Moorehead:
THE GHASTLY BLANK
(From the *Atlantic*, February 1964)

Little by little, a rhythm takes command, and one can tell the time without looking at a watch by many different signs: the seven o'clock breeze ruffling the water hole, the midday flight of lilac kingfishers coming down the creek, the evening appearance of the rabbits.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Picture of a satellite in orbit—as drawn by a computer

The domino-shaped box in the drawing above represents a communications satellite orbiting the earth.

The various angles and positions of the box show the relative positions of the satellite during one orbit.

The drawing was made, not by a man, but by a computer at Bell Telephone Laboratories to help scientists visualize how the satellite would behave.

What the computer did is called *simulation*. Working from data given it, the computer calculated, or simulated, the satellite's position at various instants and produced the picture on microfilm. The picture told us what we needed to know.

We use such simulation a great deal to save time and hold down costs in developing and testing new products and services.

Computers help us plan coast-to-coast transmission systems, new switching logic, and data systems. They also help us study problems relating to telephone usage at given times of the day or year.

Not all of our simulation is done on computers. Often we can simulate by other means.

We test new kinds of undersea telephone cables in buried, brine-filled steel pipes that duplicate the pressures and temperatures of the ocean's bottom at various depths.

Ingenious equipment in one of our laboratories sends test telephone pulses racing around an electronic ring that simulates a 6000-mile circuit containing 5300 repeaters to boost voice volume.

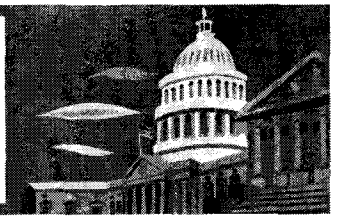
Many additional examples of simulation could be cited. Often they help us spend our time and money more efficiently in developing new services and improving present ones—in making sure that America continues to enjoy the world's finest telephone service at the fairest possible prices.

Bell Telephone System

Serving you

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

State of Affairs



Cultural Notes

Moscow.

THERE was a subdued, hopeful excitement among Moscow intellectuals last March when *Izvestia* seemed to recommend Alexander Solzhenitsyn's controversial novel, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, for the Lenin literary prize. But shortly thereafter there were some second thoughts—particularly when *Pravda* used an old method of the Stalin days by publishing several critical letters about the book to express its disapproval. Obviously the tug-of-war between liberal and reactionary writers was continuing behind the scenes, and in the end Solzhenitsyn lost.

It caused disappointment among the intellectuals, but there was no real fear that this heralded a revival of the astringent cultural offensive against those who were considered to be straying from the party code. Most writers still have the stormy period after the winter of 1962 in their bones, when Khrushchev himself led the attack in an attempt to intimidate and subdue those writers and artists who, in the eyes of the party, were taking advantage of their popularity and appropriating for themselves more freedom of expression than seemed desirable.

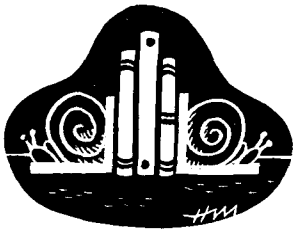
Everyone seems fairly confident now that the decision about the Lenin Prize was only a sign of the continuing struggle between liberal and conservative writers, however disappointing it must have seemed to the liberals that their cause had suffered a mild setback. There have even been indications that Mr. Khrushchev regrets the violence of his attack on the artists. Privately he has gone out of his way to indicate that there would be no repetition of this kind of assault as long as the intellectuals on their part were giving him reasonable support. Some believe that at the time of his attack he was in difficulties, as a result of the Cuban crisis, with reactionaries in the party, and that he used the onslaught on the writers as a kind of lightning rod, one that would have the least repercussions on the general easing of internal tensions.

By this time most writers who had been called on the carpet in the agitated spring of 1963 feel that they are almost where they were before the thunderclap. While everyone is still cautious and tries to avoid reaching for those invisible electric wires that give a shock to those who touch them, and while they are still watchful for the smallest movements of the weathervane, some of their lost confidence is being regained; a sort of balance between conservatives and liberals seems to have been established.

Even writers like Victor Nekrasov, one of the most bitterly attacked, are being published again. Ilya Ehrenburg, who has just finished the last volume of his nonconformist memoirs—his first volume aroused violent criticism—will be published this summer in three instalments in the literary magazine *Novy Mir*.

Ehrenburg, who has become something of an elder writer-statesman, was not rattled by the attacks on him; although he has aged rapidly in the last five years, he seems self-assured, unworried, and fatalistic about death. Yevtushenko, the most flamboyant of the poets, who became the center of the 1963 attack for publication of his memoirs in the Paris weekly *L'Express*, is also back in print and on the poetry-reading stage. He may soon be testing the strength of his position by applying for another trip abroad. He has many enemies, even among the liberal writers, some of whom are jealous of his popularity, but his vast audience forgives him for whatever disagreeable things are being said about him in Moscow literary circles. He is not the best poet in the Soviet Union, but he has aroused enthusiasm because he is so militant and topical and has a certain charm.

Another badly bruised artist in 1963 was Ernst Niezvestny, the sculptor, who resembles a stocky, muscular American Marine with a crew cut. He was deprived of all official income for six months, but since he did sound a halting note of apology, he has once again been given work on a Palace of Pioneers (named after the political youth movement), which of course has to be produced in the official social-realistic style. But, at the same time it does permit him to continue what are officially called "experiments"—his true artistic devotion—that try to capture the human conflicts between man and man, and man and machines, and seem to be strongly influenced by the English sculptor Henry Moore.



To be cut off from his income is today the means used to discipline an artist. In a society where everything is government-sponsored, this can be remarkably effective, particularly when applied to younger artists who do not have the kind of financial reserves of some older ones. The extraordinary thing, nevertheless, is that those painters and sculptors who believe in individualism and greater freedom in the arts, at present symbolized by the secret pursuit of abstract art, carry on with their "experiments" even though they don't know if or when they will be able to bring their work out of the basement and the garret into open view.

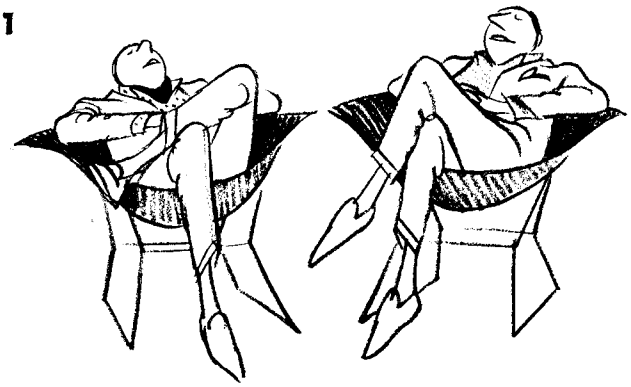
SOVIET abstract painters are several years behind those in the West. They work almost in complete isolation; they have little access to foreign art books and scarcely know what their own colleagues in the Soviet Union are doing because they are not allowed to exhibit. The Hungarian government, on the other hand, while it, too, disapproves of abstract art and won't support abstract painters, nevertheless does permit them to rent exhibition rooms at their own expense, where they can hold public showings and sell their paintings. Thus, while officially this aberration from social realism is not approved, the artist is given some latitude.

In the Soviet Union there is an interesting bond of sympathy between abstract painters and scientists. Some of the latter are known to have lent their own apartments for private exhibition, to which friends are invited. As people tend to buy more and more modern furniture, so they are also buying, if quite privately, abstract paintings. And even in some of the official galleries paintings are now being shown that, while not abstract, are also far from social realism.

Up to now, one of the reasons for the strong resistance to greater freedom in painting is that Russian art did not undergo the kind of revolution European art went through in the nineteenth century. Then, too, the union of painters today is still completely dominated by conservatives; the liberals have not so far succeeded in penetrating it, as the writers have done in their own union in Moscow. But in a curious way the new trends are irresistible despite the enormous official counterpressures, and there is today more freedom for the artist than existed five years ago. One

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1



They say in 10 years you'll be able to fly to Europe in an hour.

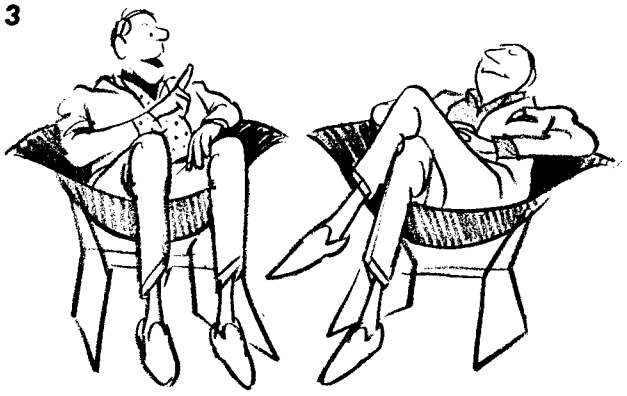
It takes me longer than that to get to the office.

2

You'll also be able to go there underwater—on a vista submarine.

I've always felt the call of the sea. But I can hear my wife saying—"Why go to Europe on a vista submarine when you can fly over in an hour?"

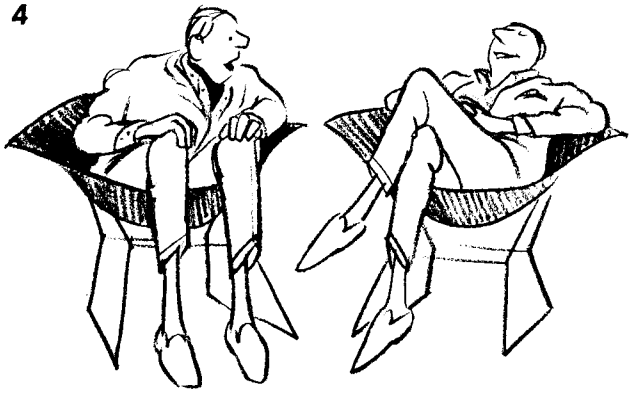
3



It's not how you go that counts. The important thing is to plan today if you want to take advantage of everything the future offers.

I'll call my travel agent in the morning.

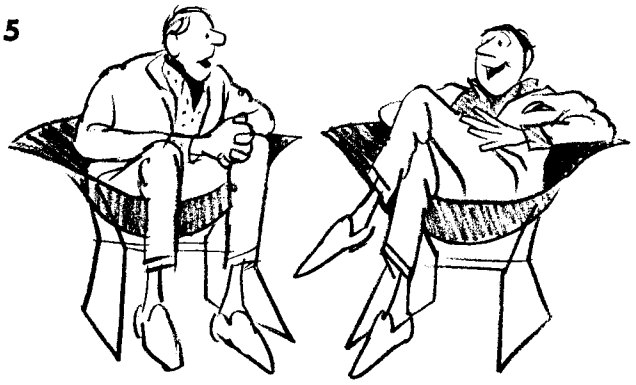
4



You'd be better off calling The Man from Equitable.

Is he handling travel reservations?

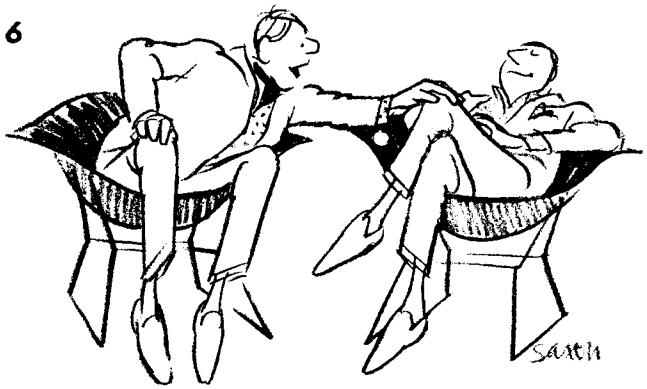
5



He handles Living Insurance—and he can help you plan a great future.

I can see it now—gay Paree, Monte Carlo, the Canary Islands.

6



He has a Living Insurance plan that not only provides protection for your family—it also builds cash values and helps you save for the things you want to do in your retirement years.

I hope he knows of a nice little hotel on the Left Bank.

Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 © 1964

See the Equitable Pavilion when you visit the New York World's Fair.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time for a Checkup?

Who knows, maybe it is. You get checkups on everything else — your health, your kids, the car.

So why not your investments, too?

After all, times change—and so do security values. The stocks you bought five years ago may have been just fine for your purposes *then* — but what about now?

Maybe your objectives have changed.

Maybe other stocks offer far better opportunities.

Maybe there are definite weak spots here and there in your portfolio.

That's why we think every investor should get a good financial checkup from time to time . . . find out just what his investment program looks like to a practiced, impartial observer.

And if you'd like to know what *we* think of the stocks you own, we'll be happy to tell you.

Our Research Department will mail you an objective review of your present portfolio, give you all the facts they can about any particular stocks you may want to buy or sell, or prepare a complete investment program for any sum, any objective.

There's no charge for this service, either. Whether you're a customer or not.

If you'd like an investment checkup, just write us a letter outlining your own situation and objectives. You simply address—

JOSEPH C. QUINN

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

must also take into account that with less control in the arts in Eastern European countries, it has become more difficult for the Soviet government to remain too far behind.

Freest among the Soviet arts are music and architecture. The enthusiasm and sense of liberty that jazz has created in the Soviet Union have now gone beyond even the limits set in the West. "Free jazz" as practiced in the USSR far outreaches the familiar jam session of the West. Each musician, in company with others, can go to the extreme of playing where whim takes him, without even the smallest basic theme or the slightest discipline—which doesn't necessarily make for music but obviously offers the players the kind of abandon they seem to yearn for.

The breakthrough in modern architecture is chiefly due to its functional qualities. The genre needs much less material, is quicker to build, and costs less, though problems have arisen for lack of better-quality glass to fit the steel frames.

The theater is still one of the most censored of artistic expressions, but this is also true in the West. The Lord Chamberlain in England still keeps a watchful eye, and in the U.S. various forms of censorship in the theater and movies continue. In the Soviet Union the censors keep an especially sharp eye on any play that deals with the theme of dictatorship or the police state. Thus *The Dragon,* by Yevgeni Shvarts, was forbidden during World War II, because the dragon who is killed in the second act appeared to have some sort of identification with Stalin. When the play was staged more recently in Moscow and Leningrad, it had to be closed because the successor to the dragon, the mayor, seemed by curious coincidence to remind people of Mr. Khrushchev (who was once mayor of Moscow). The author of the play died shortly before the end of World War II.

Selected foreign films are now shown in Moscow, particularly Polish ones, indicating that official censorship rules have relaxed somewhat. And even some of the more serious Russian plays—as distinct from satire, which always had more elbow room as long as it was obviously satire—are less rigid in hewing to official preconceptions.

The artistic reformers are still a chastened lot after the 1963 attack, but their resistence is high. They continue to batter walls of official discipline, and each time they succeed in toppling one, even if it is re-erected, it seems not quite so tall as before.

So gradually, it becomes easier—and the cultural exchanges with the West have contributed greatly—to peer over the top to see what others are doing.

—HENRY BRANDON.

As It Happens

President Johnson hopes the political campaign will not leave the country divided. To prevent that, he'll try to carry every one of the fifty states.

✔ ✔ ✔

More urban males are wearing shorts this summer than ever before. Now you can see for yourself that this country's gone soft.

✔ ✔ ✔

Radio Peking says each of its 5,000,000 soldiers has been taught to sing in chorus. Wait until Sol Hurok hears about this!

✔ ✔ ✔

According to the National Safety Council, this summer 5,000,000 Americans will take skin diving equipment to the beach. That's one escape from transistors.

✔ ✔ ✔

As part of the economy drive, the White House might instruct Secretary McNamara to buy commutation tickets between Washington and Saigon.

✔ ✔ ✔

The *National Observer* finds the lowest wages paid college graduates are in journalism. No wonder you hear, so often: "I used to be a newspaperman myself."

✔ ✔ ✔

Readers who had utmost faith in *Fail-Safe* need not be upset because Eugene Burdick made a TV beer commercial. Mr. Burdick is shown drinking his sponsor's product after swimming, not before writing.

✔ ✔ ✔

Furniture dealers in Chicago were told that, despite dieting, the American posterior is getting broader. We always knew television would shape our future.

✔ ✔ ✔

A magazine criticizes Reno's divorce lawyers for actively soliciting business. The attorneys must be very busy this month, clipping wedding notices.

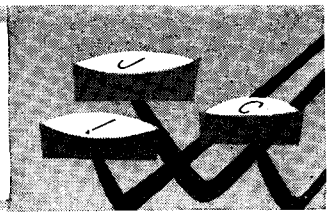
✔ ✔ ✔

The American Psychoanalytic Association reports most patients who seek help are highly educated. That's understandable; the more you know the more you've got to get mixed up about.

—FRED SPARKS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking



Cross-Country Reports: I have, as I noted a couple of columns back, been riding a lot of airplanes lately, in between which I found myself in a lot of places inhabited by a lot of people from some of whom in some of which I picked up all sorts of curious information I hasten to pass on.

Campaign Report: From sources high in lower California in-groups, I have an authoritative summary of Barry Goldwater's projected campaign to be the losing candidate in 1964. Backed by heavy money (as I am told), Senator Goldwater (Republican, Arizona) will star in a TV show scheduled to go on the air every night from 7:00 to 6:30. It will be produced by Eighteenth Century-Fox. And present plans call for it to be carried through the entire thirteen colonies.

Political Observation: Has anyone made the point that there seems to be some special correlation between Goldwater-Birch sentiment and the retirement areas? My travels have left me with the impression that the right wing whips up a real gale in such playgrounds for the aged as Florida, Tucson, Phoenix, and Southern California, with a particularly marked storm center somewhere between Coronado and San Diego. Texas, of course, is always able to whip up its own dust storms without having to relate them to anything.

Nonpolitical Report: My good friend Bill Gilliland, who runs the Doubleday Bookstore in Dallas, reports that a student walked in a while back and asked for a copy of Darwin's *Oranges and Peaches.*

The Way We All Live: There is no end to the ways in which we know how to be wrong. Sometimes I think there will never be a beginning of the ways in which we could learn to be right. As Ezra Pound once wrote:

> The age demanded an image
> Of its accelerated grimace.

One image we may all recognize arises from a collection of clippings I gathered from West Coast papers on the case of Stephen Sublett, fourteen, of West Covina, California.

Stephen goes to Hollencrest School out there and earns his lunch by washing dishes in the school cafeteria. Or, rather, he used to earn his lunch that way before School Superintendent Clifford Thyberg found out that Stephen had actually been dipping his hands in California school water without having signed a loyalty oath.

Now Stephen has to buy his lunch, Stephen's father is seeking an injunction to make Superintendent Thyberg cease and desist, and Superintendent Thyberg is standing firm on his contention that Stephen must be carried as a state employee for insurance purposes and that all state employees must sign a loyalty oath.

So goes the human condition in the age of quintuplicate, W-2, reply by endorsement, social security, Zip Code, table of organization and statutes thereunto appertaining, fingerprints, area code, serial number, account number, application number, employment number, blood type, follicle count, memory banks, and Answer Yes or No Only.

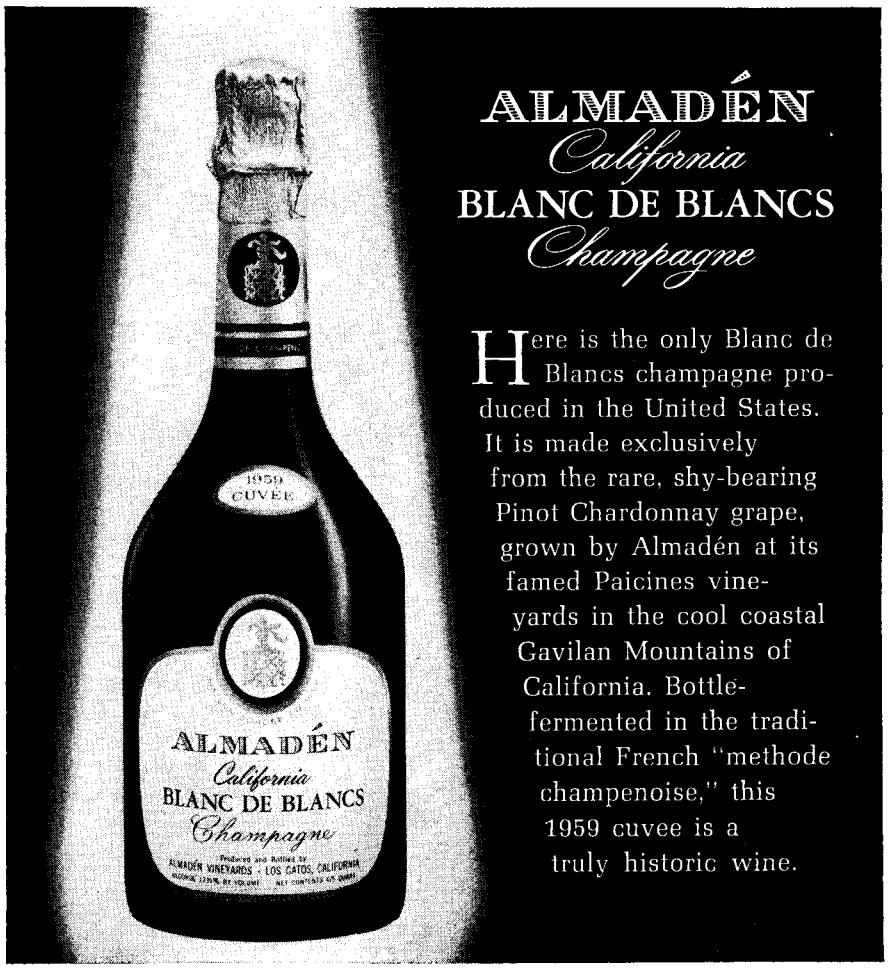
Superintendent Thyberg is obviously a man who knows his directives and on which side of them his breed is bettered. Mr. Sublett is obviously a man who recognizes the ridiculous even at the bottom of a sink full of sudsy water. And Stephen is probably wondering who unstuck the obvious world and stapled this cockeyed effigy together.

And of course everyone has his own right on his side. But why does it keep coming out as such a silly snarl? My guess is that we have invented too many sides to everything, whereby none of us can go home again, because there is no way to turn that many corners in one lifetime.

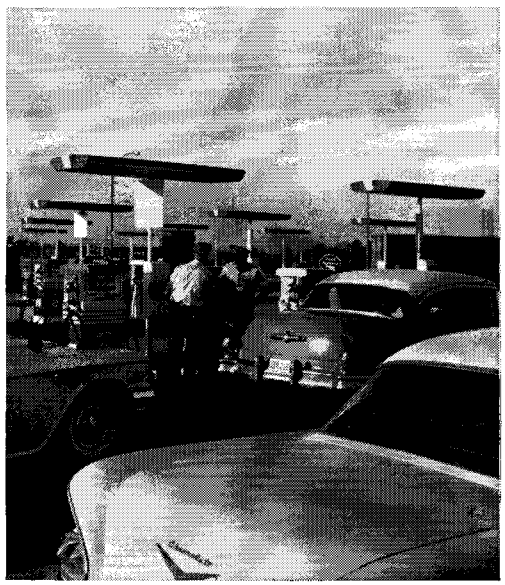
Public Relations: The trouble with trying to go home (to this metaphor) is that you don't know who is going to be packing the house. Some years ago, as its experiment in bringing democracy home to the people, Chicago TV began to carry the proceedings of the City Council: everyman's home-screen image of democracy in action.

It seemed a clear and valiant idea, but the trouble (as Mayor Daley and the boys soon spotted it) was that a few dissidents in the council chambers could whip up a scene that might send

(*Continued on page* 30)


1959
CUVÉE
ALMADÉN
California
BLANC DE BLANCS
Champagne
ALMADÉN
California
BLANC DE BLANCS
Champagne
Here is the only Blanc de Blancs champagne produced in the United States. It is made exclusively from the rare, shy-bearing Pinot Chardonnay grape, grown by Almadén at its famed Paicines vineyards in the cool coastal Gavilan Mountains of California. Bottle-fermented in the traditional French "methode champenoise," this 1959 cuvee is a truly historic wine.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TO SERVE A GROWING NATION...

OURS IS A NATION on the move . . . more than 90 million licensed drivers, more than 75 million motor vehicles, and more than 400 billion miles of motor traveling each year. Providing these travelers with motor fuels, lubricants, anti-freeze, and other automotive products . . . as well as asphalt for the highways they travel on . . . is a primary job of the petroleum industry. These needs will grow in the years to come.

TO HELP MEET THESE NEEDS . . . and the growing needs of other segments of our national economy . . . Cities Service has broadened its services and multiplied its products. Today it is a supplier not only of hydrocarbon energy and basic petroleum products such as gasolenes, motor oils, asphalts, and industrial greases, but of an ever widening flow of petrochemical and allied products ranging from butyl rubber and plant foods to printing inks and carbon black.

THE RESULTS are reflected in benefits broadly shared by employees, investors, and customers. Of even greater importance, these achievements . . . united with those of all forward-looking industry . . . will help assure the continued leadership and security of this nation in the challenging years to come.

CITIES SERVICE

Drive to the N.Y. Fair with the family . . .
Hear the famous CITIES SERVICE
WORLD'S FAIR BAND OF AMERICA.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
JUNE 20, 1964

NEHRU

Man and Symbol: A Fragmentary Appreciation

NORMAN COUSINS

HE WAS NOT one man but a procession of men. In him you witnessed a national hero, statesman, philosopher, historian, author, educator.

He was also a triumphant assortment of paradoxes. He was a supreme rationalist who presided over a nation with the most pervasive and complex religious makeup in the world.

He was an intellectual product of Western civilization who was accepted as symbolic leader by many hundreds of millions of Asians and Africans who feared the West.

He was an accomplished logician who lived on intimate terms with the imponderables and intangibles.

He was an avowed optimist who found it difficult to keep from brooding.

He had sensitivities so finely attuned that he could be jarred by the slightest vibrations, but he was able to make history-jolting decisions.

He believed the highest function of the state was to help develop the individuality of the individual, but no nation in the world contained as many natural obstacles to the emergence of that individuality as the nation he governed for seventeen years.

With such a man, you cannot essay a full evaluation or appreciation. The best you can do is to pursue certain qualities and attributes.

First, the courage of the man.

August 1947. With national independence and partition of the subcontinent between India and Pakistan, four hundred and fifty million people became caught up in a vast convulsion. Hindus and Moslems, with a long history of tension between them, became part of a chain reaction of violence and horror. No one knows how many died. But 12,000,000 people became homeless. Rumors of atrocities and actual atrocities interacted to produce a spiraling madness.

For a while, the situation was relatively calm in New Delhi, with its large Moslem population. Then, suddenly, the storm broke. Late one night a Hindu mob, inflamed by stories of Moslem terror to the northwest, swept into Connaught Circle, the main shopping area in New Delhi. The rioters smashed their way into Moslem stores, destroying and looting and ready to kill.

Even before the police arrived in force, Jawaharlal Nehru was on the scene. He plunged into the crowd in the darkness, trying to bring people to their senses. He spied a Moslem who had just been seized by Hindus. He interposed himself between the man and his attackers.

Suddenly a cry went up: "Jawaharlal is here! Jawaharlal is here! Don't hurt Jawaharlal!"

The cry spread through the crowd. It had a magical effect. People stood still and dropped their arms to their sides. Looted merchandise was dropped. The mob psychology disintegrated. By the time the police arrived people were dispersing. The riot was over.

The next day, friends rushed to Nehru, admonishing him for exposing himself to a mob at the height of its frenzy.

"You could have been killed," one of them said. "Then what?"

"That's for you to determine," he replied quietly. "Many others could have been killed last night. Then what?"

The fact that Nehru had risked his life to save a single Moslem had a profound effect far beyond New Delhi. Many thousands of Moslems who had intended to flee to Pakistan now stayed in India, staking their lives on Nehru's ability to protect them and assure them justice. In years to come, this confidence of India's Moslems in Nehru was to become a major factor in building a nation and holding it together.

Not many weeks after the communal rioting subsided, the Prime Minister and a foreign guest were driving in his private car about fifteen miles south of Delhi. The traffic piled up behind a caravan of camels in a village preponderantly populated by Moslems. Only recently, this village had figured in mass violence.

The combination of the heat, the heavy chalky dust from the dry dirt road, the temper of the camel drivers, and the screams of people in the stalled buses, trucks, wagons, and automobiles provided the combustible materials for a communal riot. Young Moslems from the village suddenly appeared with knives. They surrounded Nehru's car. One of them recognized the Prime Minister and shouted angry words at him.

Nehru stepped out of his car, walked up to the young man, spoke to him

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quietly. Suddenly, a cheer went up for the Prime Minister. The Moslems surrounded him, expressing their devotion and loyalty. Then some of them began to weep in shame for their actions. Nehru spoke with them, answering their questions, telling them of his hopes.

On the drive back to New Delhi, his guest expressed concern for the Prime Minister's personal safety. Mr. Nehru agreed the risk might be real, but he said he could not let it get in the way of things that had to be done.

• • •

The human quality of the man.

January 1951. Sunday. The desk clerk at the Imperial Hotel in New Delhi handed us a message. It was from Miss Sindhi at the Prime Minister's House. The P.M. was having some people over that afternoon and hoped we could come. Nothing special. Just relaxed talk.

Primed for a long bull session on philosophy and politics, we arrived at the P.M.'s house at about three o'clock. Mr. Nehru was at the door, greeting his guests. He seemed to be in excellent spirits. We were ushered to a large enclosed veranda. We looked around the room and recognized Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, the eminent philosopher and vice-president of India; also, Shiva Rau, prominent author and long-time friend of the Prime Minister. Among the other guests to whom we were introduced were two cabinet ministers and a justice.

Mr. Nehru came into the room, his young grandson riding his shoulders, kicking grandpa's ribs and demanding more speed.

"The gallop comes later," Mr. Nehru said, hoisting the boy over his head and placing him on the floor. He told the youngster he had a surprise for him. "In fact, I've got a surprise for everyone. This afternoon we shall all have a good time. I've arranged for entertainment."

The entertainer was a magician who went through a bewildering assortment of tricks. He caused long knives to turn into short knives, wine to turn into milk, and he made a chicken emerge from a paper cup. Then he demonstrated his accuracy with a bow and arrow, hitting a vertical thread at about twenty feet. Finally, he invited a member of the company to step forward. Mr. Nehru, enjoying himself hugely, prodded the Finance Minister into joining the act.

As soon as the Finance Minister discovered he was to be a living prop in a latter-day version of a William Tell episode, he seemed to waver somewhat. Mr. Nehru gently chided him into going on with the act. The Finance Minister was seated in a chair directly above which, six inches from his head, a circular wreath was suspended by several thin threads.

The magician announced that with one arrow he would sever all the threads, causing the wreath to fall around the Finance Minister's distinguished shoulders. Almost as an afterthought, he added that he would perform this feat while blindfolded.

Mr. Nehru spoke up.

"They tell me that good finance ministers are hard to find these days," he said. "I don't know whether we ought to allow him to go through with this."

The magician clapped for silence, put on his blindfold, picked up his bow, tested its tautness, and inserted the arrow. Then he paused and, still blindfolded, paced off the steps to his target, groping and stumbling on the way. Finally, he retraced his steps, assumed his battle station, and raised the bow and arrow.

"No, no," Mr. Nehru cried. "You're aiming at the wrong man! You're aiming at the justice. We can't afford to lose *him*. The man you want is about sixty degrees to the left."

Suddenly, the magician let fly. The arrow pierced the strings and the garland fell neatly over the shoulders of the Finance Minister, who, suddenly released from his encounter with nonfiscal suspense, joined in the general laughter.

AFTER a while, the group exchanged stories. The Prime Minister presided over the ice cream and punch bowl, the youngster at his side tugging at grandpa's pants and asking when he could have a fast horseback ride.

The closest anyone got to serious talk was when Mr. Nehru told of a visit he had had the previous day from an old school chum who was now a wealthy industrialist.

According to the Prime Minister, the industrialist came up to him and complained that things had gone much too far. Taxes were crippling him and something had to be done about it. He said he had to pay a stiff tax on his private house in New Delhi. He also had to pay a tax on his hunting estate. As if this were not enough, he had to pay a tax on a house he kept in Bangalore. But worst of all was the tax he had to pay on his beach home in Juhu.

"Now I ask you, Jawaharlal, how do you expect me to keep up these houses with taxes like this?"

"Have you ever considered giving up a house or two?" Nehru asked.

"Now, what kind of advice is this to give a life-long friend?" the man asked.

The group laughed.

"What makes the story so ironic," Mr. Nehru said, "is that here I am, fighting back legislation to confiscate luxurious property, and this chap wants me to give him a tax refund. I suppose each man has to have his own dream world.'

In this manner the afternoon passed. After the farewells, Dr. Radhakrishnan offered to drive us back to the hotel.

Inside the car, Dr. Radhakrishnan said we had just seen a side of Nehru that few people knew.

"There is something eternally young, even boyish, about the P.M.," he said. "People tend to think of him as a man lost in brooding, not even knowing how to laugh. Not so; he loves to laugh, as we have seen. It is very good for the nation that he can laugh. It helps to freshen his spirits. The important thing about Nehru is that he continues to think young. A man like this can never grow old. He will never look old, no matter how old he is. But he must take better care of himself. He works too hard."

• • •

The man as author, poet, historian, philosopher, thinker.

He liked to write, felt incomplete when he was unable to assemble his thoughts and commit them to paper. He regarded writing as the most demanding, the most exhausting, but also the most satisfying of the creative arts. Writing enabled him to discipline his mind, to think sequentially and creatively. Being able to give life to a concept through words; using language as a vehicle of persuasion or as a voyage of intellectual exploration and discovery—these meant much to him.

At times he could write like the most detached and aseptic historian. At other times he would write with extreme sensitivity and grace. In describing a natural setting, he could be all poet. In his writing, as in his life, he was many men.

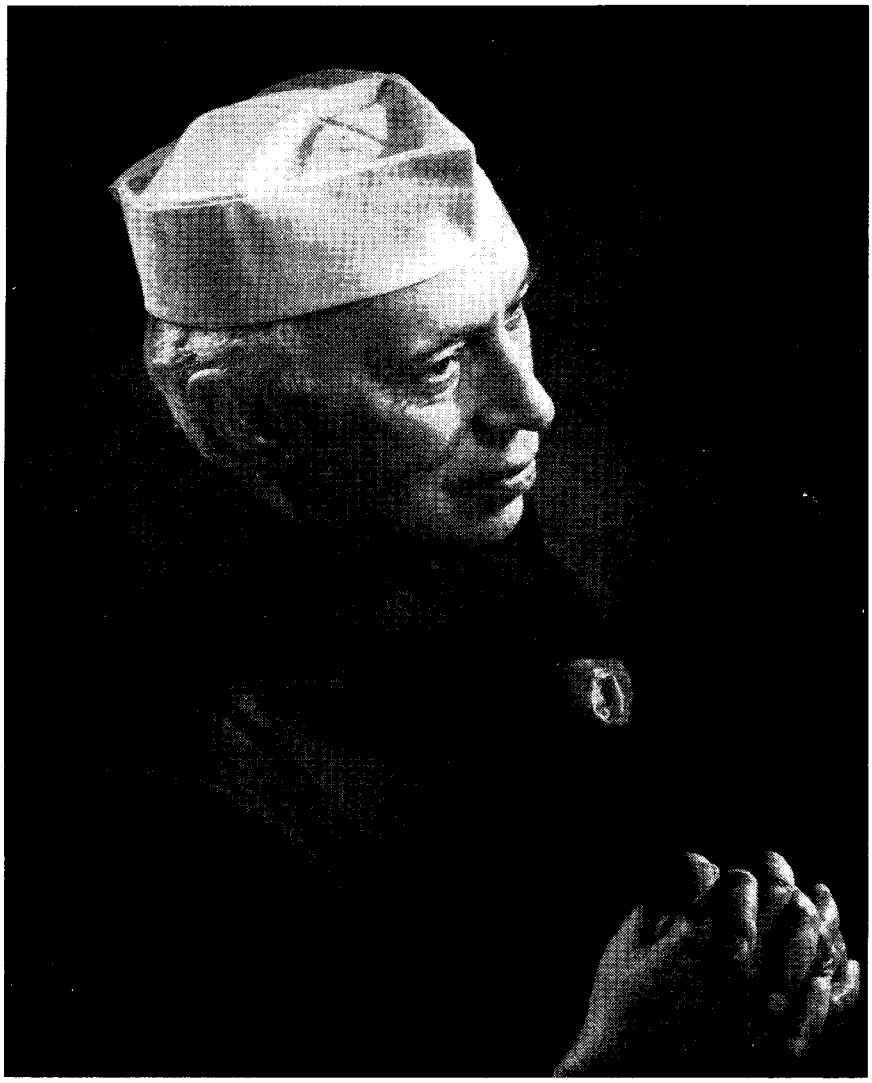
For many years, his writing, quite literally, kept him from losing his mind. This was during his various imprisonments as an agitator for Indian freedom. No one knows how many hundreds of thousands or millions of words he wrote while in jail. His autobiography came out of prison. He did a work on history, *The Discovery of India*. There were also, to be sure, the various pamphlets and tracts that made him the intellectual leader of the fight for freedom.

Of all his prison writings, however,

Farewell in New Delhi.►
(Camera Press-Pix)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Dave Iwerks, Pix.

Wearer of the Gandhian mantle: "The ambition of the greatest man of our generation has been to wipe every tear from every eye. . . . So long as there are tears, our work will not be over."

perhaps none is more remarkable than the collection of letters to his daughter, Indira, later published under the title *Glimpses of World History*. The letters, running to almost 1,000 pages in the book, constituted something of a liberal university education, ranging as it did over the whole of the human historical record—European, Asian, African, American, Australian. It took in not just the development of national and continental civilization but the creative thrust and splendor of mankind. Nehru's own insights and his appreciation of the human potential are in evidence throughout. What made the book unique in the history of literature was that his prison was totally bereft of historical materials. He wrote *Glimpses of World History*, with its thousands of facts and events and names, without reference books or notes of any kind. As a demonstration of human intellectual capacity, the book stands by itself.

It is doubtful whether any writer before or since has fused in one person more thoroughly the complex essences of East and West. He was a fascinating amalgam of two cultures; his formal education was English but his traditions were Indian. His intellect was rooted in the Enlightenment but his spirit in the Vedas. Few men of our time have been so avowedly rationalist, yet there were the strongest spiritual connotations in his feelings about India and her people.

"I have been attached to the Ganges and Jumna Rivers in Allahabad ever since my childhood," he wrote in his will. "And, as I have grown older, this attachment has also grown. I have watched their varying moods as the seasons changed, and have often thought of the history and myth and tradition and song and story that have become attached to them through the long ages and become part of their flowing waters. . . . The Ganges reminds me of the snow-covered peaks and the deep valleys of the Himalayas, which I have loved so much, and of the rich and vast plains below, where my life and work have been cast.

"Smiling and dancing in the morning sunlight, and dark and gloomy and full of mystery as evening shadows fall; a narrow, slow, and graceful stream in winter, and a vast, roaring thing during monsoon, broad-bosomed almost as the sea, and with something of the sea's power to destroy, the Ganges has been to me a symbol and a memory of the past of India, running into the present, and flowing on to the great ocean of the future."

Intellectually, he could never quite comprehend, and sometimes he had difficulty in coping with, India's numberless castes. He disclaimed any affiliation with or affinity for the religious aspect of Hinduism, yet he presided over a nation that sensed and responded to a profoundly spiritual quality in him. Gandhi was a godhead; he easily fitted into a theology. Not so Nehru, a supreme logician. Yet when Gandhi's mantle passed on, it passed to Nehru. No one questioned its appropriateness. There might be all the difference in the world between the thought, style, and outlook of the two men, but there was a seamless connection between the two in their devotion to the Indian people and in the response of the Indian people to them.

"I have received so much love and affection from the Indian people," Nehru wrote, "that nothing I can do can repay even a small fraction of it. Many have been admired, some have been revered, but the affection of all classes of the Indian people has come to me in such abundant measure that I have been overwhelmed by it."

• • •

The leadership capacities and the charismatic quality of the man.

April 1955. The Asian-African Conference at Bandung. An event of profound importance for most of the world's peoples, symbolizing not just their freedom from outside rule but their full membership in the human race. Much of the drama flowed out of the juxtaposed presence of the two men who represented the two largest nations in the world—Jawaharlal Nehru of India and Chou En-lai of Communist China.

Both men knew that what was happening in their countries would have a great bearing on the way most of the newly independent nations would be developed.

Chou En-lai, speaking in English through an interpreter, was the first of the two to address the meeting. He identified China with the aspirations of

"I have become a queer mixture of East and West . . . at home nowhere."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Asia and Africa. He said that history was riding with China. This was done more in the form of an announcement than a claim. He invited the Bandung delegates to visit China and see the marked progress made under socialism. His manner was not bombastic or aggressive but matter-of-fact, austere.

When Nehru spoke some time later, the contrast between the two men couldn't have been more startling. It wasn't only that he spoke without a manuscript or without an interpreter. He had warmth, personal rapport. He became part of each individual, speaking to the best inside him. He was creating strength, awakening the individual's capacity and his hopes rather than attempting to convert a man to any large impersonal system. He held up no glorious certainties of historical determinism, only the saturating uncertainties of the human situation. But this was in the nature of freedom, which guaranteed nothing except a chance to do better; and freedom was within their reach.

At Bandung, the delegates may have been impressed by Chou En-lai, but they believed Nehru. And even when they did not agree with Nehru, they believed *in* him. This was the way it was with his own people. They might not have comprehended him at times, but they believed in him and knew that good would come out of such a man. Even though they were unable to connect themselves to his intellectuality, they never had trouble in understanding his integrity. And they knew that where he wanted to go was where India had to be.

At Bandung, Chou En-lai was surrounded by bodyguards, Nehru by men who wanted to talk to him—men from new nations who suddenly were obligated to make history and needed the kind of confidence that a Nehru could impart to them. He was Olympian but he was never aloof.

The morning before the last session of the conference at Bandung, Nehru invited us to breakfast with him at his villa in the hills several miles outside the city. We sat on a veranda overlooking a flowering countryside. Nehru had already been down among the flowers, sniffing with satisfaction. His mood was deeply reflective. He spoke of the future of Asia with special reference to China and India. He said he had given the matter much thought. It was obvious, he said, that what happened inside India would have important effects outside India—not just in Asia but Africa. Here were two giant display cases for millions of people. The Indian display case, with all its complexities and difficulties, showed it was possible to have a progressive society without taking individuality away from the individual. The state should never subordinate the individual; rather, the state itself had the obligation to be infinitely inventive in trying to serve him and ennoble him. India had four hundred million people; most of them were poor. They needed jobs and food and medicine and schools and homes. It was precisely the kind of total need that the Chinese Communists said could never be met outside of a totally controlled society. They said what had to be done couldn't come fast enough or deep enough without the machinery available to a total Marxist state.

These were the questions most of the world's peoples had to decide, Nehru said. And he believed that India, despite all difficulties, was making progress and could do even better.

WE asked what he considered to be the main strengths and weaknesses in the development of Communist China.

He said, characteristically, that it was not for him to dispense such judgments; this was a task more appropriately done by history. But he added, also quite characteristically, that he would suppose that any leader of a state might have a certain caution in applying rigidly and literally economic or ideological doctrines that were based on the world as it was a century ago.

Was this a reference to the ideas of Marx and Engels?

Yes, he replied. There was much that was valid and valuable in Marx. But the world had undergone profound changes since Marx published his theories and the attempt to pursue these doctrines as though they were natural law was itself retrogressive, in a sense.

Moreover, he added, Marxism provided too narrow a creed for the problems it had to meet. It gave so much emphasis to economic factors that it underestimated the power of all the other concerns of man. Life consisted of much more than economic growth. He was not at all certain, he added, that the Marxist ideas were completely understood by all those who attempted to apply them.

Then his eyes twinkled and he sat back in his chair and told of an incident at the conference involving Chou En-lai to illustrate his point.

"We were assigned to a subcommittee whose job it was to prepare a draft for a short statement for the conference. It was a simple statement that was required, and we were able to agree readily on the general substance. I invited Chou En-lai to write the first draft. He declined, saying he preferred that I do it.

"I did—in English, of course, and then read it to him through his interpreter. He was appreciative but said there were several key words that tended to change the meaning from what he understood the statement was supposed to say.

"Again we discussed the purpose of the statement in general and the troublesome words in particular. We had no difficulty in agreeing on the intended sense of the draft. All that remained now was to translate a few English words into Chinese. The attempt to do this took several hours—and even then, I was not completely satisfied that the translation was precise.

"Do you know what came to my mind when I left that meeting? I said to myself: 'Good Lord, just imagine what Karl Marx must be like in Chinese!' "

He laughed, then said: "I'm perfectly serious, you know."

There came to my mind a conversation with the P. M. in New Delhi some years earlier. Then, too, we were discussing what Stuart Chase called "the tyranny of words." In particular, words

(*Continued on page* 68)

With daughter Indira: "It may be that most of us will spend our energies . . . struggling through shifting sands, and the building will have to be done by our children or our children's children."

—*Push–Pix.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
W. D. PATTERSON

Managing Editor
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Education Editor
PAUL WOODRING

Production Manager
PEARL S. SULLIVAN

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIRSON

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER

Feature Editor
JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
ALICE DALGLIESH
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Women, Politics, and the Future

DURING the recent season of Presidential primaries, one significant phenomenon went largely unnoticed. It involved, curiously enough, a candidate who never had even an outside chance of winning the nomination, who enjoyed practically none of the publicity the other candidates attracted, and who is, in fact, a victim of the greatest political handicap that can befall an American citizen: she is a woman. The candidate is, of course, Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, so dark a horse that in most minds she never even left the starting gate.

Yet in at least one sense Mrs. Smith scored a clear victory. And the fact that her victory was essentially nonpolitical, that it could be cheered by voters of every persuasion, makes it no less important.

During the primaries, national interest was centered, and properly so, on the major candidates. Politicians, convention delegates, and above all the voters themselves were kept busy weighing the assets and liabilities of, on the one hand, President Johnson and, on the other, Senator Goldwater, Ambassador Lodge, Mr. Nixon, Governor Rockefeller, and Governor Scranton. For out of this group will almost certainly emerge one man who will be the nation's leader for the next four years and another who will do much to shape the pattern of the opposition. Ignore these men and you ignore the horizon of history.

It was therefore encouraging that the 1964 primaries were the focus of such sustained debate, even if that debate was centered more on personalities than issues and seems to have produced more ambiguities than answers. From the New Hampshire primary to the crucial contest in California, the principal candidates tried to capture the voter's allegiance and win it away from rivals. And the voter, caught in the thick of the bombardment, was forced to weigh what he saw and heard. Whatever drawbacks the nation's parade of primaries may have, it does at any rate serve to lay before the voters the range of their choices and the men who represent those choices.

YET it is also possible, in the national preoccupation with the main concerns of the primaries, to overlook significant events that take place far from stage center. And one of those events this year was without question represented by Senator Smith, the first woman from a major political party to seek the Presidency (and only the third in United States history).

For despite her almost nonexistent prospects as a candidate for the Presidency (and at last report, the primaries notwithstanding, she still was one), Mrs. Smith has helped dramatize an important lesson for the American people. It is a lesson about the new role of women in the nation's life, about the expanding opportunities open to women, and about the anachronisms inherent in the notion that women, for all their charm, are somehow less capable than men.

That this lesson is finally having a perceptible impact on the American mind is demonstrated by a single crucial fact: Of all those who have commented publicly on the 1964 campaign during the last several months, virtually no one has laughed or even snickered at Senator Smith's candidacy. A woman may, as many people are convinced, never attain the Presidency, but it is clear that Americans in general respect her right to try.

THIS central fact has ramifications far beyond politics. It supports the view that the nation is engaged in a serious reassessment of its attitude toward women. Able women are already serving as college presidents, doctors, business executives, Senators (two), and Congresswomen (eleven), as well as working in a vast number of other responsible posts that would have astounded even the most militant of the suffragettes. Moreover, it is certain that the opportunities will increase still further—and quickly. Under the impetus of an automated industrial society that will increasingly demand brains, whatever their sex, women will move into jobs that have traditionally been far off limits to them. And the time will surely come when a woman will no longer be required to work side by side with a man, at the same job, for two-thirds or half the pay. Many women, of course, may have little interest in reaching out for these new opportunities—few people anticipate or hope for a wholesale exodus from the home—but the option should be there for those who want it.

Women in positions of influence and responsibility are of course nothing new to history. What is new today is that it is no longer only the extraordinary woman, or the extraordinarily lucky woman, who can have a profound effect on her times. The day will, in fact, soon be here when any woman will be able to survey virtually as wide a range of possibilities as a man can. The whole idea may give some husbands the shudders, but it nevertheless remains a fact. And during the primaries Senator Smith was the most visible illustration of that fact. She sees herself, as a visitor to her office quickly learns, as something of a symbol of women's struggle for recognition and of their deep hope that one day soon they will be able to make their maximum possible contribution to their communities, their nation, and the world.

Margaret Chase Smith may not be causing many ripples as a candidate for the Presidential nomination, but as a symbol she has already gone a long way toward accomplishing her purpose.

—J. F. F.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Century Later

MARTIN LUTHER KING'S article, "Why We Can't Wait" [*SR*, May 30], states the Negro's struggle so clearly that it is difficult for me to understand the opposing viewpoint.

I am glad Dr. King sees the need for nonviolence, and I am happy to see that this idea is spreading rapidly. Just a few weeks ago, when Dick Gregory appeared at Michigan State University with the Student Non-Violence Coordinating Committee, there was great enthusiasm among the audience. But reading articles and going to programs should not be the end of one's participation in this struggle.

RUTH GREENBAUM,
Class of 1967,
Michigan State University.
East Lansing, Mich.

MARTIN LUTHER KING has expressed simply and beautifully the story so many people fail to understand. I believe a comparison can be made with Alan Paton's novel, *Cry, The Beloved Country*.

Paton summed it up beautifully when he wrote: "It was permissible to allow the destruction of a tribal system that impeded the growth of the country. . . . But it is not permissible to watch its destruction, and replace it by nothing, or by so little that a whole people deteriorates, physically and morally."

SUSAN SINGER.
North Hollywood, Calif.

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN and spoken concerning the plight of the Negro in America, but nothing has been as eloquent as Martin Luther King's article.

There is, I think, a solution, even if it is a difficult one. Each individual must first decide what his own stand is. Then, recalling the words "I am only one, but still I am one," we must begin to talk, to convince those around us of our ideals. Such action could become contagious.

PETER R. WELLS.
Oreland, Pa.

Southerner's Dilemma

CALVIN KYTLE'S "Testament of a Transplanted White Southerner" [*SR*, May 30] is admirable, convincing, and moving. As a native white Southerner who has had a similar experience, I deplore the fact that so many, like Kytle and me, left the South rather than staying to help when the South so greatly needs us.

ODOM FANNING.
Concord, Mass.

CALVIN KYTLE raises an anguished cry echoed by many who have sought to know themselves in this time of racial and national crisis. His cry is paralleled—much more baldly—in the question, "Yes, but would you want one to marry your sister?" Reprehensible though it is, this question cannot be ignored, for with it the white male is revealing one of his deepest fears. Mr. Kytle himself gives several clues to the nature of this white man's dilemma.

These clues are consonant with the unconscious fear that, as a psychoanalyst, I have observed over and over again: in their dreams patients will frequently disguise from themselves those feelings that are largely unwelcome to them. The fact that the Negro is dark-skinned makes it convenient, in our culture, to utilize him to symbolize the unacceptable side of ourselves, or, as one patient expressed it, "the dark side of the moon we never see."

Truly to examine and to know ourselves is the highest adventure known to man—and probably the most difficult. For it entails looking at and coming to terms with all aspects of ourselves, no matter how fearsome and unlovely. Or, as a perceptive patient has remarked to me, "If I can get rid of the fears I have about myself I won't be so afraid of other people any more."

ROBERT K. ROBISON.
New York, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"It'll never sell, General. You've got to be more modest. You can't start out by saying, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'"

The New Yale

IT IS NOT VERY often that the public is exposed to architectural criticism of high caliber, as it was in Vincent Scully's "Architecture and Man at Yale" [*SR*, May 23]. Too often this is reserved for the trade magazines.

Unfortunately, when so much fault can be found with our best new buildings, all of contemporary architecture suffers by implication. Even if one admits the failures mentioned, these modern buildings will perform their functions better than any traditional styles. Can you find nothing to praise in these buildings? Have you ever tried to express the excitement we architects have known in participating in a progressive architectural evolution?

WILLIAM J. BROWN.
Skokie, Ill.

AS YOU KNOW, you cut, edited, and rewrote my recent article on architecture at Yale without consulting me. I do not object to editing ordinarily, but it is a serious matter not to give an author a chance to see his proofs; you should do public penance for that at least. As it turns out, the article is now full of phrases which are not mine and which embarrass me acutely in a professional sense. To detail them individually would require another article as long as the first. Permit me only to specify here my real distress over the title you cooked up. I find it singularly repellent.

VINCENT SCULLY.
New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR apologizes to Professor Scully for not having sent him a proof of his article, routine procedure here when changes are made in a manuscript. The oversight was inexcusable.*

AS A CLOSE STUDENT of architecture, I appreciate your recent concentration on the architecture of Yale University. Perhaps your offering to the non-architectural public of Mr. Scully's article will contribute to an improvement of our generally mediocre American environment. As your issue makes clear, our awareness of environment and of the need for its improvement is long overdue, and Katharine Kuh and Mr. Scully have said it as well as anyone.

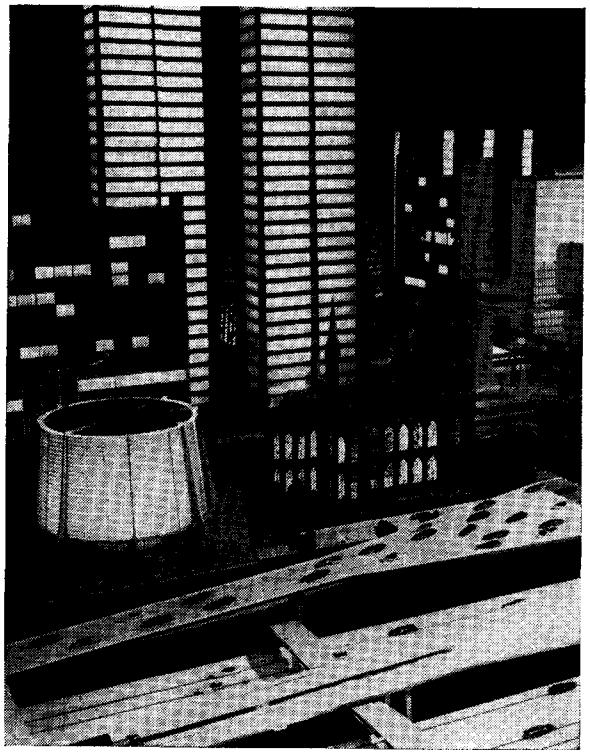
ROGER M. LANG.
Oxford, O.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fair—2. Olé and So-So

THE MOST civilized conversation I encountered while picking my way through the jungles of New York recently was undertaken, almost in monologue, by a famed American designer whom I had come upon quite by chance at the theater. We repaired to the handsomely designed halls of the Four Seasons, where, over a heady dish of peppermint ice, we began to talk, as most people do in New York these days, of the spectacle currently on view in Flushing.

"Don't get me started on *that*," he said to me, "or a whole speech will follow." But it was too late, and perhaps too tempting, and a whole speech did follow, and a rather incisive one at that. Both of us had wondered, as we made our way along those long, leafy boulevards out there and viewed the massive buildings that would be gone in two years, about the temporal nonchalance of American society. We had caused a billion dollars to be spent on a spectacle —a big, live spectacular, he called it—and when we were through we would knock it down and discard it like a used Kleenex. The glittering show astride Grand Central Parkway is a reflection not so much of the American penchant for conspicuous consumption as for conspicuous waste. What mammoth something or other, something useful to mankind, might have risen there on the Flushing flats—what library, research center, medical complex, university, might all that money have bought? Or, as my friend thought, what a brilliant city of tomorrow might have been constructed, where spectators might have been conducted through underground levels to the surface, all of it covered with a giant plastic dome in which the elements could be controlled. Here would have been a city of tomorrow to provide inspiration, excitement, and above all ideas. He quoted the European critics who have called Flushing '64 a street fair, perhaps the biggest street fair ever put up. It is a fair without a theme, or at least without one that lifts men's hearts. From a design standpoint, it is too big to work properly, and the two most imaginative means of locomotion—the Swiss sky ride, which employs buckets hung on cables, and the monorail, which merely runs around the Lake Amusement Area—are really joyrides rather than means of transport. To lull the American public, my friend said, you must give them a ride such as General Motors has done with electric wagons, or Ford has done with convertible cars, or Pepsi-Cola has done with boats, or IBM has done with a giant elevator. "It's like giving them television or sending them to the movies, only it's better than the movies, because on the ride they can sit there in the dark and suck their thumbs and they don't even have to be quiet." My friend sees Flushing not merely as a failure, but, in its inability to send men home exploding with ideas, a real indication of the decline of the nation.



GM's City of Tomorrow—the way it will be?

Well, those opinions are not exactly shared by Mr. Thomas Deegan, one of the progenitors of the proceedings laid out there around the Unisphere, whose sound waves were picked up the other day by the *New York Times*. "Wonderful fair! Exciting fair!" were the comments Mr. Deegan told the *Times* he had picked up. The comments came in the course of a press conference called to explain the reasons why the fair corporation had canceled the lease of the French pavilion (in arrears), why it refused to lend any more money to the Belgian Village (still not completed), and why it was considering altering the lease of Louisiana, which still had not installed the part of the exhibit sponsored by the state itself, which rendered the whole building rent-free.

There is no doubt that one can uphold Mr. Deegan's overheard exuberances, at least fractionally, for there *are a number of exciting things at the fair* that might never come to public view at all had it not been for the mirage that Moses caused to be realized in full, glorious, wide, wide, living, expensive reality. I mean I feel I owe Mr. Moses, or Mr. Johnson, a personal vote of thanks, for instance, for the Johnson's Wax exhibit, which features a perfectly marvelous film by Francis Thompson called *To Be Alive!* Since it was commissioned by Johnson's Wax two years ago expressly for display at the fair, one must be thankful for the favors that Mr. Moses's carnival has bestowed.

In pursuit of a general "family of man" theme, the film was shot over the last year and a half in Europe, Africa, and the United States. Three cameras were rigged together, and the results, all very artfully cut and handsomely narrated, are displayed on three screens. There is no attempt made to camouflage the dividing lines, but somehow they don't seem to obtrude. No commercial message obtrudes, either, although the core of the idea is, according to Thompson, that despite the meaningless frustrations of a complex society, there is plenty of happiness in the world for anyone who maintains a sense of wonder and who extracts joy out of being alive. This upbeat notion is shown in a 500-seat theater fitted inside a golden rondelle. And if you didn't know what a golden rondelle was, well, it is sort of a gilded egg hanging on white columns twenty-five feet above a reflection pool.

If *To Be Alive!* sends you away feeling good about the human race (the Johnson people give you a free shine as well), as much can be said for the experience that waits inside the hall leased by Pepsi-Cola. There is no commercial here, either, not even a taste of the product, for Pepsi-Cola has merely given a home to a production called *It's a Small World*. There is a charge of ninety-nine cents that goes to UNICEF. Here the customers, if that's what they are, board small punts and are wafted down a man-made stream exactly as if they were en route to the tunnel of love. One emerges suddenly into the first of five rooms filled with Walt Disney peo-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five nationalities are represented at this party aboard a "happy" ship of Holland-America Line.

Do you meet different people on Holland-America First Class to Europe?

Dr. Cornelis Koning says: "Oui. Si. Ja. Absoluut."

"Most of the people who sail with Holland-America," says ship's doctor Cornelis Koning, "are American. American as apple pie.

"But we also meet thousands of people whose national dishes are Veal Scallopini, Froglegs Sauté, Vienna Schnitzel, and Yorkshire Pudding.

"Holland-America First Class really attracts an international passenger list. Our gourmet restaurants please them. Our superb service. Our luxury. But there's something else, too. I think our reputation for sailing 'happy' ships appeals to people from every part of the world."

"Happy" is a nautical term of ancient and honorable origin.

Because ships of the Holland-America Line are "happy," First Class takes on new meaning.

All the luxury is there. All the comfort. All the pampering. But there's also a sense of warmth, of camaraderie, of good companionship that makes First Class—listen carefully—*fun*.

Pretentiousness is thrown overboard. Stiff formality is jettisoned. The atmosphere is festive, friendly. People like each other better, get to know each other sooner, on a "happy" ship.

Ask your travel agent about accommodations—First Class, One Class or Tourist Class aboard the s.s. Rotterdam, Nieuw Amsterdam, Statendam or other happy ships—sailing to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam, Cobh, Galway or Bremerhaven. And mail this coupon right now for very interesting literature about ships, Europe and you.

SAIL A HAPPY SHIP

Holland-America Line

Pier 40-North River, New York 10014

Please send me a batch of brochures including "True or False about Holland-America First Class"

Name

Address

City State

Travel Agent 6816

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MICHIKO

Michiko Komatsu will tell you how to make a wish come true in Japan. Just tie an *omikuji* fortune paper to the "message tree." There is similar sorcery in the way this lovely Japan Air Lines hostess anticipates your every wish even before you ask. She makes you feel serenely at home in the classic Japanese atmosphere found aboard your DC-8 Jet Courier. In traditional kimono she serves you with a personal warmth you have never before experienced.

Enhance your next journey en route to Japan, the Orient, or on around the world to Europe with the magic of Michiko. You can even add sunny Hawaii at no extra fare—another "plus" when you fly Japan Air Lines, *the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound.*

JAPAN AIR LINES

Choose from daily DC-8 Jet flights to Tokyo via Hawaii from Los Angeles or San Francisco. See your travel agent for reservations.

ple. Magic carpets fly through the air, fakirs climb ropes, a Dutch girl winks, pink gooney birds dance on a ledge, Africans do the twist or the high life with rather sexy insinuation, considering they are merely hard-working models, and a lavender hippopotamus manages, with an extraordinary effort, to lift his heavy lids. Through all this, some cheery unseen orchestra plays "It's a Small World." By the time your boat sails out the exit you have the idea.

Most of the big industrial exhibits are a good deal more strenuous than this, and many of them require long waits. Those who queue for the hit shows might find themselves able to do little more than two a day. With the $2 entrance fee to the fairgrounds, and the high cost of meals and movement inside, not to mention the price of New York's hotels, it may hardly be worth the effort. A long wait in front of the mammoth whateveritis that houses the Bell Telephone hall of communicative wonderment might well set a telephone subscriber to wondering just why his phone bills are so high. I'm not sure I know what he does with this complaint, but the danger of its being inspired is real.

The enormous General Motors exhibit area looks as if it had first been built, then sprayed all over with a plastic coating. If this is Futurama architecture, many a sensitive youth of today may flatly refuse to take the trip into the twenty-first century. Almost everyone comes for the GM ride, and it is an interesting one, conducted in contoured lounge chairs arranged three abreast in small wagons. The riders roll past the moon, watching the curious vehicles roll over the craters, then on to the Antarctic to see how men can live in a frozen wasteland, and finally to the City of Tomorrow. Jungles can be conquered, too, and so can deserts, and in an animated display GM tells everyone just how it's going to be, Lennie.

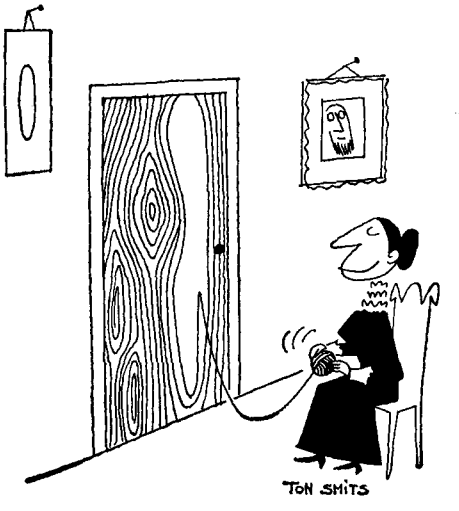
Ford's show is considerably more theatrical, beginning with a jazzy flair inside a convertible that requires nothing more than one's auditory attention. The car rides on a track and the car radio dispenses the canned commentary in an assortment of languages. (*"Je m'appelle Henry Ford,"* begins the French version.) Leaving a plexiglass tunnel, the convertibles emerge in a Walt Disney-created caveman's world. Here dinosaurs grumble and battle, awful birds darken the sky, and man is hard put to exist. However, he learns to use fire, to warn his friends of danger, and in the end to invent the wheel. We then pan into a space city. After that the visitor is tossed to the Ford displays, including the 1896 quadricycle that started the whole thing.

Chrysler has proved that American cars are getting bigger all the time by showing a model that is seventy feet long and forty-five feet wide. It is part of their Autofare, billed as a fair within the fair. Besides the walk-through theater, there is a musical comedy staged by Max Liebman with Bill Baird's marionettes, and a mechanical zoo. Why does Chrysler have a zoo, you may ask. Because the frogs are made of car hoods, grills, and manifolds, a night crawler is made of Plymouth roof panels, the porcupine has radio aerial stickers, and the monster insect has a Dodge Dart hood panel for a head. Everybody got the message?

Mr. Disney, probably the busiest cartoonist at the fair, is also responsible for General Electric Progressland. GE doesn't go back to dinosaurs, as Sinclair and Ford do; it is content to go back to that summer when there was a pump in the kitchen and a fifty-pound cake of ice in the icebox. Life was simple and Mother ironed Dad's shirts with a flatiron. Next scene: 1920. Summer again, and electricity is here. The kitchen is an absolute frenzy of wires coming out of the toaster, the washer, the lamps. Eventually modern times arrive; the wires have disappeared, and Mother, who is very nearly replaced by gadgets, has nothing much to do but talk Dad under the table.

The characters are all mechanical, but in Mr. Disney's world that doesn't mean, of course, that they aren't as real as everyone, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they had no trouble voting in November. The audience—and here is the kick—is divided into six parts, and the stage goes around them as each scene changes.

The slick gambit is everywhere at this fair, which is a triumph of the engineer and not the artist. The soul cries out for beauty, and about all there is to answer is the Spanish pavilion, which, as the days wind into summer, seems ever more deserving of the ribbon for the best of show. The building itself is a gem, set in the middle of all the flashy gyrations being offered on every side,



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and it relies on an absence of color rather than a broad display of it. The tones are muted and monochromatic. Here visitors walk over inlaid terra-cotta floors to view the display cases, which are glass boxes suspended between shafts of waxed wood. Toledo steel, Majorcan pearls, magnificent leather from Loewe of Madrid, and ceramics from Valencia are laid out, all of it guarded by stalwarts from the Guardia Civil in their gala uniforms. Those who pay a dollar can slough through the deep carpets to look upon the imported Picassos, works of Dali's first epoch, a Juan Miró, two Goyas, and an El Greco. Sixty girl guides, imported from Spain and dressed by Balenciaga, are on hand to point out the "Sword of El Cid," the Spanish house and garden, the crown and scepter of Isabella.

Besides all this, there is an 850-seat theater that is probably the most comfortable in all New York. Some 250 entertainers have been booked from all parts of Spain, including flamenco dancers yanked from the caves of Granada, the Ballet Gallego dispatched from Galicia, and Rosa Duran and her troupe from Madrid's Zambra. This coup aside, the Spaniards have also scored gastronomically with three popular restaurants, the Marisqueria, which serves seafood, the popularly priced Granada, and the luxurious Toledo, the only really elegant dining salon in the whole fair.

For the weary, if transfusions of food fail, there is always the house of Simmons, where one can register at the front desk and engage a room for an hour. Each is equipped with a bed with disposable turquoise sheets and a lever for adjusting the pitch of head and foot. The colors are dark, as a relief from the glare of the fair, and the Beauty Rest ladies talk in quiet tones, as nurses are supposed to. For those travelers with long memories, it will seem rather like a hotel without a convention.

On the way home, by new blue-painted express subway (15 cents) or hydrofoil ($3.50) or chauffeured limousine (about $15), there is little left to do but count the bunions, tally the losses, and, like most fairgoers, launch a critique. In my case, I came away feeling that Flushing lacks what Brussels offered in architecture and in nationally inspired presentations that were frequently exciting; that Flushing is monstrously expensive and monstrously large; that it looks like a city in a book of fairy tales at night; and that on a good day Walt Disney can produce flights of fancy that other mortals can envision only after a bad night.

—Horace Sutton.

(This is the second of two articles on the New York World's Fair.)

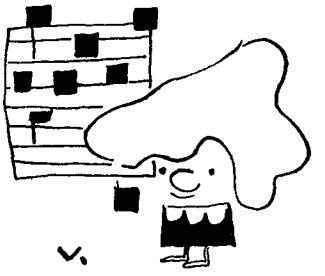
TV AND RADIO

The Uses of Diversity

Harry J. Skornia, professor of radio and television in the College of Journalism and Communications at the University of Illinois, believes that "the great instrument of civilized men in a democracy is disagreement, offered with good will." He is known and respected in the academic community for straight talk. "I don't know all the answers," he will say amiably, "but I think you're wrong. Let's reason it out together." At Bloomington, Illinois, recently, when the Illinois News Broadcasters Association held its spring convention, he verbally spanked the assembled reporters and station managers for advocating television in the courtroom, made specific recommendations for conditions under which cameras in courts would be acceptable, and said he welcomed further discussion. It was a characteristically tolerant demonstration of constructive dissent, and the INBA will be doing a service for its members and the broadcasting industry if it reprints and circulates widely the text of the speech, "Television in the Courtroom: A Danger to Civil Rights." The question of whether court proceedings should be televised or broadcast has been debated for years, and the American Bar Association, with the concurrence of many journalists, including Walter Lippmann, has adamantly refused to retract Canon 35 of its Canons of Judicial Ethics, which states in part: "The taking of photographs in the courtroom, during sessions of the court or recesses between sessions, and the broadcasting or televising of court proceedings, distract participants and witnesses in giving testimony, and create misconceptions with respect thereto in the mind of the public and should not be permitted."

Objections were originally based largely on the intrusive aspects of microphones, cameras, and lights. And, even though broadcasters have now demonstrated their capacity to be technically unobtrusive, the psychological objections remain. Judges, juries, and witnesses cannot be impervious, objectors maintain, to the experience of appearing before millions of viewers, and unavoidable, unconscious adjustments to the "show" cannot fail to distort the calm and deliberate search for truth to which our Anglo-Saxon system of justice is ideally dedicated.

It is a tough problem, Professor Skornia conceded in his talk. He told the INBA newsmen that their intentions may be honorable but that they are subject to the control of managers who are essentially showmen and salesmen. "I am surprised," he added, "that an association of newsmen—a group in which we come about as close to a real profession in broadcasting as anywhere in the business—should willingly allow itself to join these nonprofessionals in pressing for access to courtrooms."



News staffs are undermanned, he argued; how could they be expected to cover courts adequately? The record of newsmen in doing commercials and in handling trials is poor. "One mark of a true profession is that there are some things you won't do for money. This list seems to be getting shorter each year." The newsmen were told that they were presumptuous in asking courts to change procedures for their convenience, and they were challenged to specify how they would help the slow, undramatic "due process" of the law —instead of simply pressing for access on the basis of the generalized right of the press to publish and of the public to be informed.

Against these rights he set the right of the accused to a fair trial in a potentially inflammatory communication process. He also offered ten proposals to help safeguard this right and yet permit access, stressing qualified reporters, advance submission of plans for trial coverage, absence of sponsorship, station agreement to cover courts regularly and not selectively for "spectaculars," and commitment, once courtroom coverage is undertaken, to stick with protracted trials, with guarantees that editing of reports would not be one-sided.

Professor Skornia's attempt to set down actual procedures is the first I have seen, and people on both sides of the debate could study them usefully. Mr. Skornia has suggested a way out of the dilemma. The field is open for disagreement with good will.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Resistible Rise of Barbarity

IN British playwright Ann Jellicoe's *The Knack,* a character named Tolen states the proposition that most girls are readily seduceable, given a strong, physically attractive male willing to use ruthless and undignified tactics. And this is part of the larger proposition that complete ruthlessness usually leads to the most impressive quantitative success. But the success of Hitler, Stalin, and McCarthy was eventually checked by more civilized and intelligent people, and in Miss Jellicoe's play we watch a bright young man named Tom check Tolen's efforts to demonstrate his theorem, while at the same time he encourages Tolen's rival, the frightfully decent but shy and ineffectual Colin.

Although this underlying struggle is serious, the tone of *The Knack* is disarmingly comic. In the hands of Mike Nichols, who is New York's best director of plays that begin in uninhabitable lodgings, the comedy is beautifully relaxed and inventive. Brian Bedford, as Tom, has a merry time of it all as he slops paint on the walls, stopping to wipe off the leaves of a potted plant upon which some of the paint has spattered, and as he makes up a whole new theory of teaching children music appreciation by means of a game in which each will have fun imitating any noise made on a piano by another child. But he is far from pure zany, as he proves when, with an austerity and sense of timing reminiscent of Alec Guinness, he replies to Tolen's question "Are you a homosexual?" Mr. Bedford answers that he is not, and then waits a moment before adding: "Thank you, all the same."

Mr. Bedford is wonderful, too, when he suggests his "silent" disapproval of Tolen's theorem by dragging an open stepladder across the floor to interrupt Tolen's arrogant dissertation to Colin. As Colin, Roddy Maude-Roxby, who has already established himself as the best new comedian of the season with his work in *The Establishment,* makes the difficult transition from revue to play with some success, particularly in a marvelous sequence in which, while trying to learn the Tolen method, he strides stiffly about the room to generate supreme self-assuredness. Give Mr. Maude-Roxby a piece of ridiculous exaggeration like that and he can keep you laughing as long as he cares to.

George Segal's portrayal of Tolen is also done beautifully, as he shows us both the menace of the character and the absurdity of spending one's life in pursuit of five girls a day. The nice thing about this performance is that it reveals how easy it is to resist a man who, when defeated, merely moves on to his next quarry, secure in the knowledge that there will always be enough mindlessness in the world for him to compile a high batting average. And as Nancy, the rather plain teen-ager from the country who is eager to be raped in London, Alexandra Berlin bounces through the play like a lively rubber ball delighted to find itself in motion.

Thanks to these performances, which surpass those of the original cast two seasons ago in London, and to the attractively renovated intimate New Theatre at 154 East 54th Street, *The Knack* would appear to be as highly diverting a theater evening as you'll find anywhere in town.

THERE is nothing particularly fresh or remarkable about the new musical *Fade Out—Fade In* except Carol Burnett, who plays the role of Hope Springfield, an average American girl of the 1930s who by mistake is picked to come to Hollywood and become a star. Yet Miss Springfield has several advantages. As an ex-usherette, she has seen all the formula movies more often than the writers or executives and can therefore invent a better formula movie than they can. Her description of one movie (in which the entire Philharmonic orchestra, instruments in hand, comes running down the aisles of Madison Square Garden to play inspirational music for a pugilist who is on the verge of being knocked out) is not only funny, but in a way quite touching, and her recalling of such old trade-marks as the Pathé rooster, the MGM lion, and RKO's beep-beeping wireless tower are nostalgic. Miss Springfield also has some of Miss Burnett's talent, so that she can be hilarious with such realistic slapstick as trying to sit down in a costume that consists of nothing but festoons of large, uncomfortable beads, or nervously gesturing with a hand that happens to hold a full glass of champagne. And her imitation of Shirley Temple visibly straining her brain to remember a simple dance routine is fine parody.

Miss Burnett gets good assistance from Lou Jacobi as the ex-furrier who heads the studio and who keeps calling his psychiatrist a "diir-tee man," and from Jack Cassidy as the prototype of the matinee-idol movie star who prevailed in the Thirties. The songs by Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne are passable, and there's one in which somebody has had the ingenuity to weave virtually all the adopted stage names used by Hollywood stars into one lyric. Indeed, if Miss Burnett were not so gifted, one could afford to praise the show more. But as it stands, let us do nothing that might prevent her from getting into something better as soon as possible. —HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

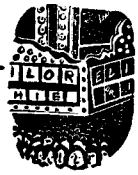
Conducted by John T. Winterich

PLACE NAMES WITH A MEANING

Everyone knows that the map of the United States abounds in place names stemming from many languages, living and dead. When translated into their original tongues, some localities take on a stately and dignified air, others sound like jokes, and a few even approach insults. Dr. Mario Pei, noted linguist and author, has gathered a score of such names and invites you to try your hand at identifying them in reverse, that is, from their English translation. To smooth the road somewhat, names of states are also given. Correct Postal Guide on page 66.

1. "Of the Monks," Ia.
2. "The Plains," Nev.
3. "Charles' Bath," N.M.
4. "High Stick," Calif.
5. "Red Stick," La.
6. "People of the North," Va.
7. "High Land," Ind.
8. "Poplar Grove," Calif.
9. "Bottom of the Lake," Wis.
10. "Stone," S.D.
11. "White Oak," N.M.
12. "Hidden," Calif.
13. "The Sweat," Mich.
14. "The Cats," Calif.
15. "Flycatcher," N.M.
16. "Place of Skunk Smells," Ill.
17. "Walnut Trees," Ariz.
18. "Help!," N.M.
19. "Yellow!," Tex.
20. "Rat!," N.M.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Nasties

EVEN before the credit titles on *Lady in a Cage* have left the screen, audiences have reason to suspect that they are in for no conventional fun movie: a dog lies dead on the hot asphalt of a city street, struck down by the holiday traffic that speeds heedlessly by. Nor is the presence of genteel Olivia de Havilland at the head of a cast of largely unfamiliar names altogether reassuring: we meet her hobbling about on a cane and being overly sweet, overly solicitous, overly possessive to her thirty-year-old son, who obviously cannot wait to tear himself loose from her tentacles. Before long, he is off for a nearby resort, leaving Olivia alone in her large house surrounded by all the creature comforts—air conditioners, food in the refrigerator, and a small elevator to carry her up to her daintily appointed bedroom. Reading a book of verse, she steps into her elevator, pushes the button, and the machine starts its ascent. It stops dead some ten feet off the floor. Power failure. The ordeal that follows is a nightmare not only for Miss Havilland but for the audience as well.

Luther Davis, who both wrote and produced the film, has no intention of letting either off easily. The ringing of the alarm bell in the elevator attracts the attention of a passing tramp, a wino, who notes the liquor supply, the expensive *objets d'art,* and the lady's distress. He grabs some bottles and a fancy toaster and rushes off, first to a pawnshop, then to enlist the aid of a blowzy prostitute in his proposed looting. They are followed to the house, however, by a hopped-up trio of teen-age delinquents who promptly take over and initiate their own reign of terror. Smashing and grabbing, they reduce the neat and orderly place to a shambles and the entrapped Miss de Havilland to hysterics. Civilized life, the film seems to say, stands no chance in the face of unleashed savagery. In the end, in as brutal a scene as has ever been put on the screen, the woman is forced to descend to their animal level to save her life and her sanity.

On the surface, *Lady in a Cage* seems like a study in sheer sadism. The young hoods, with silk stockings distorting their features, not only enjoy inflicting pain; they feel no compunction about taking a life. When the prostitute makes her escape from the house at one point, greed for her share of the riches results in her recapture by the trio, who use her and the wino as beasts of burden. His usefulness over, the wino is casually, savagely slaughtered. There is an excruciating moment when Miss de Havilland falls from her cage, crawls painfully to her front door and out to the pavement screaming for help to the passing cars, only to be hauled back by her assailants.

But Davis has far more in mind than a cinematic Grand Guignol. His story was inspired by an incident that happened during the power failure in New York a few years back when a woman, also trapped in an elevator, was robbed and raped while neighbors looked on. Hardly a week passes now without headlined confirmation that this callousness, this unwillingness to become involved with another's suffering, is becoming increasingly symptomatic of our society. Davis's film, by resorting to raw shock, should make it difficult for the viewer ever again to ignore an alarm bell or turn his back on a plea for help. Clearly, this is part of his plan. The repeated shots of traffic, jet planes, and hovering helicopters have been inserted to affirm that this *is* our world; and a cosmic power failure may be all it would take to strip away the veneer of civilization and turn it into a frightful concrete jungle. Of course, one might question Mr. Davis's equating of gadgetry with civilization, or quarrel with his underlying assumption that people operate only from the basest of motives. Certainly he can be charged with excess—an excessive savagery in detail, an excessive naturalism in the performances. But this is not sensation for the sake of sensationalism. *Lady in a Cage* is an angry and bitter film, and its author obviously had no intention of sweetening his pill.

THERE is excess in *The Carpetbaggers* as well, but one searches in vain for the mitigating circumstance. Based on Harold Robbins's vaunted best-seller, the picture lurches breathlessly from boardroom to bedroom narrating the details of Jonas Cord, Jr.'s financial and sexual skulduggery. Since George Peppard plays this role with a single stolidly sullen expression, however, and none of the surrounding roles are either written or performed with any depth or perception by the many luminaries that Joseph E. Levine has gathered for the occasion, it quickly becomes a tedious bore. What could be duller than a long-winded account of people you neither believe in nor care about? —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"How come they always lived happily ever after? Didn't they have divorces in those days?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3rd Printing

Gore Vidal's
spectacular
best-selling novel
JULIAN

The story of the Emperor who tried to bring back the pagan gods to Rome.

$6.95 • LITTLE, BROWN

"Superb . . . surpasses any animal book I have read for a long time . . . extraordinary photographs."
—GERALD DURRELL, *N. Y. Times Bk. Rev.*

THE YEAR OF THE GORILLA
by George B. Schaller
$5.95
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

HANDY FILE
FOR YOUR
COPIES OF
Saturday Review

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for SR
- Holds 26 copies

$2.50 each, postpaid
(3 for $7.00, or 6 for $13.00)

Money back if not completely satisfied

ORDER DIRECT FROM:

JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
DEPT. SR • BOX 5120
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 15

an embarrassing image through those cameras.

But that has all been taken care of now. Whenever a Council meeting is to be televised, or whenever a specially stormy session is slated, word goes out to city employees to be on hand, and as soon as the doors are opened every seat is filled by polite, attentive, approving, and reliably subsidized clerks through whom no malcontent may fight his way to Council, nor any dissonance be heard. Democracy in action has finally settled down to being a simple transmission of the affable image. And what fair-minded man could think to resist so discrete a death of his freedom?

And Speaking of Discretion: Once upon a time there was a mildly raunchy young man named Bud Orenstein who flew as co-pilot of a B-29 on which I flew as excess baggage. At the end of World War II, Bud settled down in a sub-territory of the American Freeways called Los Angeles, and he has remained there as the best reason I know for visiting that uninhabitable place.

Bud has made it to Wilshire Boulevard and something very like affluence as owner of the Nemar-Orenstein Insurance Agency, and I begin to guess he is on the verge of buying his own plane. No, he hasn't said right out, but he has kept his license up, he can now afford one, he still gets that look in his eyes when a plane goes over, and I keep finding all sorts of odd books about flying when I put up at his house.

It is to one of his books that I am indebted for something like the supreme exercise in discretion: *Aircraft in Distress: Manual of Air Survival*, by Harley D. Kysor, Captain, Eastern Airlines, published by Chilton Co., Inc., Philadelphia, 1956. There on pages 130-131 you may find the following brisk note:

> Note: In cases where the difficulty with the landing is such that the pilot knows beforehand that a good emergency landing or ditching cannot be made and that the damage to the aircraft will be such that it may sink very rapidly, the crew should be informed and should convey this information to the passengers in a discreet manner.

I hope Captain Kysor will forgive me for wondering what form discretion should take in such cases. I have tried imagining a dozen slyly discrete ways of informing the passengers, but everyone in my imaginary plane insisted on looking at me as if I had said something seriously out of order. The only suggestion I can make seriously (and that only if there is time) is that the hostess pass out bottles of whiskey and pads of note paper with instructions to the passengers to drink the whiskey and put their notes in the empty bottles. —JOHN CIARDI.

Tongues of Men and Angels

By Charles D. Wright

FEINSCHMECKER sliced
A gouda cheese
And spread a napkin on his knees.
He poured some porter, lightly iced,
And took his ease.

Feinschmecker placed
A middling sized
Wedge on his tongue. As he incised,
Beatitude was, in good taste,
Palatalized.

He broke his bun.
Expectantly
Before he let the porter run,
Through the glass darkly he
Beheld the sun.

Feinschmecker knows:
Keenly to raise
Bun, cheese, and porter all our days
To tongues that treat them like a rose
Is also praise.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Longevity of Integrity

AT THE age of sixty James Farrell can look back on eighteen novels, twelve collections of short stories, and six volumes of criticism and essays. According to his publisher, Farrell's eighteenth novel, *What Time Collects* (Doubleday, $5.95), is the second in a proposed tetralogy. I have not read the first in the series, *The Silence of History*, but I am assured by the blurb that *What Time Collects* "is entirely independent since the characters of the two books will not meet until volume three."

Most of the work on which Farrell's reputation rests—the *Studs Lonigan* trilogy, the *Danny O'Neill* tetralogy, and so on—deals with the Chicago Irish among whom Farrell grew up. The new book portrays middle-class Protestants in a medium-sized city in the Middle West. The time appears to be the early Twenties. The theme is marriage.

The novel begins with a quarrel between Anne and Zeke Daniels two years after their marriage. We then have a look at Anne's parents, especially her mother, who hated men and thought sex the work of the devil. This is followed by a glance at Zeke's mother, who has spoiled him without truly loving him. Zeke comes on stage in the role of the Don Juan of Valley City, and tries to seduce Anne. Although she is aroused by his virility, she resists. The description of this affair is interrupted by a long passage about Mr. and Mrs. Daniels and their unfortunate marriage. When we return to Anne, she is still resisting Zeke, who finally breaks down, proposes marriage, and elopes with her. Of course the marriage hasn't a chance, not only because Zeke is a first-class heel but also because his mother is a bossy bitch. There is more at this point about Mrs. Daniels, with some account of her parents and what they did to her. We come back to the quarrel with which we started, and soon after there is a showdown, with Anne walking out. If there is any logic in this particular arrangement of events, I fail to see it.

As he has done from the first, Farrell makes extensive use of what has been called "narrative mimicry"; that is, in telling what goes on in a character's mind he uses the vocabulary and syntax that the character might use. Sometimes the effect is ludicrous: "Gosh, she and Abby had been such good friends. She guessed Abby had been just about the best friend she'd ever had. Gosh, how they would talk and laugh, especially about fellows. . . . Gee, what wouldn't she give to see Abby now?" Often there is a strange mixture of styles: "Tom enjoyed the image he had of himself as a great shakes; and like so many other great shakes and regular fellows he was playing a role with ripe and fully assimilated banality." Farrell uses words in a strange fashion: "Anne found that she was not so easily assumed into the Daniels family." ". . . she was hard put to visualize an image of him." "He had grown up to act like a law upon himself." He has a particular fondness for "fornicate" as a transitive verb.

Whether in accordance with "narrative mimicry" or with some law of his own nature, Farrell rarely uses just one word if two can be found: "raised and reared the children"; "his mind just fixed and focused on her"; "his hard black stubble of beard and whiskers"; "she had been raped and ravished";

"singing quietly, softly." His quest for the vernacular sometimes ends in incoherence: "She had given him the feeling of a kind of sweetness in it that he didn't often get from most of the gals he'd made." Or—this is, of course, Zeke—"Hell's hisses, he didn't like nooky-wooky because he liked it, he loved it." Near the end Farrell writes, "And, with pitiless banality, time passed." "Pitiless banality"—it is one of his better phrases, but what a deadly applicability it has!

Like John O'Hara, Farrell has a passion for minute details: "Her mother brought her breakfast on an old tray, a glass of orange juice, two soft-boiled eggs in a saucer, buttered toast, and a cup of coffee." On the other hand, he has not O'Hara's remarkable feeling for the exact historical fact. Farrell refers to *Main Street*, *Erik Dorn*, and *Scara-*

31 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "What Time Collects," by James T. Farrell

32 On the Fringe: Updating an Old Favorite, by Haskel Frankel

33 The Scrutable East: A Correspondent's Report on Southeast Asia, by Robert Trumbull

34 Journey Among Brave Men, by Dana Adams Schmidt

35 The Modern Novel in Britain and the United States, by Walter Allen

36 The Scarperer, by Brendan Behan

36 On Ice, by Jack Gelber

36 The Princess in England, by Michael Campbell

37 Memoirs of Lady Ottoline Morrell, 1873-1915, edited by Robert Gathorne-Hardy

40 Discovery: The Autobiography of Vilhjalmur Stefansson

40 Sean O'Casey: The Man Behind the Plays, by Saros Cowasjee

41 Strangers on the Bridge, by James B. Donovan

42 Pick of the Paperbacks

44 SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mouche, all published in 1920 or 1921; at the same time he has Zeke listen to the radio, which would have been unlikely before 1923. (If Zeke was using a crystal set, Farrell might have made something of that; O'Hara would have.) In any case, the time is not long after the end of World War I, and yet nobody in the book has taken part in that war and no one ever speaks of it. Even more surprisingly, there is no reference to birth control, though this was a much discussed subject in the early Twenties and one relevant to the major theme of the book.

Yet whatever its shortcomings, the novel has a kind of solidity that one has to respect. Farrell understands the Midwestern middle class as it was when he was growing up. Speaking of the friends of the Daniels family, he says, "Even though much of their inner selves remained protected and concealed, they had a strong awareness of their own kind. And they were convinced that America had no better than their own kind." He also understands the importance of Fundamentalist Protestantism in the lives of these people, and he analyzes with greater precision than Sinclair Lewis ever did the nature of hypocrisy. And no one has ever shown more clearly the causes and consequences of the double standard.

In the same way it has to be said that Farrell gives life to his characters. He goes at it clumsily, to be sure, hammering away at the reader and telling him a dozen times just what he is supposed to think about this character or that; but he does create a sense of reality. Mrs. Daniels, for instance, seems, to begin with, nothing but a caricature, but slowly she emerges as a character in her own right. Her husband, Tom, a regular fellow and a Ku Kluxer to boot, is a stereotype, but in a way that is what he is supposed to be, and Farrell does show us that he has traces of individuality. As for Zeke, disgusting as he is, he is perfectly credible. Farrell's real triumph, however, is Anne. In spite of her mother's attempt to warp her nature, and in spite of her gruesome marriage to Zeke, she develops into a strong woman with a healthy attitude towards sex. It seems clear that Farrell intends to tell us more about her in the later volumes of his tetralogy.

What is it that has allowed Farrell once more to rise above his deficiencies as a writer, which are so gross, and to produce a novel that can be read with admiration, if not with much pleasure? Why is he at sixty one of the substantial figures in modern American literature? There is one word that explains his whole career—integrity. He has never been anything but himself.

ON THE FRINGE

Updating an Old Favorite

I RECENTLY visited with James T. Farrell. The occasion was the publication of his novel *What Time Collects*, as good an excuse as any for a chance to meet one of the legends of American literature. What follows is the result of a garble of notes and a steadily mounting headache, all thanks to Mr. Farrell.

I do not mean this as a complaint. Far from it. The problem with interviewing James T. Farrell is that he is colorful, as are his surroundings; practically everything he says—and once he gets going he is a nonstop talker—has to be taken down. I distinctly remember saying more than once, "Mr. Farrell, please. I do not take shorthand. Either speak more slowly or stop being so damned quotable." He would try to oblige but after a few seconds he was off and soaring again, leaving me far behind hunched over my scraps of paper, my writing hand numb clear to the elbow.

He lives near the United Nations in an expensive-looking East Side hotel, one of those places where everything and everyone seem to whisper. Stepping from the elevator and entering the Farrell apartment was like changing worlds in a second. You come into a large room that only murkily suggests it once belonged to the hotel. The furniture, having long since given up the fight for hotel gentility, has relaxed completely. The desk is a collection of scars standing dumbly beneath a tearoom-type flower print hanging askew. The straight-back chair in front of the desk is padded with a bed pillow in its slipcase. The bookcases are jammed, mostly with paperbacks (Karl Marx, Barry Goldwater, and the Chicago White Sox form one nervous lump). There are open books on every table and a collection of cardboard boxes crammed with envelopes against the walls.

Missing in the room are any books bearing the name James T. Farrell. The author claims that people take them and forget to return them, but I think there is another explanation. When I left, he pressed on me a stack of the columns he writes for *Park East*, a New York City weekly "Serving the 'Silk Stocking' District." His column is called "The World Is Today," and it is Farrell sounding off on whatever comes to mind. He had no idea which of his columns he had given to me, and he said I needn't return them. I suspect the copies of his own books have disappeared in the same manner, victims of his generosity.

—*Wide World.*

James T. Farrell—"off and soaring."

James T. Farrell, when I met him, was wearing an old blue flannel smoking jacket, trimmed at every edge in gray piping, over a sports shirt of gray diamonds. Rumpled brown corduroy slacks and untied blue sneakers over bare feet completed his outfit. His fingers were heavily blotched with blue ink. Another smudge of ink was rubbed into the hollow between lower lip and chin. His hair is gray and cut short; his eyes blue and kindly behind horn-rimmed glasses.

In the first moments I thought the interview was going to be a complete washout. I could neither hear nor understand him. He spoke softly, and his voice was largely lost in the roar of an air-conditioner that produced nothing but noise. What I could hear sounded like words melted together. But as he continued to speak, his voice rose and the words separated. I got the impression of a man who spent so much time alone with the people of his novels that his speaking mechanism was faulty from disuse. The machinery needed time to undust itself before it could function properly.

And here is where James T. Farrell takes over. Wherever possible I've inserted the question that kicked off the verbal flood. Otherwise, you are on your own. I don't see why you should have it easier—or less enjoyable—than I did.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q: What does your middle initial stand for?

A: Thomas. My mother did that to me. I got away from her early and went to my grandmother. She never heard of Freud.

Q: Now about your writing, how....

A: I've been writing since 1927. Thirty-seven books, eighteen of them—including *What Time Collects*—novels. I've got over 32,000 pages of unpublished fiction nearly ready. Some of it is ready but I'm withholding it.

I write with a pen. I used to use a typewriter but it got between me and my work. I can be alone longer with a pen. Besides I've got this bad pinkie. See, it's bent a little. Got that playing baseball. I've got over 200 pens. I like to switch pens when I write.

I've written in busses, flophouses, cafés, libraries, airplanes, colleges, every place but jail. I write anywhere from four to twenty-four hours at a stretch. I don't believe in sleep. You live longer no matter when you die if you sleep less. If I slept I'd have less education today. Life is interesting; sleep is not. When you become a writer you dispense with pleasure. I've trained myself to write when I've been hungry, when I've been in pain.

If you're an Irish writer, you're supposed to be a clown. After fifty, the ghouls wait for you to die. Well, I'm not going to. Gabriel won't play anything that interests me. I'll tell you how I'm going to spend eternity. I'm looking for a twenty-volume history of Carthage. I'll spend eternity reading that. Gibbon isn't dull enough.

I mostly sit here and write. I sit so much I have difficulty when I stand. Oh, I take a walk now and then. But I've had a lot of experiences in my life. What do I want to go out for? People are just as happy without me. People just want to discuss *Studs Lonigan*. Well, he died. I tell them to wait until they get to heaven and they can talk to him themselves.

Some people have said I'm a sociologist, not a writer. I don't know about that. A sociologist is someone who spends $50,000 of someone else's money to find out the address of a whorehouse.

I read a lot. Ten or twelve books at one time. I read a lot of French. I started learning Russian but I slowed up. I tried signing a bill here in the hotel in Russian but they wouldn't accept it.

Q: Let's talk about your current novel, *What Time Collects*. I understand that it is the second volume of a tetralogy. Am I correct?

A: It's not a tetralogy. It's going to run to twenty-seven volumes. The overall title is "The Universe of Time." I have over 13,000 pages done already.

(Continued on page 41)

Causes of a Current Event

The Scrutable East: A Correspondent's Report on Southeast Asia, *by Robert Trumbull (McKay. 275 pp. $4.95), brings into focus the different views held by the Malays, the Filipinos, the Indonesians, the tribes of Borneo and Sarawak, and the peoples of Singapore. John M. Allison has served as U.S. Ambassador to Japan, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia. He is now associated with the University of Hawaii in Honolulu.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

WHETHER we are winning or losing in Vietnam and Laos is difficult to tell from the daily headlines, but the reader of this book by Robert Trumbull, an able and perceptive *New York Times* correspondent who has lived some twenty years in Asia, will get an insight into what is happening in Southeast Asia that he will never get from the daily papers. In addition to the background necessary to understand what is really taking place in that increasingly important part of the world, the reader will reap a dividend of such intriguing bits of lore as how the outboard motor caused an economic revolution in Borneo; where one of the chief sources of bird's nest soup is found, and the original recipe for Singapore gin slings.

Trumbull has not been content to look only at the surface. He has delved into the past and made a real effort to understand the forces which motivate the action or lack of action of the often charming, sometimes aggravating people of Southeast Asia. Wisely he begins his story by quoting Kipling's verse that ends with the words, carved on a tombstone, "A fool lies here who tried to hurry the East." Much of the frustration experienced by Americans in dealing with this part of the world is due to their assumption that because many of the people they meet wear Western clothes and speak almost perfect English they have the same objectives and standards as the Americans. This book makes clear that this is often not true.

Trumbull gives a comprehensive account of the whole Malaysian problem and treats at some length the different points of view of the Malays, the Filipinos, and the Indonesians, as well as the tribes of Borneo and Sarawak and the peoples of Singapore. As is true with most Westerners, he finds Sukarno an unsympathetic figure but he gives an unusually fair account of the Indonesian side in the West New Guinea question, and he rightly credits Sukarno with thus far keeping Indonesia from becoming a part of the Communist world. Trumbull believes, however, that Sukarno's ultimate purpose is to get British and American forces entirely out of Southeast Asia, and that this was back of his agreement with the Philippines and Malaya in the summer of 1963. If so, this would of course play into Communist hands. But last winter in both Manila and Djakarta I was assured by high Philippine and Indonesian officials, civilian and military, that the Indonesians view American bases in the Philippines in quite a different manner from British bases in Malaysia. One of the chief reasons Sukarno claims Malaysia is not truly independent is because Malaysian military forces are still commanded by British officers in the higher ranks. Philippine forces are not commanded by Americans.

Whatever the truth may be, the potential for good or evil of the Malaysian problem is so great that Trumbull's clear

—Christa Armstrong-Nancy Palmer Agency.

North Borneo—women sell fish on Sundays.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and detailed account of the conflicting factors involved should be required reading for political commentators and editorial writers who are trying to educate the American public. Superficial judgments based upon only our own standards are not enough, and Trumbull tells us why. If there is any fault to find with his account it is that he does not probe deep enough into the influence of Dutch actions in Indonesia in conditioning Sukarno's attitude towards the West.

We learn from Trumbull's treatment of neutralism and nonalignment in Southeast Asia why American insistence on standing up and being counted has often been counterproductive. He implies that it is only since the end of the Eisenhower Administration that the American government has come to the view that neutralism can be respectable. During the last year of the Truman Administration, prior to making a trip to Southeast Asia in my capacity as Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, I was authorized in a personal interview with President Truman to tell the people of Indonesia and Burma that America did understand their desire to keep out of international power blocs and squabbles. Mr. Truman emphasized that America had followed exactly the same policy in the early days of its history. This pronouncement was well received, particularly in Rangoon, but, unfortunately, we later adopted the attitude that neutrality was immoral and thus alienated many important Asian leaders.

Probably the most immediately interesting section of this book is the latter part, which deals with the continuing crises in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. The reasons for the, to us, strange and often contradictory actions of Prince Sihanouk in Cambodia become more understandable. The nation of Laos, which in many ways is not a nation, becomes less obscure. We are told why the war in Vietnam is not solely a military problem and why there may never be a strictly military solution. And we get a detailed picture of Ho Chi Minh, the leader of North Vietnam, who is too often ignored by our press.

Perhaps the most important single judgment Trumbull makes about the war in Vietnam is this observation:

> If killing the foe is going to be our criterion for the progress of the conflict, we shall inevitably lose. The war can be won only by demonstrating to the mass of the Vietnamese that the government can outdo the Communists in political and social advances.

The author has grave doubts that this is being done.

The Scrutable East is journalism of a high order. It deserves a wide reading.

The Problem of the Kurds and Why

Journey Among Brave Men, *by Dana Adams Schmidt (Little, Brown. 298 pp. $6.95), analyzes the goals and aspirations of one of the most important submerged peoples in the world, the Kurds of Iraq, Iran, Turkey, Syria, and the Soviet Union. Edward Wakin is the author of "A Lonely Minority: The Modern Story of Egypt's Copts."*

By EDWARD WAKIN

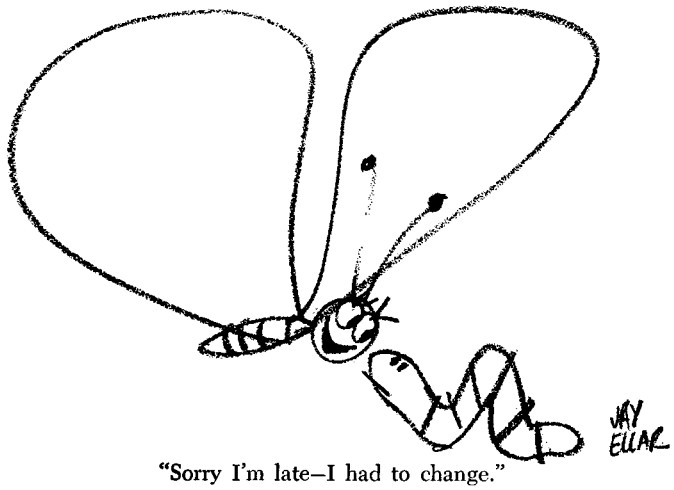
SINCE September 1961 a militant minority with nationalistic aspirations has been fighting in the high mountains and narrow valleys of northern Iraq. But both the war and the minority, the hardy Kurds, were out of reach and largely obscured until Dana Adams Schmidt of the *New York Times* made a secret and adventuresome journey to the Kurds. The result of his mission, which began July 4, 1962, was a highly acclaimed series of articles for his newspaper and an expanded account in *Journey Among Brave Men.* It is an important book, serving the "high function of baring the Kurdish soul to America for the first time"—as Justice William O. Douglas writes in his foreword to the book.

Mr. Schmidt provides a balanced account of the war and the warriors, the politics and the political leaders. As Mr. Schmidt notes, the Kurds—totaling some ten million—are one of the most important submerged peoples in the world, spreading throughout Iraq, Iran, Turkey, Syria, and the Soviet Union. In numbers, location, and national spirit, they are significant to East and West and crucial to the stability of the Middle East.

The militant two million Kurds in Iraq and their charismatic leader, General Mustafa Barzani, are the focus of Mr. Schmidt's thorough and enterprising journalism. However, because the author is neither an evocative literary stylist nor a social scientist, at times his adventure and his descriptions are not as vivid as they could be, nor are his insights into the society of Kurds as penetrating as might be wished. Mr. Schmidt's skill is best demonstrated in his analysis of Kurdish goals and negotiations, their possibilities, and the worldwide implications of the struggle.

He takes us with him on his journey, interrupting occasionally for Kurdish history and for a detailed description of their informal but effective military operation. He underlines the wholehearted commitment of Kurds to their struggle, a commitment hardly understood in this country, and depicts the toll taken by Iraqi government attacks on their villages.

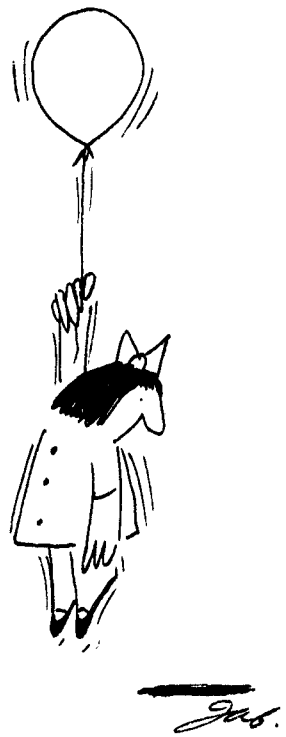
The Kurds want the right to live as Kurds with their own language, schools, culture, and costumes. They want a form of state's right within Iraq, and they want the doors of opportunity kept open for their people. Thwarted in their goals, they imperil the stability of any Iraqi regime and invite Soviet meddling. Mr. Schmidt urges the United States to support the Kurdish demand for rights and to forestall use of the Kurds as a pawn in Soviet strategy. It is obvious that he left Kurdistan after forty-six arduous days with admiration and respect for these brave mountain people and sympathy for their aspirations.



"Sorry I'm late—I had to change."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Bloomsbury to Brooklyn



The Modern Novel in Britain and the United States, *by Walter Allen (Dutton. 346 pp. $5.95), concentrating on their early works, offers fresh evaluations of writers who came up during the 1920-60 period. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, edits Crosscurrents/Modern Critiques.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

WALTER ALLEN is an English writer with an acute interest in novels. He has turned out a few himself, as well as a beguiling handbook, *Reading a Novel* (1949, revised 1956), and an authoritative critical history, *The English Novel* (1955). He ended the latter with those "eternal opposites," James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence, who had taken "the English novel as far as it had yet gone. . . . They are still the advance guard."

He begins the present book with a new survey of these two authors, encompassing Lawrence's earlier work and most of Joyce ("it is impossible to discuss *Finnegans Wake* as a novel"). Mr. Allen then concentrates on the writers who came up during the 1920-60 period, leaving out those whose first books appeared after 1955. As a native of the original Birmingham and a former literary editor of the *New Statesman,* Mr. Allen is deep inside British life and writing. His lectureships at colleges over here have familiarized him with the United States, and he can look at our literature with an understanding eye.

For the most part, his style is epigrammatic and lively: "the adjectives come hopping off the typewriter," to borrow one of his own phrases. Another point to make early is that this study isn't a primer. Mr. Allen speaks to the audience that knows these novels well enough not to need synopses. The defect of his book is his tendency to write only about the early works of the authors he deals with. Of course this is partly an indirect critical comment, suggesting that modern novelists don't grow. Such statements are often made about Americans—Ernest Hemingway got off a famous one in *Green Hills of Africa*—and Mr. Allen leaves most of them hanging in midcareer. But he also does this with Lawrence, Graham Greene, Elizabeth Bowen, George Orwell, and several other British writers. This is a limitation, for these authors' later books often throw a significant light on the earlier ones, and their subsequent work, even if less perfect, is frequently interesting in itself.

But as he is working with material that hasn't yet hardened into a mold, Mr. Allen can repeatedly offer fresh evaluations. He finds, for example, that Virginia Woolf's *Between the Acts* is "her most successful novel." Defying the fiercely authoritarian English cult that exalts T. F. Powys, Mr. Allen raises David Garnett, who belongs to the cult's anathematized Bloomsbury set, to a somewhat higher position. Surprisingly, Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* seems to him a failure "as a work of art." Since everyone who reads such a volume as this is his own critic, each of us will dispute some of its author's ideas, emphases, and inclusions. For instance, what the devil is Gore Vidal doing in this gallery, and why should he be given more space than Kay Boyle? Why omit Francis Stuart? And so on.

There is much, however, that many of us will agree with. This may include the resurrection of Thornton Wilder's *Heaven's My Destination* and the high estimate of Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms,* whose "description of the [Caporetto] retreat is probably the finest piece of writing on war in the English language." Hemingway is one of the authors whose later career Mr. Allen takes up, if only briefly. He advances boldly through areas as yet unsettled when he shows that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* doesn't fool him, and when he finds "false simplicity" in *The Old Man and the Sea.*

In one of his informed generalities, Mr. Allen notes that many of the differences between the American and English novel are social, often based on the latter's awareness of class distinctions. He suggests that it is both advantageous and otherwise for the American writer to work in isolation, frequently outside a tradition, which sometimes feeds his originality, sometimes subjects him to the spiritual starvation of parochialism. Among those Americans who have clustered under somewhat general categories, Mr. Allen finds the once-dominant Southern writers now giving way to the newer Jewish novelists. He ends his book with a valuable treatment of the latter, specifically Saul Bellow, Herbert Gold, and Bernard Malamud, whose work is "partly Russian. It is not English." Its emergence at this time, Mr. Allen points out, shows how American fiction is able to regenerate itself by drawing new strength from various community groups and sects.

Inevitably, a work so comprehensive will contain mistakes of date and name. These are minor. Once, however, the author shows that he is a victim of the common misconception about Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*; it was not "suppressed" in 1900, merely published without enthusiasm. A more serious error is the comparison of Ibsen's Nora slamming the door at the end of *A Doll's House* with Sinclair Lewis's "Carol Kennicott [leaving] her husband and Gopher Prairie in *Main Street.*" Carol didn't really leave, or at least she soon returned to eat humble Midwestern pie. (Incidentally, Nora didn't always bang that door shut; when *A Doll's House* played the North German theaters in the 1880s, managers used Ibsen's variant "happy" ending, about which he was unhappy. And in 1956 a Swedish troupe that presented this version on a European tour ran up against stiff criticism.)

Mr. Allen is usually sound in factual matters, and if the mention of some of his evaluations gives the idea that these generally tend to be extreme, it should be explained that while the judgments are at times striking, they are for the most part not far out of line with composite critical opinion. This volume is in the main so good that it would be hard to imagine a better one, just now, on its double subject.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gift of Gab on the Lam

The Scarperer, *by Brendan Behan (Doubleday, 158 pp. $3.95), posthumously published, concerns an international crime syndicate. Emile Capouya, a former editor, is an essayist and literary critic.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THERE was something very old-fashioned about Brendan Behan—he was not sorry for himself. With his death, the race of authors who don't take on may be extinct. At first sight it must seem strange that the compulsive talker, joker, and drinker did not reserve, in the modern manner, all his tenderness and spite for Mrs. Behan's little boy, but if you read his novels and plays you will see that it is so. That is one reason why *Borstal Boy* is worth, at a calm estimate, thirteen of *The Catcher in the Rye*. Mr. Salinger's novel leaves you vaguely stimulated, vaguely depleted. Brendan Behan's seizes upon you like love. When you have finished the book the pitch of your life has changed.

And now we have his posthumous novel, *The Scarperer*. It is the merest by-blow of Behan's genius, exhibiting indeed his gift for talk, but none of his gift for the talk that is the breath of life, that is literature. The book is confoundingly unambitious, for a writer who did large things with such easy directness—a comic prison-break story and detective story and international-crime-syndicate story. Ingenious critics may search it for deep meanings and find everything they seek: If you read it backwards, it turns out to be the Code of Hammurabi in Greek and Gaelic. But it is nonetheless a minor and disappointing effort, the book of an uncreative interval in Behan's life, that I am sure we should have had reason to forget had he lived to write for us in his own vein again.

—*Graphic House.*

Brendan Behan—"like love."

His own vein was, for our age, close to miraculous. In a time when the best men are timid and austere, he was self-possessed and sociable. He had been frightened once, by the shadow of death, and would not be so frivolous as ever to fear anything less serious, nor could he be distracted from his steady contemplation of it. Our death in life is human injustice—injustice was his theme. He tried first of all to defeat it in himself, and in his writing he was a wonderfully fair-minded man. His conviction was that the dirty end of the stick is reserved for all of us, so that it's no good using knees and elbows to get there first. If men persisted in pushing, he would try to find it funny.

In Behan we seem to have a minor author who belongs nevertheless in the company of the great. Is it absurd to mention him in the same breath with Montaigne and Rabelais? I think not. He was a brave man in an age of ninnies, and courage is what great men have most in common. When we say, then, that the task of this generation is to reconstitute the shattered humanistic tradition, that cleverness availeth not, that desperation availeth not, that self-contempt—however well-founded—will get you nowhere, it is in the books of Brendan Behan that we catch a hint of "What Is to Be Done." Humanism does not mean the nineteenth-century novel, not even the best nineteenth-century novels. It means something more abiding even than literature—the courage that will invent its own fitting embodiment in politics and art alike. We read Brendan Behan as the poet of the old, necessary, unceasing revolution, prophesying, in Auden's phrase, "New styles of architecture, a change of heart."

Poor Zipped-up Cats: Paul Goodman and other critics of our times have documented at length how American adolescents of all ages are "growing up absurd." In his drama and fiction Jack Gelber chronicles the bad dream of these absurdities come to life in a subculture of rebels who despise what they know of those who comb their hair, watch television, and vote. The force and almost logic of his suffering characters in his first play, *The Connection*, were painful to watch and taught us a good deal; Gelber's first novel, however, only bothers and bores. Lifeless characters mouth hip clichés, and forced humor is passed off as symbolic social commentary.

The demi-hero of *On Ice* (Macmillan, $4.95), Fells, is a walking zombie in a rotting, commercial world where folks do such hateful things as love one another and work. He lies, cheats, and lazes his way about, getting into troubles of his own making and deliberately walking into new disasters.

The moral tone is set at the outset:

> Descending the stairs of Bass's bookstore on 54th Street, Manny Fells forced a smile hoping to look affluent. He walked straight to the rear of the store in order to confront Mr. Bass, the owner, immediately, and allay any suspicion that the books under his arm could possibly have been taken from his shelves.
>
> "Boychich!" Mr. Bass, a small, white-haired evil deity, dropped an open book on his desk, and arms akimbo, asked, "What have you swiped today?"

Manny, hipster *manqué*, works as a company spy in the camera section of a suburban department store. This, of course, causes moral problems for a self-declared enemy of society. "That was something. How could you keep your distance from your job? Be a secret hipster, slowly insinuating your own values [whatever that means] into the hearts of millions?"

Manny has countless unhappy friends of all sexes who drug it up in knowing fashion, poor rejected cats who confuse nonsense for philosophy. "Leslie said that everyone was zipped up in his own suit." As for atmosphere: "The dirt on his window acted as a muted glaze. Cockroaches turned into rich black dots in interesting patterns."

We have been in this weird land before under better tutors, men who know how to explore the absurd with wit, style, bravado, and art. *On Ice*, unfortunately, is a sorry little failure by an extremely talented man.

—CHARLES SHAPIRO.

Boswell to Bacchante: Samuel Johnson once wrote, "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." This observation,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about one of England's more cherished and venerable institutions, accurately reflects the sentiment of habitués of Michael Campbell's fictional Duke of York pub.

It was in this Anglican Duffy's Tavern, while nightly seeking to justify God's ways to man, and while incidentally striving to reinvigorate his creative faculties, that writer Robert Tamplin came face to face with America's most ubiquitous goodwill ambassadress since Auntie Mame—Ujika Kutari, the garish foster daughter of a Tulinese rajah, who is immediately dubbed "Princess" by the pub's esthetic patrons. Tamplin had no thought of becoming a Boswell to *this* improbable Dr. Johnson. But her extraordinary adventures, recounted with childlike guilelessness, so undermined his usual aplomb that before he could protest that he was not a biographer, he suddenly discovered that he was about to be one.

Dedicated to disproving George Bernard Shaw's theory that England and America are two countries separated by the same language, the couple exchange the inebriant atmosphere of the pub for the sober surroundings of the English countryside. But the calm of their quiet village is soon shattered by Bacchic American GI's, rustic Teddy Boy-types, and twisting British trollops. Finally, after a series of misadventures, the sadder but wiser would-be biographer decides to re-establish residence at the Duke of York, once more to measure out his life with cheerless ale.

The Princess in England (Orion, $4.95) would be more appealing did it not suffer from a plot that is occasionally aimless and inapposite. Moreover, some of the attempted humor never rises above the level of bathos. Nevertheless, the author has managed to depict a female character unlikely to be forgotten by any who fall within her luminous glow. —EDWIN MCDOWELL.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1089

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1089 will be found in the next issue.

PL PH R AQCRL RQL LK

HRTGLCQ.

LBKQCRT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1088

Many would be cowards if they had courage enough. —FULLER.

Hostess with Most of the Great

Memoirs of Lady Ottoline Morrell, 1873-1915, *edited by Robert Gathorne-Hardy (Knopf. 302 pp. $6.95), corrects misconceptions about an inscrutable grande dame who wore pink Turkish trousers. Noted for his Henry James study, Leon Edel also wrote "Literary Biography."*

By LEON EDEL

LADY OTTOLINE MORRELL, who died in 1938 in her middle sixties, was a legendary figure in London society for many years. Painted by all the great portraitists of the early part of the century, she appears, in the silks and veils that flowed around her campanile figure, tall, angular, dark, pre-Raphaelite—although sometimes her hair is purple or red. Siegfried Sassoon has described how on his first visit to her she wore pale pink Turkish trousers. Stephen Spender remembers her walking in Bedford Square carrying a shepherdess' crook, leading a bevy of poodles as if they were sheep. She has come down to us as a formidable hostess and friend of the famous, an extravagant figure who wrote an elaborate arabesque script on handmade paper and spoke in curious disconnected sentences.

Now, a quarter of a century after her death, Robert Gathorne-Hardy (who gave us a valuable portrait of Logan Pearsall Smith some years ago) has edited Ottoline's own memoirs. The self-portrait almost startlingly corrects the legend. Behind the inscrutable, overdressed *grande dame* we discover a mixture of banalities, delicate feelings, valuable observations. There was self-doubt in her self-assurance; there was deep sincerity behind the eccentricity. She had an evangelical belief in truth and in greatness. Her need for beauty was at the very center of her being. All this explains why the élite of modern literature and art were drawn to her. They saw the true Lady Ottoline behind the façade.

She was the half-sister of the Duke of Portland, and she grew up in Welbeck Abbey, with its baronial rooms and its queer network of underground passages, built by a mole-like earlier duke. Her childhood was thus passed in close touch with England's ancient grandeur. Perhaps the best part of these

—*From the book.*

Lady Ottoline Morrell (c. 1912)—banalities and delicate feelings.

memoirs is the picture we are given of a young noblewoman in the late Victorian world who feels trapped by her birth into her particular society. Lady Ottoline first tried the path of religion and mysticism. Later she defied her class, went to college, did social work, and escaped into the English political scene by marrying Philip Morrell, social-minded member of a brewing family. Morrell was elected to Parliament, and for some years Lady Ottoline took part actively in the rough and tumble of politics.

Gradually, in her house in Bedford Square and later at Garsington, near Oxford, she assembled around her the great contemporary figures in literature and art. We encounter them in her pages not as mere names, but as faces and vivid presences—D. H. Lawrence, "so vehement in his writings" yet always "gentle and tender in personal contact"; Virginia Woolf, "strange, lovely, furtive"; Henry James and his "basilisk gaze." She was hostess also to the developing figures of the Bloomsbury group and to the younger poets. Out of the Edwardian days she evokes Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, Bertrand Russell, Lytton Strachey. We are given also a sympathetic glimpse of Nijinsky, and the painter Mark Gertler.

This part of her memoirs ends with the coming of 1914; and no one has conveyed more clearly, in terms of a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Report from the tropics:

IBM computer helps science save protein-starved children

SCIENTISTS have found an answer to protein starvation, the world's biggest killer of children. A new cereal food called Incaparina is the hero of this marvelous news. When mixed with water, it costs about a penny a glass and provides as much protein as milk.

An IBM computer helped scientists to develop this life-saving powder. Here is the story from problem to solution.

Protein starvation, known as "kwashiorkor," runs rampant through many tropical regions. Its telltale signs are the red-splotched skin, the swollen belly, the lifeless stare and defeated spirit.

It kills by lowering resistance. When infection strikes, a child's enfeebled body cannot fight back.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not so long ago the smiles of these Guatemalan children were listless stares. Read how Incaparina®, found with the help of an IBM computer, made this transformation possible.

Twelve years ago, the scientists of the Institute of Nutrition of Central America and Panama (INCAP) joined forces with U.S. nutrition experts to fight this child-killing scourge.

Food – and an IBM computer

For years they roamed Central American villages, accumulating data on diet, income, customs and available cereals. Their objective: to concoct a tasty, high-protein food from native plants and grains. Their data, entered on punched cards, was then flown to North Carolina State College for special analysis by an IBM computer.

The computer analyzed this multitude of facts, and helped the scientists develop the most economical combination of plant foods with a high protein value. Without the computer, these calculations would have taken a lifetime.

The new food formula was called Incaparina. It is a vitamin-enriched compound of cottonseed flour, corn and sorghum—cheap plant foods readily grown in most tropical countries.

Results in eight weeks

After extensive testing, Incaparina was introduced in Guatemala. The listless children took to it at once. Three cents' worth of this food a day produced startling results. Babies near death in hospitals became well in eight weeks.

Incaparina is now being introduced in seven other countries in Central and South America. Similar compounds are being tested in Africa and Indonesia. INCAP will soon have its own IBM computer for further research.

Today, nearly half the world's population is perpetually tired, weak and vulnerable to disease—for lack of protein. Incaparina has shown how vitalizing protein can be formulated from local plant sources—readily and cheaply. As The Reader's Digest recently reported, *"Such new foods may eventually save millions from starvation."*

IBM®

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

group of artists and intellectuals, the inner torment of that time. After the guns of August had opened up, Morrell had the courage to deliver a pacifist speech in the Commons; and Bertrand Russell joined him and Lady Ottoline in risking the charge of being pro-German by being anti-war. The volume ends with Ottoline face to face with the temporary collapse, in the face of conflict, of all the things she had cherished: art and creativity and civilization.

The editing of these memoirs does not do full justice to them. Howard Sturgis is Sturgess, for instance, and Madame Duclaux is Duclos. The reader would also appreciate more dates and some historical facts. But we can thank Gathorne-Hardy for a significant and valuable record of an era still close to us, and of one of its remarkable personalities.

To Him, the Unknown Was Home

—*From the book.*

Vilhjalmur Stefansson with wife Evelyn—spontaneity and zest.

Discovery: The Autobiography of Vilhjalmur Stefansson *(McGraw-Hill. 411 pp. $7.50), evokes the ebullience of the distinguished explorer. Three of Sally Carrighar's books are on arctic subjects, drawn from nine years spent in the North.*

By SALLY CARRIGHAR

IN A pamphlet, *Leisure for Living*, England's Labour Party has advocated "centres for adventure training." Adventure for its own sake, not in order to find a new way of life or to leave an intolerable old one, has seemed so inherent a part of the British temperament that one wonders what the aging English explorers think of a plan to teach the sense of adventure. One wonders too how it would have seemed to the Canadian-American of Icelandic parentage, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, now done with adventuring on this earth but a proponent of it up to the last day of his life. That audacious life has been recounted in realistic detail in his autobiography, finished a week before his death in 1962.

At its start Stefansson writes, "Discovery has been my life. First the discovery, as a boy, of the New World. Then the discovery of the new ideas that were sprouting like prairie wheat in that world. Then the discovery of ancient people and unknown lands, and now, at last, the discovery of what discovery itself has done to my life." If the discovery of what discovery itself had done to his life is never summarized very coherently, perhaps the original vision was lost in the telling of a bewildering array of events. Surely few men have covered so many difficult miles, met and overcome so many obstacles, experienced so many disappointments, and won so many honors.

Stefansson was, of course, a most vocal admirer of those intelligent people the Eskimos. While his descriptive powers were limited and we do not really come to distinguish one of his Eskimo friends from another, Stefansson does give us a clear understanding of their cooperative social attitudes. He was an authority on the Eskimo language and dialects, and in *Discovery* makes the fascinating comment, supported by Danish linguists, that "Eskimo is a better language for expressing human thought" than most of the more sophisticated tongues. Stefansson was also especially well informed about the Eskimo diet, which is composed mainly of meat. By preference, he himself lived on that diet for much of his life, including his later years.

Stefansson was a man with such infectious enthusiasm, such spontaneity and charm, that he could captivate a group of almost any age. Listening to his dynamic and original observations, it was easy to understand why he usually could raise the money for expeditions—chiefly into the arctic—with so little trouble. His difficulties resided in the slow, grinding execution of practical plans. For, by his own admission, his judgment sometimes faltered in emergencies. It is greatly to his credit that Stefansson does not conceal the fiascoes, which were, after all, surpassed by the successes. Although he is occasionally defensive, the facts are there—and the lasting impression is of ever-renewable zest.

Accenting Thespis: For a playwright who has given the world six volumes of memoirs that are in themselves works of literature, a full-dress biography written in his own lifetime, even if possible, would seem superfluous. Thus one is relieved to find that, despite its title, Saros Cowasjee's thoroughly documented *Sean O'Casey: The Man Behind the Plays* (St. Martin's, $7.50) is actually, and properly, more concerned with the plays than the man. Of its nine chapters, only three are directly biographical. Whenever possible, Mr. Cowasjee has personally talked to or corresponded with anyone who ever crossed the playwright's path, and their versions of certain incidents, if less colorful, dramatic or funny than the way he remembered them, may be closer to the facts. O'Casey himself has also been helpful to the writer in filling in dates and details or even, when necessary, correcting earlier statements.

Judicious use has been made of unpublished material, including many letters to and from O'Casey; a study by G. Wilson Knight; the dramatist's own spirited defense of *The Silver Tassie* in a letter to Yeats, now in the possession of his widow, and the voluminous diaries of Joseph Holloway, the architect who

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

converted Dublin's Mechanics' Theatre into the Abbey. Cowasjee seems also to have read everything in print by or about O'Casey.

Though obviously convinced that O'Casey is the greatest living dramatist in the English-speaking world, Mr. Cowasjee is too good a critic to lapse into blind admiration. In discussing the lesser plays, notably *The Star Turns Red, Purple Dust,* and *Oak Leaves and Lavender,* he is even more unsparing of their weaknesses than other commentators have been. He is also astute in pointing out O'Casey's frequent borrowing from himself, so that certain situations, ideas, and character types can be traced through play after play. Concerning O'Casey's highly subjective brand of communism, he can only quote the master himself, show how it has adversely affected some the plays, and conclude that it is a sort of literally applied Christianity, more concerned with ending the suffering of the poor than with facing the political realities of communism in practice. Even the anticlericalism so strongly evident in *Cock-a-doodle Dandy* and *The Bishop's Bonfire* is, in Mr. Cowasjee's view, tempered by O'Casey's charity.

On the question of whether O'Casey's voluntary exile from Ireland after 1926 caused a decline in his work, Mr. Cowasjee's answer is "No." It is unlikely that even in Dublin he could ever have surpassed or even equaled the unique triumphs of *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars.* What is certain is that he would have felt ever more hampered and stifled by the parochial Puritanism prevalent in Ireland. Also, he could never have written *Within the Gates,* with its all-English setting and cast.

In short, though it may never dazzle the reader with new critical insights, Mr. Cowasjee's book is thoroughly readable, well organized, balanced in judgment, and modest in tone.

—Roger P. Dooley.

Two-for-One Swap: James B. Donovan of the New York bar, assigned in August 1957 to defend in a Federal court Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, allegedly chief of Soviet espionage in the United States, stayed with the case and its aftermath for nearly five and a half years. Fortunately, he kept a diary, and that diary is the basis of *Strangers on the Bridge* (Atheneum, $6.95), which is not only history but drama of a high order, with elements of humor, touches of tenderness, and a large quota of secret-agent gimmicks—all of it vintage James Bond and all of it for real. Donovan lost his case, but he won his client's respect, and an interesting client he proved to be. Abel went to Atlanta to begin serving a thirty-year sentence. The Supreme Court, by a 5-4 vote, affirmed the verdict against him.

That decision was handed down on March 28, 1960. On May 1, 1960, Francis Gary Powers, a CIA pilot, took off in his U-2 (U for Utility) plane from Peshawar, Pakistan, hoping to reach Bodo, Norway, eight hours later. He ran into trouble over Sverdlovsk, in the Urals, and bailed out.

Near the close of the 1957 trial James Donovan had asked the court not to invoke the death penalty because (among other reasons) "it is possible that . . . an American of equivalent rank will be captured by Soviet Russia or an ally; at such time an exchange of prisoners . . . could be considered to be in the best national interests of the United States."

The intensely, if quietly, dramatic end of Mr. Donovan's story is, of course, the meeting of "strangers on a bridge"—the Glienicker Bridge on the West Berlin-East Berlin boundary—on the cold, clear morning of February 10, 1962. The swap was made, Abel for Powers plus an American student.

—John T. Winterich.

On the Fringe

Continued from page 33

That may represent ten volumes. When I block up on one book I switch to another. I have my own system.

The theme is the relativism of time. I'm concerned with the creative imagination and the will of man and the mortality of man. Time figures in all of my work. I'll tell you the last line of the very last book. This is what it will be: "The world is forever old and always young and new."

Wait. There's a poem I wrote that fits in with this.

(He went to a closet and fished out a spiral-bound cardboard notebook. Whenever he "read" from it, he merely glanced at the page to discover the poem's date. He would say, for example, "I wrote this poem on April 4, 1928" and then he would recite the poem, never glancing at the page. His blue eyes focused directly on mine, commanding my full attention.)

Here's the poem. It's called "Breathless." (I quote only the last two lines.) "The tyranny of time/Is the thief of youth." Poetry is a new vice of mine. I used to write poetry up until 1930; then I stopped. Now, I've started again. None of it's been published. I'm told it's not *Studs Lonigan.* If people prove troublesome, I'm going to bring him back and scare them.

I've even got my obituary in a poem. (He allowed me to quote the last line of "My Obituary.") ". . . willed his dust to the public domain."

Q: You mentioned your writing system. Would you explain it?

A: I write one draft in longhand. I make a carbon of every page. The original goes to a typist and the carbon goes to my archives at the University of Pennsylvania. I've been doing that since I had a fire in 1945, and four unpublished novels were destroyed. I do two typed revisions, and the carbons again go to the University of Pennsylvania archives. Every page I write gets its own labeled envelope with the page number and which book it belongs to on the outside.

At this point, I prepared to leave. My writing hand was cramped, and the headache had begun. Mr. Farrell saw me to the door. I thanked him for his time and wished him luck with his novel.

He smiled. "My critics and I have one thing in common. They don't read my books and I don't read them. Now people are slowly, gradually admitting that I write books, and that's very nice of them. Bitterness is a poison; it's a luxury I give my enemies free. I'm ready for any emergency but success."

—Haskel Frankel.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Undaunted Grove Press continues to offer cinema buffs and a few of the rest of us normal people their fine film-script publications. Latest is John Osborne's Oscar-winning screenplay of *Tom Jones*, a movie recommended on all fronts. We call Grove "undaunted" because of their spirited battle waged in Nassau County, New York, district court against the confiscation of their excellent magazine, *Evergreen Review*. District Attorney William Cahn seized 21,000 copies of the large "little magazine," charging obscenity.

Following the death of General Douglas MacArthur, two fly-by-day-and-night publications rushed to the bookstores are *Flash! The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur* (Signet, 75¢), by Frazier Hunt, and Bob Considine's *General Douglas MacArthur* (Fawcett, 50¢). Signet is proud of its dispatch in that but eleven days, they trumpet, elapsed between the time the text was sent to the press in Chicago and the day it appeared on the newsstand. No special claims were made for Mr. Hunt's speed but he's probably quick. Mr. Considine's book provides many little-known—and some well-known—facts about the General's life. "When MacArthur was four years old, his father commanded a frontier fort in New Mexico territory which was attacked by Indians. The child toddled [at four still a toddler?] out of the building . . . and managed to draw fire from the attackers." In this book Considine also reveals the MacArthur plan for winning the Korean War: ". . . Drop between thirty and fifty atomic bombs across the northern neck of Korea." That "between thirty and fifty" is haunting. Forty? Thirty-seven? Forty-four and one small one?

The words are old but the drawings are new in the Harlan Quist Book series of childhood classics (Dell, 75¢ each). The writers include Lewis Carroll, Eugene Field, and Oscar Wilde—oh, yes, he had many caps to wear—and among the illustrators are Susan Perl, Herbert Danska, and Simms Tabak . . . . *Why We Can't Wait*, by Martin Luther King, an eloquent statement of nonviolent philosophy by one of the world's most articulate men, has just been published in hardcover by Harper & Row, and next month Signet is releasing, as a starter, half a million copies in paperback.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

Now that *Tom Jones* has made nearly everyone aware that eighteenth-century England was lots of fun, and that novels of that time make fine bedside reading, here's Laurence Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey* (Capricorn, $1.25). These charming adventures follow the rakish hero through France and Italy. The illustrations by Brian Robb make this a particularly handsome little book.

Certainly one of the funniest Englishmen of our own century is Evelyn Waugh, and one of his best books about the faltering British upper class is *A Handful of Dust* (Delta, $1.45). It's surely no surprise that Muriel Spark and Evelyn Waugh are continually quoted in British periodicals saying flattering things about each other's work. The novels that comprise *Two by Muriel Spark* (Delta, $1.95) are *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* and *The Bachelors*, both of which are just wild, wacky, and essentially mystical enough to make *le maître* Waugh—and everybody else—heartily approve.

Among an odd bagful of new books this month is that European classic *The Sin of Father Amaro* (Delta, $1.95), translated by Nan Flanagan. This rugged, naturalistic novel by Eça de Queiroz about a priest who seduces a young girl, follows the tradition of Balzac, Zola, and certainly Flaubert. Translated from the Spanish are *Prize Stories from Latin America* (Dolphin, $1.45), which includes eleven winners of the "Life in Español" contest, representing such wide-ranging literary territories as Chile, Argentina, Mexico, Cuba, and Uruguay.

Also noted: William Faulkner's *Sartoris* (Signet, 75¢), already an American classic of the old South with its legend of honor, privilege, and violence; Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (Signet, 75¢), a Negro's search for himself in a society that denies him valid identity; Lynne Reid Banks's *House of Hope* (Pocket Books, 50¢), an awkward but sometimes genuinely moving novel about Jews, gentiles, England and Israel by the author of *The L-Shaped Room*; Henry James's *The Ambassadors* (Dell, 60¢), that remarkable story of Lambert Strether, who is sent to Europe on a strange mission and is himself transformed. R. P. Blackmur wrote the lucid introduction.

Travel Abroad

For those citizens who are going still farther east than the World's Fair, and yearn to learn about tipping and visas and where to eat anywhere from Osaka to Florence, we have Cornerstone Library's Vacation Guidebooks ($1 each). The countries included are those serviced by Pan American Airways, the most recent among them being Mexico and Central America, the Caribbean, Israel, and Scandinavia. Equally practical but somewhat more fun to read is *Cook's Pocket Travel Guide to Europe* (Pocket Books, 95¢), by Sheridan H. Garth and William I. Kaufman. J. H. N. Mason's *Your Guide to 32 European Cities* (Barnes & Noble, 95¢) just gives the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cold dope—maps, dozens of them, of such busy stops as downtown Naples, Milan, or Marseilles. William Davenport's *The Dolphin Guide to Rome* ($1.45) does everything but hand over the key to the Eternal City. History, ancient and just yesterday's, walking tours, guides to day- and night-life, all neatly and literately reported upon by a man who is crazy about Italy and all its *paesani*.

Somewhat farther afield is M. Rostovtzeff's *Greece* (Galaxy, $2.25), part of the author's monumental *A History of the Ancient World*. This is less a guide to the contemporary than a fond appreciation of the past. Anyone going to Greece might proceed along to Yugoslavia, and Rebecca West's two-volume *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* (Compass, $2.95 each) is still, twenty-five years after its original publication, a vibrant portrait of that strange culture of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

Also noted: Ruth Gruber's *Israel Today* (Hill & Wang, $1.95) and Melford E. Spiro's *Kibbutz: Venture in Utopia* (Schocken, $1.95), both enthusiastic and meaty; Manning Clark's *A Short History of Australia* and Malcolm Kennedy's *A Short History of Japan* (Mentor, 75¢ each), crammed with concise historical, geographical, and cultural information.

And who could miss Mark Twain's *The Innocents Abroad* (Bantam, 95¢), that funny-sad account of Twain's journey to Europe and the East with seventy-six other Americans? No tourist ever endured an organized tour so gamely ("Say, ain't that view just gorjis!").

Music

The splendid courtly music of the Renaissance and the Baroque is succinctly characterized in the authoritative essays that make up the second volume of *The Pelican History of Music* ($1.65). This one, edited by Alec Robertson and Denis Stevens, offers articles on topics ranging from Monteverdi and Purcell to minstrels and harpsichords. A good companion book is Manfred F. Bukofzer's *Studies in Medieval and Renaissance Music* (Norton, $1.95), which explains just why those early and resounding *glorias* are really the beginning of Western music.

Critic and musicologist Paul Henry Lang called Mozart's music "pure, unbroken, finished to the very end. . . ." and his book *The Creative World of Mozart* (Norton, $1.45) tells, in varied essays by contributing scholars, something of that composer's genius. No words are wasted in Edwin Evans's straightforward biography *Tchaikovsky* (Collier, $1.50), which gives a great deal of credit to Tchaikovsky's patroness, the enigmatic and bewildering Mme. von Meck. The volume is another in the publisher's Great Composers Series.

Duke Ellington, Gil Evans, Milt Jackson, and Thelonius Monk were the men who influenced him most, says jazz authority André Hodeir. His newest book, *Toward Jazz* (Evergreen, $1.95), translated from the French by Noel Burch, ruminates about the nature of jazz and the men who make it.

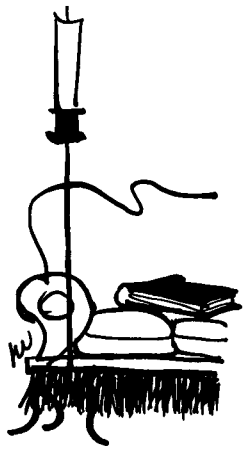
The music of R. Vaughan Williams came, as he himself thought, from deep wellsprings of the English spirit. In *National Music and Other Essays* (Oxford, $2.25) Williams, who died in 1958 after some sixty years of composing, contemplates aspects of contemporary music. Nowhere is he more interesting than in discussing nationalism, which, for him at least, was reflected in his own compositions.

One of the most articulate modern composers is Aaron Copland, whose *Copland on Music* (Norton, $1.45), comprising lectures and articles from three decades, reviews coolly and in a highly cerebral manner such subjects as Bartók, Mozart, and the musical revival in the United States.

The President

In this election year it's not a bad idea to review some of the careers of the men who were, for good or bad, President of the United States. John Adams was a great admirer of the British system of government; he yearned for two houses in Congress and a strong leader. In Zoltan Haraszti's *John Adams and the Prophets of Progress* (Universal, $2.25), the second President emerges as a powerful force in molding our own constitutional government. Gilbert Chinard, in his *Honest John Adams* (Little, Brown, $2.45), characterizes Adams as "a passionate New England moralist and puritan turned revolutionary statesman."

Thomas Jefferson, judging by the volumes written about him, is one of the most provocative and stimulating men of the American past. He was himself a gifted writer, and *The Thomas Jefferson Papers* (Apollo, $1.95), edited with commentary by Frank Donovan, gives brilliant testimony to his significance as philosopher, educator, architect, scientist, and statesman. *Notes on the State of Virginia* (Torchbooks, $1.45), with an introduction by Thomas Perkins Abernethy, is Jefferson's only full-length book. Actually broader in scope than the title might indicate, it is Jefferson's own guidebook to the state that he governed, lived in, and loved. Adrienne Koch's *Jefferson and Madison: The Great Collaboration* (Galaxy, $1.85) pays tribute to a fifty-year friendship that endured between two men whose concern for individual rights and strong central government helped shape American political philosophy.



"Around no other President of the United States has there been cast such a smokescreen of obscuration as that which beclouds the personality of Warren Gamaliel Harding," writes Samuel Hopkins Adams in *Incredible Era* (Capricorn, $1.85). It is indeed an incredible accounting of sin and corruption, which simmered at last into the Teapot Dome scandal.

In her book *The Roosevelt I Knew* (Harper Colophon, $1.95), Frances Perkins, who became FDR's Secretary of Labor, makes no pretense of objectivity. Hers is an admiring account of a magnificent spellbinder by one who was "bound to him by ties of affection, common purpose, and joint undertakings."

Paperbacks not obtainable from local bookstores may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow. Please allow four weeks for delivery and add to price 20¢ for packaging and handling.

Apollo, 425 Park Ave. S., NYC 16.
Bantam, 271 Madison Ave., NYC 16.
Barnes & Noble, 105 Fifth Ave., NYC 3.
Capricorn, 200 Madison Ave., NYC 16.
Collier, 111 Fourth Ave., NYC 3.
Compass, 625 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Cornerstone, 630 Fifth Ave., NYC 20.
Dell, Delta, 750 Third Ave., NYC 17.
Dolphin, 575 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Evergreen, 64 University Place, NYC 3.
Fawcett, 67 W. 44 St., NYC 36.
Galaxy, 417 Fifth Ave., NYC 16.
Grove, 64 University Place, NYC 3 .
Harper, 49 E. 33 St., NYC 16.
Hill & Wang, 141 Fifth Ave., NYC 10.
Little, Brown, 34 Beacon St., Boston 6, Mass.
Mentor, 501 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Norton, 55 Fifth Ave., NYC 3.
Oxford, 417 Fifth Ave., NYC 16.
Pocket Books, 630 Fifth Ave., NYC 20.
Torchbooks, 49 E. 33 St., NYC 16.
Schocken, 67 Park Ave., NYC 16.
Signet, 501 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Universal, 1107 Broadway, NYC 10.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Current Affairs

IN WHITE AMERICA. By Martin B. Duberman. Houghton Mifflin. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.75.

MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR SHELTER IN AN URBANIZING WORLD. By Charles Abrams. M.I.T. Press. $7.95.

Crime, Suspense

SHOOT TO KILL: Michael Shayne's 49th Case. By Brett Halliday. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

STILL AS THE GRAVE. By Mary Linn Roby. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Economics

BLACK-MARKET MONEY: The Collapse of U.S. Military Currency Control in World War II. By Walter Rundell, Jr. Louisiana State Univ. $4.

FUNDAMENTALS FOR PROFIT IN UNDERVALUED STOCKS. By Louis Plotnick and Kevin M. McCrane. Prentice-Hall. $12.50.

ECONOMIC GROWTH IN THE WEST: Comparative Experience in Europe and North America. By Angus Maddison. Twentieth Century Fund. $4.50.

Essays

AROUND ABOUT AMERICA. By Erskine Caldwell. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.

NEVER PUT OFF TO GOMORRAH. By Michael Frayn. Pantheon. $3.95.

Fiction

THE ENGLISH WIFE. By Charity Blackstock. Coward-McCann. $3.95.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE CAUSE. By Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Praeger. $3.95.

THE HUNTING GROUND. By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann. $3.95.

THE LAST TALLYHO. By Richard Newhafer. Putnam. $5.95.

THE MINDLEBERG PAPERS. By Jacob Hay. Macmillan. $4.50.

NOT IN THE CALENDAR. By Margaret Kennedy. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE PLANT, THE WELL, THE ANGEL: A Trilogy of Short Novels. By Vassilis Vassilikos. Knopf. $5.95.

ROST AT TEN O'CLOCK. By Marco Denevi. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

SECOND TIME ROUND. By Clifford Hanley. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

THE SUMMER OF UNCLE JEAN-MARIE. By B. L. Jacot, Knopf. $3.95.

TODA RABA. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

WHEN THE WHITES WENT. By Robert Bateman. Walker. $3.95.

THE WINE OF VIOLENCE. By Neil S. Boardman. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

History

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND NAZI GERMANY. By Guenter Lewy. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

AN EPISODE IN ANTI-CATHOLICISM: The American Protective Association. By Donald L. Kinzer. Univ. of Washington Press. $6.50.

THE GREAT FRONTIER. By Walter Prescott Webb. Univ. of Texas. $6.

A HISTORY OF THE USSR FROM LENIN TO KHRUSHCHEV. By Louis Aragon. McKay. $12.

THE QUAKERS IN PURITAN ENGLAND. By Hugh Barbour. Yale Univ. $6.

REFUGEE LIFE IN THE CONFEDERACY. By Mary Elizabeth Massey. Louisiana State Univ. $8.

SEEDS OF DISCORD: De Gaulle, Free France and the Allies. By Dorothy Shipley White. Syracuse Univ. $7.50.

Literary Criticism

HISTORY AND THE CONTEMPORARY. By Howard Mumford Jones. Univ. of Wisconsin. $4.50.

Miscellany

CAREERS AND OPPORTUNITIES IN ADVERTISING. By Charles Michael Boland. Dutton. $4.50.

COMMUNITY GROUPS AND YOU. By Henry and Elizabeth Swift. John Day. $3.50.

CHILDREN AND THE THREAT OF NUCLEAR WAR: What Do We Tell Them? By the Child Study Assn. of America. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.50.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ARCHERY. By Robert Gannon. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

GIDEON'S TRUMPET. By Anthony Lewis. Random House. $4.95.

MAN AT LARGE. By Larry T. Parkes. Stephen Greene. Paperback, $1.

THE MORALITY OF LAW. By Lon L. Fuller. Yale Univ. $5.

PLUNGING INTO POLITICS. By William Safire and Marshall Loeb. McKay. $3.95.

Personal History

ANDY ADAMS: His Life and Writings. By Wilson M. Hudson. S. Methodist Univ. $5.

BEFORE THE COLORS FADE: Portrait of a Soldier, George S. Patton, Jr. By Fred Ayer, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

EXARCH LEONID FEODOROV – Bridgebuilder Between Rome and Moscow. By Paul Mailleux, S. J. Kenedy. $4.95.

THE FIELD NOTES OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK, 1803-1850. Ed. by Ernest Staples Osgood. Yale Univ. $12.50.

PERSIA REVISITED. By Anne Sinclair Mehdevi. Knopf. $4.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE GENESIS OF TWENTIETH CENTURY PHILOSOPHY. By Harry Prosch. Doubleday. $5.95.

HEIDEGGER'S PHILOSOPHY: A Guide to His Basic Thought. By Magda King. Macmillan. $5.

PSYCHIATRY AND RELIGIOUS FAITH. By Robert G. Gasset, S.J., and Bernard H. Hall, M.D. Viking. $3.95.

THE SECOND SESSION: Letters from Vatican Council II. By Xavier Rynne. Farrar, Straus. $4.95.

STRUCTURES OF THE CHURCH. By Hans Küng. Thomas Nelson. $7.50.

Science

AN INDEX OF RORSCHACH RESPONSES: Studies on the Psychological Characteristics of Medical Students. By Caroline Bedell Thomas and others. Johns Hopkins. $15.

Sociology

INDIAN NATIONALISM AND HINDU SOCIAL REFORM. By Charles H. Heimsath. Princeton Univ. $8.50.

YOUTH ON THE STREETS. By Saul Bernstein. Association. $3.95.

Travel

YUGOSLAVIA. (Baedeker's Touring Guide.) Macmillan. $7.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editors: JOHN SCANLON, JAMES CASS

EDITORIAL 45

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 47

CAMBRIDGE ON THE RANGE
By David Boroff 48

CRITICS OF THE SCHOOLS NEVER DIE, EITHER
By Charles H. Wilson 51

PURSUIT OF NON-EXCELLENCE
By Margaret Bennett 53

IS FREEDOM AN ACADEMIC QUESTION?
By Henry Steele Commager 54

MORE ON CAMPUS MORES
By Donald A. Eldridge 57

WHOSE VALUES SHOULD BE TAUGHT?
By Max Birnbaum 60

BOOK REVIEW
"The New Curricula," edited by Robert W. Heath, and "Realms of Meaning," by Philip H. Phenix, reviewed by Frank G. Jennings 63

This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR *retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement. Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.*

Must College Teachers Publish or Perish?

WHEN Tufts University students protested the dismissal of a popular assistant professor, the episode received nationwide attention. It was reported in numerous magazines and newspapers and became the subject of editorials decrying the emphasis on research.

Many academicians found it difficult to see what the fuss was all about. The dismissal was based on a charge they understood—"the promise of scholarly publication has not materialized." In plain English, the professor was asked to leave because he had failed to publish a sufficient number of scholarly books and journal articles. Each spring, faculty members on hundreds of campuses are dismissed or denied promotion for the same reason and no one ever hears about it. The Tufts professor was especially vulnerable because he had published a book outside his field—one not based on scholarly research. In the eyes of many academic men this is a sin more grave than not publishing at all.

As scholars saw it, Tufts received unwelcome publicity only because the man against whom it took action bore a famous name—Woodrow Wilson Sayre—and is the grandson of a President of the United States. But the real issue is not that simple.

In the graduate schools of major universities, the requirement of research and publication is taken for granted. A university is responsible for the advancement of knowledge as well as for its dissemination and, at the graduate level, teaching and research are closely related. But, within the faculties of the nation's 1,200 degree-granting colleges, the question of whether research and scholarly publication should be a required part of *every* professor's work—whether he teaches undergraduates or graduates—remains controversial. The debate is particularly vigorous in the many colleges that are striving to become universities by shifting their emphasis from undergraduate to graduate instruction. As the shortage of college teachers grows more acute, the debate will become hotter.

While college presidents, in their public statements, give lip service to the importance of good teaching, most higher institutions continue to promote or retain faculty members largely on the basis of publications. A mediocre teacher can move up through the ranks if his bibliography is impressive, but even a top-flight teacher is held back if he does not publish. Professor Sayre's competence as a teacher was conceded by the Tufts administration, but that was not considered sufficient reason for retaining him.

One reason for the emphasis on publication is that college administrators are understandably eager to enhance the prestige of their institutions and know that the prestige of a college within the world of scholarship rests on the publications of its faculty. Another reason is that the administrators and senior professors who make the decisions have little knowledge of the teaching competence of junior faculty members. By long tradition, they rarely observe the classroom work of junior members.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But they can read a man's publications.

Those who defend the present policy contend that every college professor should make an original contribution to knowledge. They are convinced that unless he does so he will go stale and lose interest in his subject. Their strongest argument is that unless a professor publishes, the quality of his work is not open to the critical examination of his peers.

Those who oppose the present emphasis contend that significant scholarship must always be the work of a few individuals of exceptional talent. They point out that most of the articles appearing in scholarly journals—articles written by faculty members seeking promotion—deal only with some minor segment of a discipline explored in great detail. They mention that research scholars are prone to want to teach highly specialized courses of a kind inappropriate at the undergraduate level. They doubt that careful investigation of minutiae improves a teacher's competence to teach broad undergraduate liberal arts courses as they should be taught.

Many college teachers—quite possibly a majority of those who make careers of teaching undergraduates—share these views. They are convinced that teaching itself is a scholarly activity that requires a great expenditure of mental energy. They believe that the energy devoted to research must be subtracted from that available for teaching and they prefer to teach. Some of them may be rationalizing personal limitations but others are excellent teachers who make a lasting impression on their students. Their views rarely come to public attention because they are not put into print. Yet these men and women carry the major load of undergraduate instruction. If they become embittered as a result of being passed over for promotion, the quality of college education will suffer.

The view that every professor ought to be a "productive scholar" gained prominence in the late nineteenth century when American colleges were eagerly emulating German universities. The great German universities of that day—there were only a half dozen—were graduate schools with nothing comparable to our undergraduate colleges. Often there was only one professor in a department. The man who aspired to a chair could reasonably be expected to be a scholar who had made distinguished original contributions to his field.

Major graduate schools can legitimately make the same demands today. But America's colleges and universities now employ 360,000 teachers, many of whom teach only undergraduates. Within a decade the number will rise to half a million.

If each writes a scholarly book only once every five years, publishers will be asked to publish 100,000 such books annually—six or seven times the total number of books of all kinds now published each year in the United States. If each college teacher writes one short journal article each year—a total of half a million annually—most of them will find no outlet for publication unless the number of scholarly journals published is increased to many times the present large number.

These statistics make it obvious that the great majority of those who teach college students are not going to be "productive scholars." There are just too many of them. If we continue to promote only those who publish regularly, the lower academic ranks will become clogged with embittered older teachers. Or, more probably, many of them will leave the campus thus making the college teacher shortage more acute.

The undergraduate college should not turn its back on the productive scholar. When he appears he should be given a lighter teaching load and encouraged to remain rather than to move on to a university. Every college needs a few members in each department who maintain continuing contact with the scholarly world through publication. But there is no persuasive evidence that frequent publication is essential to good undergraduate teaching or highly correlated with it.

The quality of scholarship will be improved if we let research be the responsibility of those eager to conduct it, let the writing be done by those who have something significant to say when they break into print, and let the teaching be done by those who prefer to communicate their scholarship orally and are adept at it. Each part of the professor's work should be judged independently. The rare individuals who do all three well should be applauded but we cannot hope to find enough of them to staff our colleges. Nor is it necessary that we find them. What a college needs is a balanced faculty—not necessarily a faculty made up of all-purpose individuals.

When a college de-emphasizes research, there is danger that this may become an excuse for promoting everyone—that colleges will adopt automatic salary schedules similar to those in the public schools where advancement is based on degrees and years of experience without regard to competence above the minimum required for survival. For a college, that would be fatal. The most able professors would seek their rewards in other colleges while the least competent would remain until retirement.

Evaluating quality of teaching is admittedly difficult. There is no completely objective way of evaluating *either* research or teaching. Whichever criterion is used, decisions about promotion must rest upon a distillation of subjective judgments. Errors will occur but the judgments must be made.

Graduate schools must emphasize research. Undergraduate colleges can make teaching a recognized and respected profession with high status quite apart from the status gained through research. If they do not, it will become impossible to staff our colleges.

—P.W.

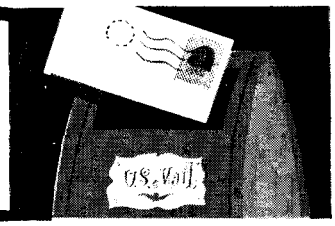
The Case for Publishing

It is no coincidence that the traditionally major universities in this country—Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Princeton—are each built upon the twin strengths of rigorous scholarship and an elite College whose undergraduates are the demonstrable beneficiaries of a teaching faculty whose classroom standards are continually elevated by the local research requirements. No teacher can undertake a scholarly book or an extensive laboratory project without enlarging in some way his classroom effectiveness and his utility to his students. There has been no improvement upon the statement which President Eliot made in the 1870's as he attempted grimly to persuade the Harvard College faculty of the importance of establishing a Graduate School. "As long as our teachers regard their work as simply giving so many courses for undergraduates," said Eliot, "we shall never have first class teaching here." The necessities of research, in other words, become even more pressing, ironically, for the college teacher who has no graduate courses or students which require him to move with his field. The college teacher who undertakes no research is not a teacher; he is but a keeper and a drillmaster and a friendly companion. The pedant does no more than bore his students. The stagnant college teacher, on the other hand, corrupts them by his own fluent superficiality.

—From "The Sweet, Sad Song of the Devoted College Teacher" by Charles A. Fenton, *AAUP Bulletin*, Winter, 1960.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor



More Words on Excellence

THE TWO ARTICLES on state colleges [*SR*, Apr. 18] point out, in their own quality, the lack of intellectualism in the state colleges and in their defenders: the whole tone of Mr. Baum's unfavorable article is more scholarly than that of Mr. Woodring's. One rarely has the ability and the humility to strongly condemn institutions representing one's own level of erudition. Mr. Baum's courage in biting the hand that feeds him, as it were, is to be commended.

DEAN A. HARRIS,
Assistant Librarian,
Alliance College.

Cambridge Springs, Pa.

The intellectual position of the state college, as described by Professor Baum, appears precarious; but so, comparably, is the position of the private college. If the private college has a reputation that outshines that of any state college, it must be remembered that this reputation is home-made and advertised for public consumption; without this advertisement, the college probably cannot exist.

But this is neither here nor there. Not education but men everywhere are in danger, in private or in state colleges, where intellectual curiosity is not fostered. Neither a program of general education nor a program of vocational education guarantees this; neither freedom from political nor from economic pressures guarantees this; neither lack of nor presence of "high standards" guarantees this. Not men but ideas are important, and these are nowadays found equally in private and in state colleges – and pedagogues frequently forget that a great many ideas are running loose in the streets uncaptured by either private or state colleges.

GEORGE D. GLEASON.

Springfield, Mo.

AS A SEQUEL TO James Koerner's best-seller, *The Mis-Education of American Teachers*, I would like to suggest *The Mis-Education of an American President*. If Koerner's generalizations about the kind and quality of education that the graduates of teachers colleges receive are only partially true, then it is his patriotic duty to save the nation from near certain doom by exposing Lyndon Johnson. The President must be so handicapped by his teacher education (Southwest Texas State Teachers College) that he could not possibly have achieved the accomplishments claimed by his proponents nor can he possibly be equipped to face the awesome tasks of the Presidency of the United States.

JOSEPH R. ELLIS,
Educationist,
Indiana State College.

Terre Haute, Ind.

Liberal Arts: Broad or Deep?

UPON READING PAUL WOODRING'S EDITORIAL [*SR*, Apr. 18], I am moved once more to mourn the semantic fog that envelops the endless debate over "liberal education" that has gone on for decades and seems likely to outlive Western civilization itself.

A colleague of mine, Ernst Levy, has convincingly argued to me that a free and intelligent mind can be the outcome of attention to any restricted area, provided it be radical and thorough enough, and that its universal dimension be invoked (if I paraphrase him correctly). He can envision a free mind as resulting from the *full*, *deep*, and *adequate* education of a shoemaker in all that concerns him as a shoemaker. (One remembers the fictional but not improbable Hans Sachs.)

It is not self-evident that dabbling in a broad spectrum is any automatic guarantee of a free mind. I say dabbling because in four or even ten years more than that is hardly possible. The notion (which follows from the liberal arts stereotype) that a man who studies nothing but courses labeled mathematics is doomed to ignorance of all else depends, after all, on how he studies the subject. It could lead him to everything if he concentrates deeply and universally enough on it. For mathematics read any other subject concentration.

ROBERT L. SANDERS,
Professor of Music,
Brooklyn College.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

MAY I CRITICIZE one of the statements in Paul Woodring's editorial? "Specialized or technical training prepares an individual for his first job but not for the decisions he must make as a free man or for the changes in careers that will come during his lifetime."

No. Technical training of the better sort prepares the individual for meeting the unexpected. It emphasizes principles that apply to new practices as well as to old ones. It serves as a foundation to which the new discoveries of science can be added as a normal event.

In fact it was my studies in education that led to my interest in archeology. True specialization cannot remain confined, but serves as an introduction to all related fields, and one soon finds that all fields are related to it. This is one reason why I have long urged early specialization. Leaving specialization until after college entrance does not offer enough time to develop the related factors before graduation.

ALLAN W. FORBES.

Worcester, Mass.

PAUL WOODRING'S OBSERVATIONS on liberal education include this statement: "It may not matter a great deal whether a dentist, accountant, or engineer is liberally educated." I ask—for what good reason should these professional persons be denied liberal education? This action *would matter*, for to single out certain professions and "liberate" them from liberal education requirements in over-all professional preparation would result in narrow, special-skill subject training programs, not unlike programs for mechanical technicians.

The need for a liberal education facet of a professional degree program is no less important today than it was at the time of the first Flexner report.

ROBERT J. MOORE,
Dean,
Division of Sciences and
Applied Arts,
San Jose State College.

San Jose, Calif.

Manhattan Principal

WHILE THE MEMBERS of the faculty welcome and, indeed, appreciate those portions of the article "Manhattan Principal at Work" [*SR*, May 16] that give credit to the academic efforts of the teachers and the principal, many of them have strong reservations in reference to other aspects of the article.

Therefore, on May 21, 1964, the George Washington Chapter of the United Federation of Teachers passed the following resolution:

> The George Washington High School Chapter of the United Federation of Teachers wishes to take strong exception to principal Henry T. Hillson's characterization, as drones, of those teachers who do not participate in extra-curricular activities. Further, it wishes to protest the characterization of teacher unions as being responsible for the eroding of the professional standards of teachers.
>
> These views, expressed in the *Saturday Review* article, "Manhattan Principal at Work," (5/16/64) defame teachers everywhere and serve only to undermine the efforts of the United Federation of Teachers and the American Federation of Teachers to improve our schools and to extend the democratic base of teacher professionalism.

A. FAULKNER WATTS,
Chairman,
George Washington High
School Chapter,
United Federation of Teachers.

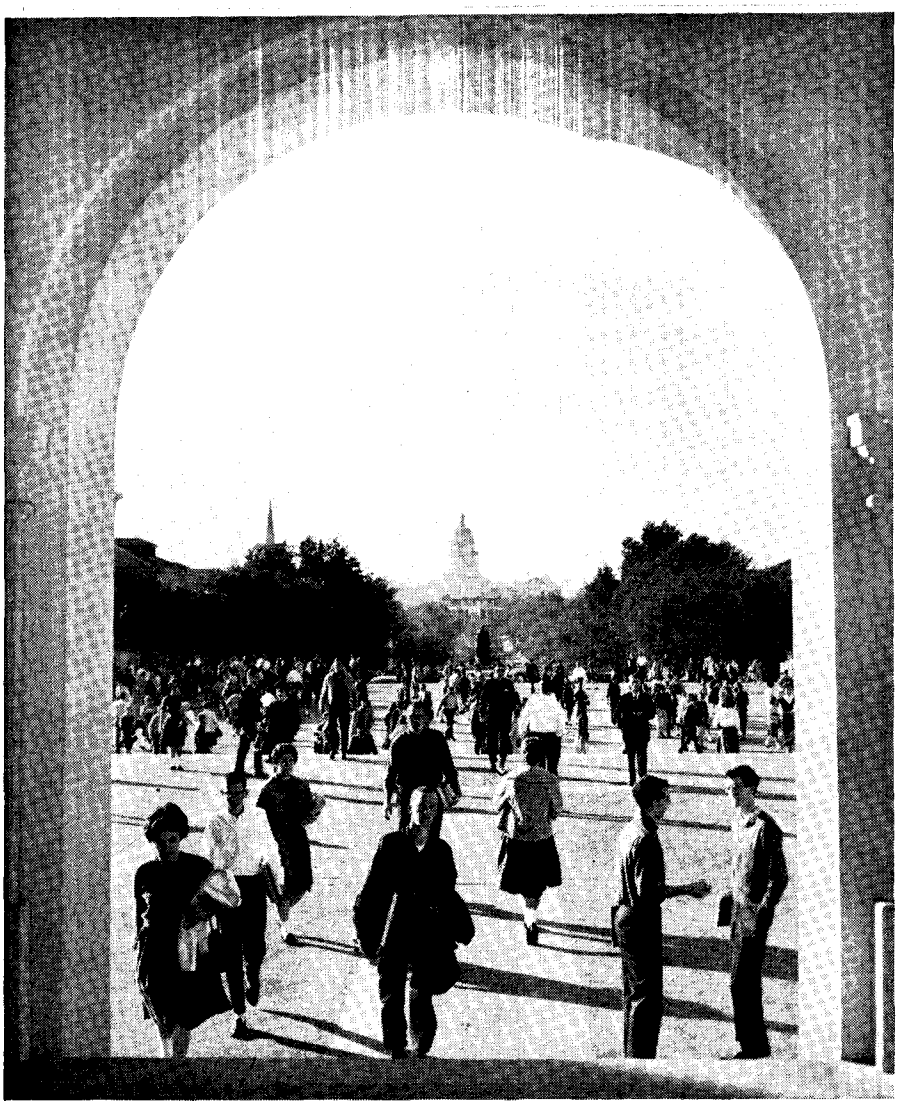
New York, N.Y.

MY CONGRATULATIONS TO Mr. Gillenson, and to the *Saturday Review* for the excellent word-portrait of Henry T. Hillson, principal of George Washington High School, and of his work there. Mr. Hillson's devotion to young people is aptly described. In addition, he has a penetrating but gentle sense of humor which, coupled with his dramatic ability, enables him to gain active support for his position.

IRVIN SULO HECHT,
Principal,
Girls High School.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

CAMBRIDGE ON THE RANGE

By DAVID BOROFF, *Associate Professor of English at New York University and a distinguished interpreter of the U.S. college scene.*

TO THE casual visitor, the dominant impression of the University of Texas is that of vitality and drive. Nowhere is the stranger so pummeled with statistics, bludgeoned with propaganda, and deluged by hospitality. Even the students, generally indifferent to the imperial designs of college presidents, are caught up in a vision of greatness and constantly talk about "first-classism."

The University of Texas, long a marginal institution, is making a concerted bid to become an institution of the first rank. Inevitably, it suffers from the special vices of upward mobility. It tends to be shrill, naïvely promotional, aggressively quantitative. The University's literature is full of graphs zooming into the stratosphere. And a pretty little girl, who would normally be preoccupied with the twist and getting pinned, introduced her boyfriend with the identifying tag: "He has a 2.8 index." Outside of the state, the University has earned a kind of grudging recognition. Almost everyone in the East with whom I discussed the school is prone to say, "Oh yes, they have a lot of money, and they're trying to *buy* a good faculty." In this churlish view, there is something faintly irregular about Texas wanting to have a great university. There are even those who view with suspicion the University's zeal in begging, borrowing, and buying one of the country's most imposing manuscript collections —as if it were some kind of absurd presumption for U.T. to own Henry James and T.S. Eliot manuscripts!

U.T. has unquestionably moved up the academic ladder. Many observers consider it among the top twenty universities in the country. (In terms of the baccalaureate origins of scholars who earn doctorates, it is nineteenth.) It would now like to be among the top ten. "Texas doesn't measure itself against anybody in particular," a professor said with a touch of hauteur. "There is nobody nearby we can look at." But academic shop-talk is always interlarded with references to Harvard if only to disclaim Harvard as a model ("We don't want to be a cowpoke Harvard"). When pressed, an urbane member of the faculty explained the Harvard syndrome: "Harvard is a term of convenience—like God. It represents what classic man symbolized to the Renaissance: great glory that can be surpassed." Another professor immediately interposed: "It

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also means stultification. The ivy can get awfully heavy at Harvard."

This gives the game away. Never daunted, Texas would dearly like to be the best. And there are visionaries on campus who think it can be done. Certainly in some areas there is a measure of derring-do that makes the vision tantalizingly real. A professor explained: "Suppose someone came to you and said, 'What would you like to do most?' That's the kind of question we ask ourselves. Even more amazing is that we actually carry out these things."

"The University of Texas used to be a slum," a transplanted Easterner on the faculty remarked, "but now it's a split-level suburb." The observation has implications on many levels. U.T. is now part of the mainland of academia, irrevocably divorced from the dingy poverty of Southern higher education, much of which is still in its share-cropper stage. But even in its new affluence, U.T. has a split-level personality. It is like Austin itself, where the University is located—a place where South and West meet. The many faces of U.T. are everywhere evident. At the plaza, in front of the twenty-nine-story administration tower (a monument to Texas's love of size), there are two statues: Jefferson Davis at one end, Woodrow Wilson at the other. The University theater department did an Ionesco play in its handsome new building, then followed it up with *Little Mary Sunshine*. A lecture series will include David Riesman at one end and Meredith Willson *(The Music Man)* at the other. At U.T. the mystique of Big Football flourishes in fatuous splendor, and fraternity houses languish in segregated bliss. But hundreds of students—far more than elsewhere—turned out to hear Leslie Fiedler lecture on the image of the Negro and Indian in American literature (a talk full of implied reproach to the Southwest). Texas is the scene of rambunctious undergraduate play, but there is also a Socialist Club and a brooding concern with integration. U.T., in other words, is a heady blend of South and West, hidebound tradition and avant-garde, bucolic and urban, six-shooters and nuclear accelerators.

U.T. is big (over 22,000 students) and rich (an endowment second only to Harvard's of over $400,000,000), but it's not *that* rich. Texas spawns legends and the story of the 2,000,000 acres of worthless university real estate that spouted oil in 1923 sits well with legend. But the University shares its endowment with Texas A&M, and its income reaches only about $10,000,000 a year, while its budget is over $25,000,000. That means that it must go hat in hand to a legislature always tight-fisted and often suspicious of "the godless university," as it has been called.

Who goes to U.T.? The most sophisticated people in the state tend to send their children East to school. Nevertheless, attending U.T. is a venerable tradition; the school has high social tone (a glance at a society page in a Dallas newspaper will confirm this), and there are many girls who will not go East to school because it is so "snobby."

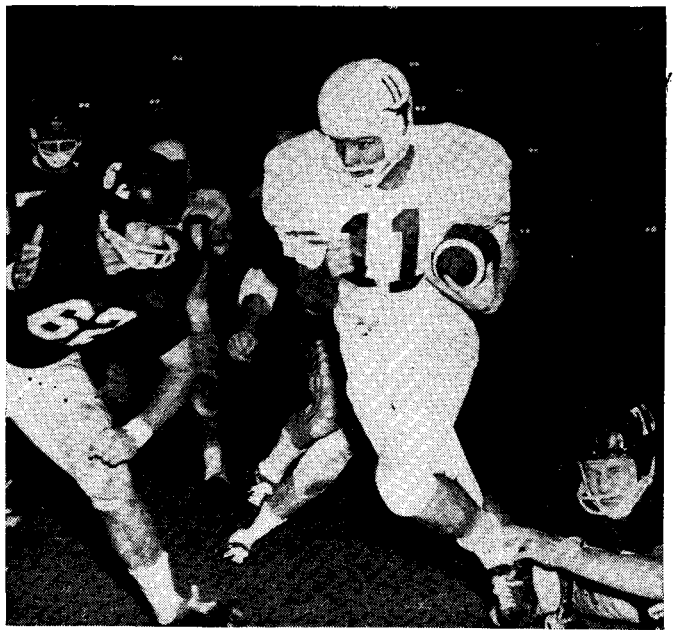
U.T.'s admissions policy tries to have it both ways—mass-egalitarian *and* quality. Although the University tries to discourage those who are not in the top half of their high school class, admission requirements are absurdly easy. The average board scores for men this year were 523 verbal and 571 mathematics; for women, they were 516 verbal and 497 mathematics – respectable but hardly impressive. These scores correspond roughly to the college board national sample. As a result of this permissiveness, only about 40 per cent of the entering freshmen make it to the finish line.

Undergraduates at U.T. tend to be a little older than the national average (20.8 years), white, Protestant (with Methodists the largest denomination), and represent a wide spread of social class. A sorority lunch I attended looked like a Dallas fashion show, but one also sees nondescript types—the drones interested only in a college degree for its cash value. Less vocationally oriented than it used to be, U.T. still has 3,000 students in the School of Business Administration and almost 2,000 in the School of Education. (There are, however, 9,000 in the College of Arts and Sciences.) The tuition is the lowest among state universities—$50 a semester for in-state students and $200 a semester for out-of-state people—a real bargain in either case.

In many ways, the U.T. student is remarkably unsophisticated. At a time when football players on most campuses are regarded as comic behemoths or as paid gladiators, at U.T. they are genuine campus heroes who glitter when they walk. While elsewhere the "in" thing is academic competence – the glamor boys are those who win the Woodrow Wilsons—at U.T., campus politicians are still BMOC. (Nowhere are election placards bigger or gaudier.) "Rice may be a better school on an extreme intellectual standard," a fraternity man earnestly explained, "but for a well-rounded education, you should go to U.T." A

—*Richard Dunn.*

"U.T. girls have ante-bellum notions of femininity."



—*Jim Gossett.*

"Nowhere in the country is there greater passion for football."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

professor was less sanguine. "Our students," he said, "are interested in two things—football and social adjustment."

Academic life is pretty much what one has come to expect in a large state university: the "processing" of great masses of students, the tiny islands of excellence in a vast sea of mediocrity, the faculty pulled this way and that by the conflicting demands of scholarship and teaching. Many freshmen have as many as three out of five large lecture classes staffed by august but remote senior professors. Smitten by respect, they don't seem to mind, but they have walked out on teaching assistants, hard-pressed graduate students who tend to be either overwhelmed or overbearing. Although the University properly sees its national rank dependent on the quality of its graduate students (there are 2,000 of them), U.T. still has an undergraduate orientation. Students can track down their professors, and the University is full of charitable gestures, *e.g.*, a student who has done C work or better but fails the final exam may be given another examination.

A professor described his charges in these terms: "The top 25 per cent is as good as Yale; the bottom 25 per cent are incomparably worse; the middle group is *comme ci, comme ça.*" And the entire faculty expressed affection for the students. In fact, their very limitations are endearing. "You rarely encounter the kind who is prematurely old and blasé," a professor said. "You bring the students a longer way than at Harvard. The kids often don't know how good they are. They have this marvelous readiness to learn. And they're not afraid to risk their egos."

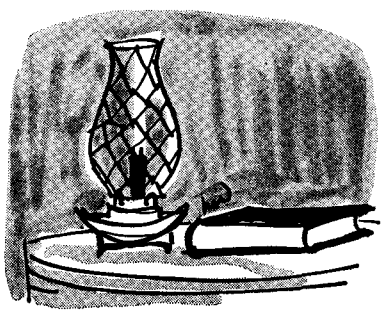
There has even been a tendency to underestimate student zeal. In 1958, Dr. Harry Ransom, the University's able Chancellor, proposed a $5,000,000 undergraduate academic center. Controversy dogged the project from the beginning. The architecture was assailed, a monumental bronze up front was deplored ("triteness of conception . . . derivativeness"), but most of all, people argued that The Center – "Ransom's Folly"—would be a waste of money. It turned out to be a huge success. "Harry's Place," as it is now called, does a thriving business, with 60,000 volumes on open stacks, its facilities cannily designed for effective study, and a sacerdotal hush pervading the rooms.

Fraternities and sororities comprise less than one-third of the undergraduates but have a powerful role in campus affairs far out of proportion to their numbers. In effect, they represent the middle class ideal. And nowhere is the old-fashioned Rotarian claptrap about "brotherhood" more vigorously espoused. Fraternity men see themselves as the guardians of decent standards of dress, holding the line against Continental suits and snap-tab collars. (U.T. students, in fact, tend towards neatness at a time of widespread student messiness. A Mount Holyoke girl, now doing graduate work at U.T., said wryly: "I came here and suddenly I had to comb my hair.") Fraternity men bitterly condemn the "seedies"—those who won't conform to the sartorial party line—abjure the independents ("nonconforming trouble-makers, always protesting"), are suspicious of foreign students ("maybe it's the way they dress"), and detest the beatniks who commit such delinquencies as growing beards and riding bicycles. "It bothers me," a good-looking fraternity man explained, "when people don't take care of themselves."

BUT the winds of change are blowing even in this diehard environment. The student president recently announced that as of next year fraternities have opened rushing to Negroes. What this will mean in a campus in which fraternities have been segregated along religious lines remains to be seen.

If fraternity boys are academically below the University average, the sorority girls turn in an above-average performance. They also tend to be a little less self-righteous about the Greek way of life. Some talk wistfully about finding "something deeper than dressing right and having a good car." A few complained about the "put-on" flavor of fraternity parties—"the boys try to be sharp and smooth; they refuse to talk seriously." Some even acknowledged that though they laugh at beatniks, "when you meet them in class, you see what brilliant minds they have."

Bright as they are, their goals are the conventional ones. The really good ones often sell themselves short, rarely think in terms of graduate study, and major in education. In a carefully guarded way, they are as frantic about getting married as any nice little girl in Forest Hills. They stubbornly believe that after college you have only a limited opportunity to get married. And the prevailing timetable is to have fun the first two years at school, get serious the last two.



They are not unduly disturbed by the discriminatory pattern of the sororities, segregated by religion. "You see," a pretty little innocent explained, "ideas come from the East, and it takes them a long time to travel down." A sorority girl attended the Cornell summer school and discovered that two of her chaptermates there were Jewish. When she reported this startling intelligence to her sorority sisters back home, they were amazed.

In general, U.T. girls are a curious mixture of the frontier and the South. They have the California girl's bone-bruising handshake, and in intra-murals they play a wrenching game of touch-football—not field hockey. On the other hand, they have ante-bellum notions of femininity. Dress regulations would make a Vassar girl leap to the barricades: no shorts, no blue jeans except in labs, and no two-piece bathing suits. The U.T. girl tends not to communicate her disagreements. (A housemother apologized for one of her girls who argued her ideas heatedly—"she's a little tactless and outspoken.") "If a girl loses her femininity," a sorority member explained, "she has *nothing*."

Though there is little reason to believe that sex behavior on campus is radically different from collegiate norms, the official ethos is Victorian. A sorority girl will have her "pin jerked" (depledged) if she is sexually permissive, and a serious affair—with love—will elicit deep solicitude for lovely maiden who stoops to folly. When *The Daily Texan* ran some perfectly sensible articles about changing sex mores, there were indignant letters from militant virgins.

To be sure, there are dissidents aplenty in a state that has always fostered a prickly individualism. Hunched over coffee and cigarettes at the Chuck Wagon (in the Student Union), the rebels sneer at the fraternities. Or they foregather under the trees at Scholz's, an open air beer garden where town meets gown. On certain days, the dissidents convene at the Stump, the University-sponsored Hyde Park where anything may be discussed—and usually is. The activists, of course, participate in sit-ins and demonstrations on behalf of Austin's Negroes.

For the students in the middle—neither Greek nor beat— *The Daily Texan*, a well-turned-out newspaper, is an articulate and vigorous spokesman. Generally on the liberal side of issues, it nevertheless has proper reverence for such Texas pieties as football and Blue-Bonnet Belles. And there are plenty of issues on campus to provoke the student editors. There are those who argue that expensive new private housing is squeezing out the poorer students. Certainly,

(*Continued on page* 64)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Henry Monroe (Free Lance Photographers Guild)

Critics of the Schools Never Die, Either

By CHARLES H. WILSON, *Superintendent of Schools, Grosse Pointe, Michigan.*

WITH another school year out of the way, the voices of the critics still ring throughout the land. In tones of astonished dismay, they discover that neither Johnny nor his teacher can read, that the school curriculum wallows in stuff and nonsense, that discipline is lax, that anti-intellectualism rides high in the saddle.

Some new book, perhaps *Bunk in the Booby Hatch*, will soon replace *Quackery in the Public Schools*, *Educational Wastelands*, or *Schools Without Scholars* on the library shelves. Meanwhile, school will keep. Come September, thousands of buses will roll through countryside and city streets bringing together hordes of reluctant noise-makers into congested quarters. Millions of homes and lanes and back alleys will be cleared of kids, safely, or reasonably safely, ensconced behind desks and forbidden by the police power of the state to leave. For a few blissful hours, the world will be freed of a troublesome burden.

To a great extent, the world will little know, or little care, what happens inside the school house. Occasionally a tired father asks, "What did you learn today?" and the answer is "Nothing." For awhile, the repeated "nothings" are ignored; then one day the same tired father, sitting down to help his son in arithmetic, discovers what he vaguely surmised, that the accumulated nothings add up to the same figure, that his son simply doesn't know how to multiply or divide. Where in heaven's name has his tax dollar gone!

With righteous indignation, the father calls upon the school principal to straighten out that poor beleaguered fellow. But a perplexed frown greets the righteous indignation. The principal glances tremulously through a record file and presumes to inform his helpful visitor that there are some problems here that need to be investigated. Problems? What problems? All that needs to be done is to teach a few hard facts.

And so, another unfriendly voice is added to the critical throng.

I exaggerate, of course. There are a multitude of friendly voices that somehow get drowned in the noisy clatter of supermarkets and cocktail parties. They are the voices of uncomplaining parents who recognize the problems of a school but are unprepared to answer the vocal complaints that kids today can't read, that spelling is ignored, that grammar isn't taught, that discipline is non-existent, that in short the schools have gone to hell in a handbasket.

What is it about education, and American education in particular, that makes it peculiarly vulnerable to attacks of the critics? From the scholar in his ivy tower to the menial in dungarees, the cry is much the same. Couched in different language, it boils down to the simple complaint that, compared with schools of yesteryears, the schools today are frothy fun houses. Listen:

> When we were boys, boys had to do a little work in school. They were not coaxed, they were hammered. Spelling, writing and arithmetic were not electives and you had to learn. In these more fortunate times, education has become in many places a sort of vaudeville show. The child must be kept amused and learns what he pleases. Many teachers scorn the old fashioned rudiments; and it seems to be regarded as a misfortune and a crime for a child to read and spell by the old methods. As a result of these improvements, there is a race of gifted pupils more or less ignorant of the once prized elements of an ordinary education.

Listen on any street corner, read almost any newspaper, hearken to the perennial new book of exposé, and one hears the same refrain: teachers don't teach; kids don't learn; discipline has disappeared; the curriculum is soft; a thorough housecleaning is in order. Why?

For one thing, the answer lies in the quotation above. From an editorial that appeared in the New York *Sun*, Octo-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber, 1902, it suggests that the situation was ever thus in this land of free speech. Youth, from an adult point of view, is forever an empty-headed lot, devoid of ambition and learning, and encouraged to be their own sweet, indolent selves.

From youth's point of view, quite the opposite is true. Oblivious to noise, absorbed in a world of their own making. they regard teachers as harsh taskmasters with a bit too much knowledge to peddle. Only later do they remember the stern demands for attention and hard work with faintly tolerant approval.

A young whippersnapper of my acquaintance, a former student now in his forties, recently expressed his gratitude for the firm hand and solid instruction I gave him thirty years ago. Firm hand indeed! Had I had the courage of my convictions at the time I'd have given him a firm foot where he deserved it. The nerve of this balding, girth-spreading scalawag who has tortured me through the years with recollections of his insolent and aimless conduct. Who more than he deserves a fire-eating teen-ager with a hot rod and a near-failing school record!

Now of course I don't know, nor does anyone else, how today's kids and today's schools really compare with those of a generation or two ago. As a product of the Roaring Twenties, I cannot in good conscience hold up the youth of my day as an example. It was a day of home brew and bathtub gin, unhampered with I.D. cards and driver's licenses for juveniles. Teen-age had not yet been discovered, and we passed unobtrusively from knee pants to the speakeasy. In the small, moralistic university town in which I grew up, the captain of our high school football team died in his own back yard from a bout with poisoned rot gut. There was a national frenzy at the time over who could sit in a tree or on top of a flag pole the longest, and the nation had all but lost its head at the monkey trial of a Tennessee school teacher.

But the schools of my day are hard to assess by recollection. There is no question that the teachers of my memory seemed more stern and knowledgeable than those I know today; at the same time, despite statistical tables to the contrary, they seemed twice as large and five times as old. As students we heard little or nothing about progressive education, although parents did lament tax-wasting frills and the new-fangled A, B, C, D, and F replacing the solid numerical grades of their own school days.

I had a morning milk lunch in the fourth grade, earned my Audubon button in the sixth grade, sketched charcoal and water color leaves in the eighth grade, and passed Latin with the help of chariots and Roman amphitheaters carved from Ivory Soap. I built a bird cage in geometry, took Speech I to escape the tortures of chemistry, and wrote a term paper in American History my senior year that earned me an "A" and wouldn't pass muster in any reputable junior high of the country today.

Later, as a student in college, I supposed that we were on the threshold of solutions to the problems of mass education. We were led to believe that "departmentalized teaching," the "platoon system," the "project method," and the "Dalton Plan" were waiting in the wings for eager young exponents to play their roles on the classroom stage. We were taught, or at least we imagined, that with patience and understanding we could fire the interest of young learners in stiff academics.

It was disillusioning, as a beginning teacher, to find that mountains of patience and understanding were required simply to live with thirty adolescents in a twenty-by-thirty-feet cubicle. Some days prevention of mayhem was sufficient to satisfy a young teacher that his time was not idly spent. As teachers, we blamed the radio, talking pictures, and comics for the stubborn resistance of pupils to Euclid and the sonnet. By the latter part of the Thirties, we resigned ourselves to the depressing influences of Hitler, economic deprivation, and moral decay as the root causes of anti-intellectualism among students.

To the aging teacher, it is sometimes amusing to encounter the same observations about schools today that he has heard continuously all his professional life. In my early years of teaching, the most frequently asked questions were these: Why weren't students prepared for college? Why didn't schools teach the fundamentals of grammar and composition? Why didn't we teach students how to study? For the past thirty years, these same questions have arisen with persistent regularity. With so much smoke in the air, it is only reasonable to conclude that there is indeed a fire somewhere in the offing.

—George S. Zimbel.

"The American public school will be made better or worse by the kind of moral support given by parents and other citizens."

Yet, what kind of a fire is it and how serious? Is our educational system good, bad, or indifferent? A legitimate question of educators and critics alike is: How effective are the nation's schools?

Before we can answer that question, it seems to me that we must first ask another question: How do we measure the effectiveness of schools *as a whole*? Do we use opinion polls? Do we rely upon research studies? Do we compare test scores? Do we compare the work loads of students in different nations?

As a school administrator and teacher, I am suspect of prejudice, since any attempt to explain the purpose of a school is dismissed with a contemptuous snort of defensiveness. In all truth, of course, I am defensive; at least I am defensive against reformists who would make over our schools in the image of European class institutions.

But I submit that the only valid measure of a nation's schools is the economic, scientific, intellectual, and cultural well-being of the nation itself. I don't care that the boys in France may study Greek and calculus, that children in Peru study fractions in the third grade, or that pupils of Spain are taught only phonics. So? I ask, does that nation publish more books, magazines, and newspapers per capita? Are there more symphony orchestras, operas, professional and amateur theaters, high school and college musicians? Are there more art galleries, museums, parks, and playgrounds? Do the business and industrial mechanisms of the nation produce the food, clothing, and shelter for its people?

These are the questions that the reformers of American education too often fail to ask. Today, they point to Sputnik and fifty-megaton bombs and declaim that the schools of the United States have failed. They take no account of the fact that the first atomic reaction was developed chiefly by American scientific and technical genius less than twenty years ago. They neglect to mention that fifteen out of the top sixteen scientists to develop our first space missile were graduates of our public schools. They make no mention that the United States has more Nobel prize

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

winners in physics, chemistry, medicine and physiology, literature, and world peace than any other nation in the world.

How do these critics suppose our remarkable industrial and business complex operates? With illiterate, undisciplined, untutored peasants? Our nation is what it is because its educational system has supplied us with the mechanics and technicians and engineers and farmers and stenographers and lawyers and managers and salesmen and teachers to operate the most abundant industrial and business society that the world has ever known. Our poor bullied, badgered goose of a school system has laid a golden egg indeed!

Yet one can be sure that next month, or the month after, *Bunk in the Booby Hatch*, or its equivalent, will appear on the market with the perennial discovery that the American schools have abandoned the three Rs, moral development of youth, and respect for intelligence. Some innocent citizen will read the book, recall his child's progress in arithmetic, and demand that the board of education fire the superintendent.

There is a fair chance, too, that he will be fired. But his replacement will no more alter the currents of education in his community than a new spark plug will improve the steering of an automobile. Much of his time will be spent stretching budgets and explaining to querulous parents that mental breakdowns are *not* excessive, or that the cafeteria serves balanced menus, or that the schools *do* use disinfectants in the locker rooms. In time, he himself will be on the carpet for sponsoring a course in personal grooming, which he will discover emanates from a guidance counselor's efforts with delinquent girls.

I am not attempting a blanket defense of every facet of the American public school. Some of the harshest judgments on education are rendered by teachers themselves in faculty meetings. I have seldom heard a complaint of the critics that hasn't been hashed over endlessly by professional educators.

The great danger in teaching, from first grade reading to high school social studies, is the tendency to play safe. In an atmosphere constantly charged with criticism, complaint, and fault-finding, teachers are prone, like timid turtles, to pull in their necks. It is safer to assign chapters from an innocuous textbook designed for a mythical average child than it is to experiment with a project to gain a child's interest. Why encourage a sea-loving child to build a schooner that may spark his interest in reading, when Mr. Bestor and Mrs. Busty down the street may howl about hanky-panky in the classroom? It is far safer to as-

(*Continued on page* 69)

Pursuit of Non-Excellence

By MARGARET BENNETT

AT LAST a reputable scholar, Oscar Handlin of Harvard, has spoken out against the feverish pursuit of the almighty "A" by today's college students. As one who went to college when broader educational values were stressed, I say cheers to the professor's complaints against the alarming conformity into which the race for grades is leading our young people. I agree that the freshman with spirit and ingenuity frequently ends up in the drop-out statistics, while the grind with the high grade-point average not only survives, but harvests a bumper crop of honors, fellowships, and job offers. I think it's high time extreme measures were taken to return grades to their proper place in the life of the collegian.

My proposal for putting education back on the right track is for colleges to introduce a system of rewards and honors for those students who, with skill, courage, and imagination, barely squeak through and manage to graduate at the bottom of their class.

As a starter, they could pay tribute to the nonconformist students by adding to their diplomas the designations *sine laude*, for those with fairly bad grades, *magna sine laude*, for those with outstandingly poor records, and *summa sine laude* for the real dregs of the graduating class.

But even better, at the topnotch institutions a new national honorary, *Beta Phi Kappa*, could be established to recognize the inferior student. This honor society would select its membership from the bottom 10 per cent of the class. Merely getting poor marks, however, would not assure the student of membership, just as merely getting high marks does not insure election to the conformist honorary. The prospective *Bete Phi* would have to be voted into membership by the faculty, who would consider such qualifications as: Did the student always take his maximum number of cuts? Did he refuse to purchase a textbook? Was he consistently unprepared in class? Did he miss at least 50 per cent of the examinations? Was he careful to hand in all written assignments late? Did he change his major at least every other semester? Was he proficient at sleeping in class?

Once selected, the *Bete Phi* would be initiated in an orgiastic ceremony. At this he would learn the Latin motto, *Pelle nostrorum dentium* (By the skin of our teeth), and the fraternal handshake (a kind of massaging together of the palms designed to erase the crib notes written there). The high point of the evening would be the awarding of the base metal key to each initiate. This key would feature, in addition to the Greek letters *Beta Phi Kappa*, a hand with the middle and index fingers crossed

to exemplify the attitude with which the *Bete Phi* waits for his grades. In the upper left-hand corner, there would be three question marks symbolizing the state of mind of the *Bete Phi* before, during, and at the end of each course.

Campuses with *Beta Phi Kappa* chapters would have an advantage in attracting recruiters to interview their seniors, since a *Bete Phi* would have exactly the qualities American business is looking for in its employees. He would be imaginative and creative because of his intensive practice in writing examinations without the benefit of facts. He would be highly verbal and fleetwitted as a result of his frequent brisk exchanges with deans who were trying to put him on probation or kick him out of college altogether. He would have nerves of steel and an ability to work under pressure developed during his four years of academic brinkmanship.

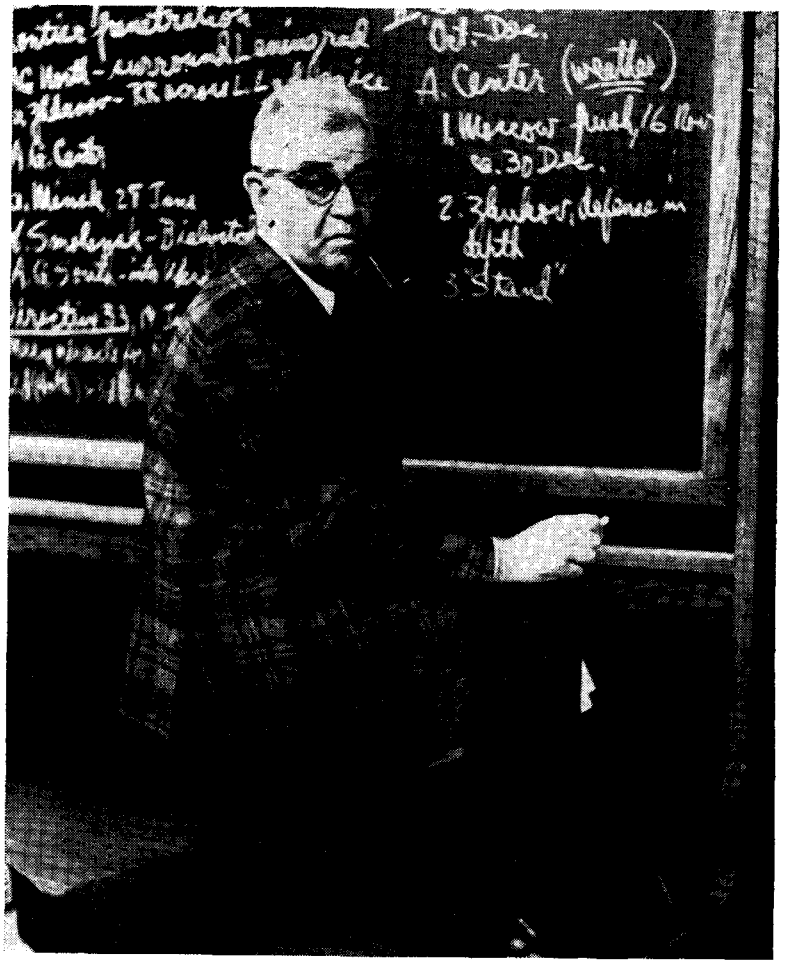
A *Bete Phi*'s highest recommendation, however, would be his varied background gained by frequent changes of major. Instead of being a deplorably one-sided expert, such as many colleges are turning out today, he would possess minuscule knowledge in all fields of learning.

At commencement time in the colleges one more innovation would be necessary to give proper recognition to the inferior students. Although a valedictorian, selected from among the A students, would still deliver the farewell address to college life, one of the *summa sine laude* graduates would be chosen to speak as well. He would be known as the avedictorian. *His* speech would be a hello to the real world, where a dedicated *Bete Phi* has no trouble in making his mark.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS FREEDOM AN ACADEMIC QUESTION?

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER



—*Hanson Carroll.*

Dwight Salmon of Amherst—"Academic freedom is guaranteed to the scholar so that he will be able to inspire in the young a passion for truth."

IT WAS charged against Socrates that he was corrupting the youth of Athens, and it was on this charge that he was condemned to drink hemlock. The charge that teachers are corrupting the youth is a familiar plaint of every generation that identifies its own shibboleths with the eternal verities. As more young people are exposed to the teachings of philosophers (or Doctors of Philosophy) now than ever before, and more in America than in any other country, it is perhaps inevitable that the charge should be familiar in our own time and that it should sound and resound over the land. In New York City it was made against no other than Bertrand Russell and, what is more, sustained by the Courts; in New Hampshire it was made against Professor Paul Sweezy and not sustained by the Courts. We have heard it, just recently, from Texas, from Colorado, from Montana. We hear it now, most stridently, from across the plains of Minnesota. The youth of the University of Minnesota are being corrupted, and the man who is corrupting them, Professor Mulford Sibley, is, like Socrates, a political philosopher. His method, too, is that of Socrates: he stirs up the young to challenge the existing order; he admonishes them—bemuses is a better word—to take nothing for granted, to test all things, to find their own truths.

It all started casually and almost facetiously. Last fall a spokesman for the American Legion, one Kenneth McDonald, challenged the credentials of Professor Sibley to serve as faculty adviser to the Student Peace Union—or to any student organization at the University. That organization, the Legionnaire asserted, was infiltrated with communists and subversives. And whose fault was that? Was not Professor Sibley suspect—Professor Sibley who was an avowed Socialist, and who had joined so many dubious organizations in his day? Was he fit to be an adviser to students; was he not a corrupter of the young?

It was in connection with these charges that Professor Sibley wrote a letter to the student newspaper, the *Minnesota Daily,* decrying conformity and celebrating the virtues of diversity.

> We need students who challenge the orthodoxies, [he wrote]. American culture is far too monolithic for its own good. Personally, I should like to see on the campus one or two Communist professors, a Student Communist Club, a chapter of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, a Society for the Promotion of Free Love, a League for Overthrow of Government by Jeffersonian Violence, an Anti-Automation League, and perhaps a Nudist Club. No university should be without individuals and groups like these.

If the professor's purpose had been *épater le bourgeois,* he certainly succeeded. Within no time at all the state was agog. What, Communists on the campus? What, the open advocacy of atheism? What, free love . . . and nudism? Is this what "our children" (the phrase was used by the critics) are exposed to when we entrust them to the university? (No one, it seems, was alarmed at the proposal of an Anti-Automation club.)

Soon militant groups like Christian Research and the American Legion, and editors of small town newspapers, were in full cry. Fire Sibley—that was the simple solution. Fire Sibley, said Mr. Milton Rosen, public works commissioner of St. Paul, who made himself spokesman for the patrioteers. "My God," he asked, "how long are you going to let these radicals run our colleges?" The American Legion, too, wanted Sibley fired, and Commander Kenneth McDonald urged an investigation of the University by former FBI agents and the creation of a State un-American Activities Committee to carry on the good work.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A number of provincial editors struck the same note. "Must we expose our young people to all the diseases in our political world just to prove how strong they are?" asked the Fairmont *Sentinel*, concluding, somewhat wildly, that "Professors have to be either for the American system or for the Communist system." A columnist, one Orlin Folwick, provided a fresh and perhaps historic definition of the function of the scholar in the American university. It was "to help students obtain an appreciation of their country and its objectives, so they can become normal tax paying citizens."

A St. Paul businessman objected to Professor Sibley's economic views. "He teaches and advocates that competition is disappearing from American business," said Mr. Henry Teipel. Clearly Mr. Teipel believed in competition—except in the realm of ideas. How society was to achieve free enterprise in the economy without free enterprise in ideas, he did not explain. It was left to Christian Research to carry its protests to their logical conclusion. It called for cleaning out the entire University, starting with President Meredith Wilson—who belonged to that subversive organization, the Council on Foreign Relations, which had received support from that other subversive organization, the Carnegie Corporation.

It is tempting to dismiss these reactions as puerile and insignificant. They are puerile, but they are not insignificant. After all, the State legislature was sufficiently impressed by them to vote an investigation of the University. Technically, to be sure, the investigation was limited to the personnel practices of the University. But as the chairman of the Senate Education Committee, Senator Dunlap, made clear, "We're going to get very definitely into determining basically what this position is which is referred to as academic freedom."

That is all to the good—though it may be doubted that a legislative inquiry into personnel practices is the ideal way to achieve this end. But the public is confused about "this position referred to as academic freedom." The public is confused even about the nature and the function of the university. The observations of Professor Sibley's critics—and even of some of his friends—confess that confusion.

Thus Senator Wright, who proposed the original investigation, asserted roundly that Professor Sibley was "an academic deviate." It is a fascinating phrase. It suggests, of course, that there is, or should be, an academic type from which the hapless professor has deviated. It suggests that those who do not conform to this type or standard have deviated. As we know, the term itself has curious overtones from the realm of morals. Surely nothing more sharply dramatizes Professor Sibley's plea for variety and pluralism than this tacit assumption of orthodoxy as proper in the academic arena.

To insist on orthodoxy and penalize ideas or arguments that deviate from that orthodoxy—even ideas and arguments that in Justice Holmes's great phrase are "loathesome and fraught with death"—is of course to set up prior standards by which to judge all ideas and arguments. How are we to know what ideas are dangerous unless we know what is "safe"? And who is to establish the criteria of danger and of safety? How are we to recognize "extreme" statements, unless we have some standard of "moderate" statements? How are we to recognize those who "deviate" unless we know what is the norm? Is it possible to obtain agreement on any such standards? Clearly it is not. What the Senate of Minnesota would consider a moderate and normal statement on human rights, the Senate of Mississippi would consider extreme and dangerous. What Unitarians would regard as a common sense statement on evolution, members of Jehovah's Witnesses would consider erroneous. What a Quaker—say Professor Sibley—would regard as a moderate statement about nuclear disarmament, the American Legion would regard as un-American. It is unnecessary to belabor so elementary a consideration. As Justice Jackson said in the second flag-salute case:

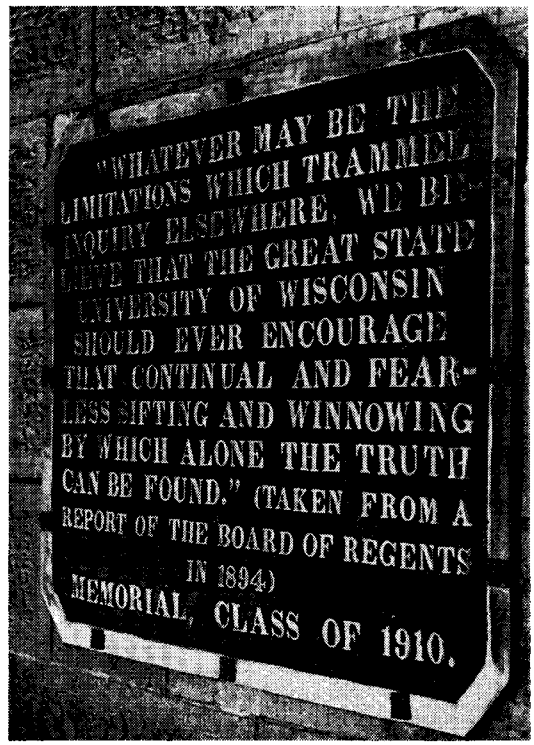
> If there is any fixed star in our constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion, or force citizens to confess by word or act their faith therein.

Mr. Rosen and many others object to Professor Sibley because he is a Socialist, or because he does not appear to believe in "free enterprise" in the economic system. Are these critics, then, prepared to require that all professors be either Republicans or Democrats? If not, what is the point of the criticism? And, for that matter, if it is misguided for Professor Sibley to criticize the free enterprise system in the economy, why is it not equally misguided for Mr. Rosen to criticize the free enterprise system in the realm of ideas? Certainly, of the two, free enterprise in the intellectual realm is incomparably more important to society than free enterprise in the economic, for the simple reason that it comes first, and without it there can be no enterprise in anything.

What Professor Sibley recommended was enterprise and pluralism. Granted his examples were "extreme"—deliberately so, no doubt. It is the principle we must judge, not the examples. What is the alternative to intellectual enterprise and pluralism in a university faculty? It is of course conformity and uniformity. Do the critics of academic "deviates" want conformity and uniformity? They may think that they do, but they delude themselves. They may rejoice in uniformity in the teaching of history or economics or politics, but do they really want conformity and uniformity in physics, chemistry, and biology? If they insist on history and government professors who all think alike, how can they expect to get physics and biology professors who think differently? Even if this paradox could be resolved, is it what the critics want? Do they want one and only one version of politics, economics, and history? Whose version is it to be?

Three assumptions are implicit in the arguments used by the critics of Professor Sibley and of the university itself for permitting wide latitude to professors and students. The first is that there exists somewhere a body of Truth—Truth about politics, about law, about economics, about morals. Second, that it is the function of the university to teach, indeed to inculcate, this body of Truth. And third, that students are passive receptacles into which teachers pour Truth as a mother pours milk into a baby.

These assumptions have a familiar ring. They underlie the principles on which all authoritative systems rely—all systems or governments that are certain that they know truth, that the truth they know is clear and final, and that their truths can be imposed, by


"WHATEVER MAY BE THE
LIMITATIONS WHICH TRAMMEL
INQUIRY ELSEWHERE, WE BE-
LIEVE THAT THE GREAT STATE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
SHOULD EVER ENCOURAGE
THAT CONTINUAL AND FEAR-
LESS SIFTING AND WINNOWING
BY WHICH ALONE THE TRUTH
CAN BE FOUND." (TAKEN FROM A
REPORT OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS
IN 1894)
MEMORIAL, CLASS OF 1910.
Bronze plaque, University of Wisconsin.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persuasion if possible, by force if necessary.

It is scarcely necessary to add that all of these assumptions are mistaken. There is no fixed body of Truth about politics, history, economics, or law, any more than about physics, biology, or medicine. It is not the business of the university to hand down a body of agreed-on Truths, or to indoctrinate the young. If, in a moment of folly, the university or its professors attempted to do this they would fail, for young men and women intelligent enough to get into a university are too intelligent to submit tamely to indoctrination.

There is another aspect of this problem of censoring what professors may say or what students may write—one that the champions of orthodoxy do not sufficiently consider. It is this. Once you take responsibility for censoring what may not be said, you by necessary implication sponsor and approve whatever you *allow* to be said. If you assume responsibility for Professor Sibley you cannot stop there; you must assume responsibility for all the professors at the University—and at all institutions of higher learning. Anything else would be arbitrary and capricious. If you exclude some stories from student magazines—as Senator Wright wants to do—you give the stamp of approval to all those stories you have not excluded. Are legislators, are filiopietistic societies really prepared to take on this responsibility? It is well to remember that once you embark on the business of censorship you are in for it.

Even this does not exhaust the errors or fallacies of Professor Sibley's critics, or of those who would "investigate" the university. There is, for example, the fallacy that it is the business of the legislature to supervise what is taught at the university. There are two errors here. The first is that the legislature is competent to decide what should be taught at a university, how it should be taught, and who should teach it. The legislature can no more do this than it can decide what medical practices should be adopted by a hospital and what doctors and surgeons should be admitted to the hospital. It is no more competent to do this than it is competent to decide who should be admitted to the ministry, and what doctrines should be preached from the pulpit. The second error is even deeper. It is that the university is somehow a subordinate bureau or department in the government, and that university professors are civil servants whose scholarly duties and activities are subject to legislative supervision. The regents of the University of Minnesota have resolutely rejected such notions, but not all regents are that enlightened. These widely held assumptions confess a deep misunderstanding of the nature and function of the university and of the nature and function of academic freedom.

What is the nature and function of the university?

What is academic freedom, and why is it essential to the well-being of the university?

Perhaps the best short definition of a university is that of Robert Maynard Hutchins. A university, he said, is a center of independent thought. It is, to be sure, more than that, but unless it is that, it is not a university. For only if it is a center for independent thought can it perform its three historic functions. Those are, first, to preserve and transmit knowledge and discipline from one generation to the next; second, to train scholars, scientists, doctors, lawyers, and other professional men and women for the service of society; and third, to extend the boundaries of knowledge, to discover new truths and new ways of thinking about old truths.

IF THE university is to fulfill these functions it must be free. That is the essential condition of its vitality. It must be free from outside pressures that would distract it from its true work—free from intimidation, free from harassment, free from arbitrary interference or controls. The university depends, to be sure, on gifts and appropriations, and many people carelessly conclude that those who pay the piper may call the tune. But appropriations to a university no more justify public control of its intellectual activities than appropriations to the judiciary justify control of the decisions handed down by the judges.

Freedom is not merely negative; it is not merely the absence of harassment. It is positive encouragement to independence. It is the provision of conditions ideal to the functioning of the independent mind. It is the creation and the preservation of a climate of freedom. It is in the fostering of the creed that the great Learned Hand imbibed at Harvard College in his youth:

> You were not taught it in words; you gathered it unwittingly from uncorrupted and incorruptible masters. It was in the air; you did not proclaim it; you would have felt ashamed to demonstrate the obvious. You came to know that you could hold no certain title to beliefs that you had not won. . . . And chiefly, and best of all, you were in a company of those who thought that the noblest of man's works was the pursuit of truth; who valued the goal so highly that they were never quite content that the goal they had reached was the goal they were after. . . .

A university is not an abstraction. It consists of scholars and students. When we say that a university must be free, we mean not only that the great historic institution, the great intellectual enterprise, must be free, but that the scholars and students—and the administrators, too—who constitute it, must be free.

But what is academic freedom?

Academic freedom is not a special dispensation conceded by an indulgent society to a group of amiable Mr. Chipses. It is not a special privilege granted to professors. It is a device for getting on with the job of teaching, training, and research. Freedom is guaranteed to the scholar so that he will be able to inspire in the young a passion for truth, and so that he can present to them, in his own life and conduct, an example of the search for truth. It is guaranteed to the scholar so that he can train new generations of technicians and public servants who will freely exercise their intelligence on behalf of their society. It is guaranteed to the scholar so that he can engage, fearlessly and vigorously, in pushing outward the boundaries of knowledge in every field.

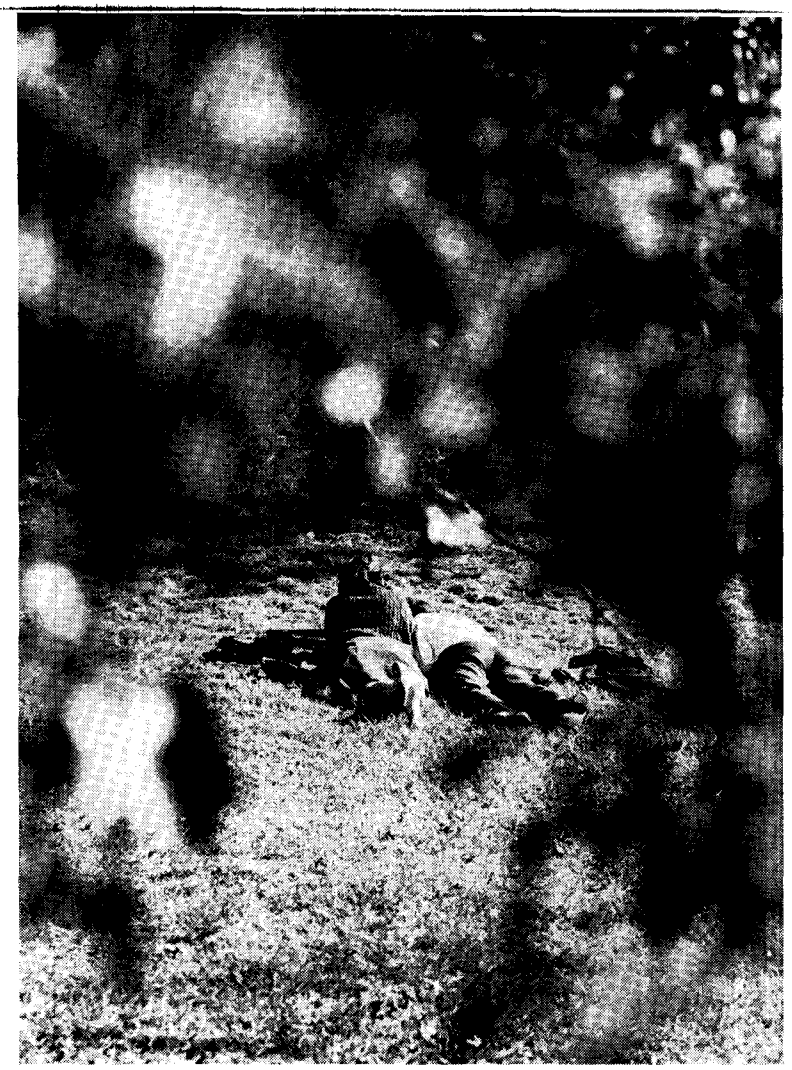
Academic freedom is, like other freedoms, a device for avoiding error and arriving at truth. We take this for granted in the realms of science. We should take it equally for granted in the realm of social thought.

Our society is not perfect, nor our government; it has not solved all of the problems that beset it, and it will be beset by new problems. It needs, therefore, critics and explorers in the social and political areas as well as in the physical ones. It needs a Gunnar Myrdal to make it aware of an American Dilemma before that dilemma becomes insoluble. It needs a Hutchins to challenge the organization of higher education, or a Conant to make it aware of the glaring contrast between the education available in slums and suburbs before that contrast poisons American society. It needs a Kinsey to expose the hypocrisy of legislation dealing with sexual conduct and misconduct. It needs a Niebuhr to remind us of our own heritage of injustice and of guilt, so that we do not adopt an attitude of moral superiority to other peoples while we indulge ourselves in immoral conduct. It needs a Kennan to challenge our policies towards Russia and a Lattimore to challenge our policies towards Communist China, for these policies may be mistaken. It needs a Pauling and a Szilard to warn us against the suicidal implications of our atomic program before that program gets out of hand. Without these critics and dissenters, and hundreds like them, our society may fall into irreparable error.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORE ON CAMPUS MORES

By DONALD A. ELDRIDGE, *President, Bennett College, Millbrook, New York.*



—*Hugh Rogers.*

"The college, according to undergraduates, should set a tone, not a code."

SEX, along with God, has always been a primary bull session topic on any college campus. The principal difference today seems to be that whereas earlier generations talked a lot about it, contemporary youth more and more are *doing* something about it. We read of collegian "orgies" in such far apart places as Daytona Beach and Indianapolis. We rarely pick up a popular magazine or newspaper without seeing something on the subject. Everybody is talking about it, but no one really knows exactly what is happening.

We do know, however, that some college physicians are asking how they should respond to requests from their women students to be fitted for contraceptives in the college infirmary. Illegitimate births and abortions are taking place in unprecedented numbers. One marriage in six involves premarital pregnancy, we are told. Venereal disease among girls from "good families" has increased sharply since 1960.

Many colleges have direct evidence of increased concern on the part of their students in this area, by increased attendance at voluntary marriage and courtship courses, by the questions asked, and by the vocabulary being used freely and publicly by students, including women. In one college, whereas a scant three years ago perhaps a quarter of the freshman class showed up for such a series of lectures, now the attendance is virtually 100 per cent. In addition to scores of physiological, anatomical and technical questions, the freshmen women are asking such questions of their marriage counselor as:

> How can you tell whether you believe in something merely because you have been taught it or because you have reasoned it out for yourself?
>
> If sex is so important in marriage, should not a couple get to know each other sexually before marriage?
>
> How can a very easily aroused girl, who is very deeply in love, avoid getting into difficulties before marriage?
>
> Some authorities feel there should be intimacies between an engaged couple; does not this go against religious teachings?

The college counselor who deals with these questions says: "I am afraid I am only scratching the surface of an enormous submerged iceberg of ignorance." The president of his college adds: "It seems clear that, despite availability of knowledge and prevailing pseudo-sophisticated attitudes toward sex, basic understanding is lacking to an alarming degree. Basically, it seems to me that this may be our problem: The elimination of deterrents but without any real increase in knowledge or understanding of the psychological and physiological, let alone the moral, complications involved."

In a recently published book, *Sex and the College Girl*, Gael Greene takes these phenomena into account and reports in startling detail on interviews with over 600 college students from 102 American colleges and universities including various geographical locations, religious affiliations, and types. Miss Greene, who has been a feature story writer for newspapers and magazines (she has won the *Mademoiselle* merit award as woman of the year in journalism) demonstrates her flair for pointing up facts and issues with dramatic impact. Indeed, most parents and educators will hope that she has exaggerated at least a little, or that the attitudes and activities she reports are not so widespread and common as her book suggests. But is this wishful thinking?

Are today's college women so fearful of being left behind that they are easily led to bed for sex without love and get up still hungry for affection, as Max Lerner suggests in his introduction? How many really go to bed with their man—perhaps even a "blind date"—because of "lack of conversation"? Are most—well over half—of our women students unable to resist the pressures to surrender their virginity during their college years? Are the threats to the girl's right to say "no" overpowering? "The girls keep telling me I'll

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never make it," says a freshman to the interviewer.

Conservative fathers and mothers will be disturbed by the evidence that today's daughters artfully "protect our parents from the truth," while even self-classified liberal parents may be taken aback to read, "On the campus where a diaphragm is a status symbol, the highest status rating goes to the girl who got her mother to foot the gynecologist's bill."

"What does morality have to do with it?" is said to be a common question among today's undergraduates. Other reasons for "virtue" must prevail, if indeed virginity can be considered virtuous any more. "Most college girls," states Miss Greene, "would consider it sophomoric to judge in terms of Good and Evil what goes on in the cemetery across from the University of Michigan's Stockwell Hall or on a sticky leather sofa in the blackness of a Dartmouth fraternity's TV room." And furthermore, " 'Playing house' or 'going all the way' . . . is no longer universally regarded as cheap, desperate, promiscuous, loose or 'strictly for girls who can't get a man any other way.' "

Some of the parents and college administrators who read this book may be shocked; some may feel pessimistically that their worst fears are here confirmed; others may simply be impressed by the factual documentation of a trend that alert observers have watched develop since World War II, and with particular acceleration during the last three or four years. Some may well recall similar incidents involving the "flaming youth" of their own flapper days—and then reflect that those episodes rarely involved college girls.

Another contemporary phenomenon that seems new is the detailed analytical and intellectualized approach to relations between the sexes. Someone has pointed out that today's younger generation may wave the slogan that "sex can be fun," but still make a very complicated and joyless business of it.

Incidentally, as an illustration of how complicated things have become, whereas some few years ago Miss Greene (Mrs. Forst) might simply have dedicated her book to "My Husband," in this age of analytical precision she refers instead to her "lover, keeper, buffer, playmate, healer, magician and champion."

Since parents long ago abdicated their responsibility in the area of sex education, and since few parents in our culture have ever handled this well, we can scarcely expect *them* to fill the need at this juncture. Indeed, those of us who have been engaged in counseling students often wish we had a chance to try to educate the parents: for example, the

—*Fritz Henle (Monkmeyer).*

"The establishment of new standards of values will originate in our women's colleges."

mother who fosters sexual precocity in her daughters and who herself has a very shaky concept of values, responsibility, and true affection.

Sex education in general has not been considered the function of our priests. Just imagine the pink-cheeked rector performing the function of the high priest who helps the Samoan maidens "come of age" in Margaret Mead's famous book! Hence, although one reads now of some clergymen who are taking on the duty of sex education and of one who has discussed *Fanny Hill* from his pulpit, this does not seem quite natural, and besides, the hold of the church on youths of college age is tenuous at best.

Much attention has been given in recent years by colleges and universities to matters of curriculum and faculty salaries and fringe benefits, but for a long time now these institutions have declined to accept much responsibility for the social mores and values of their students. The typical contemporary faculty person certainly has a different feeling about this than did his forebears. On many of our campuses, despite some official protestations and anxiety, there is a "laissez faire" policy in the whole area of morality and ethics. Colleges used to assume such responsibility, however; education in moral and ethical values was once a vital part of their tradition: thus it seems that the colleges are most likely to be able to reassume such functions if anyone is to do so.

To be sure, there are special problems today that did not exist when our oldest colleges were established for the preparation of ministers and, later on, teachers. The complexes of mass education in our huge universities make any kind of personal attention difficult academically, let alone in the subtler areas of morality and personal standards. Furthermore, many scholars, being products of their own incubators, assume a pose of amorality, or at least of maintaining a passive distance from their students, or in too many instances a kind of ascetic intellectuality. Like the residents of Kew Gardens, who wouldn't even call the police to save a screaming woman from a murderer, they don't want to get involved in what is going on outside their specialty, even though it may be nearly as urgent as life and death.

Furthermore, there are many built-in excuses for having let the problem grow. After all, we are still engaged in intensive international warfare, hot and cold. The H-bomb hangs over the heads of the young, subconsciously and consciously stimulating their sexual urge in nature's way of countering a threat of population decrease, characteristic of war years through all of history. Combine this with the insidious influence of relativism—nothing is or is not true; nothing is or is not right or wrong; no one is responsible for anyone else in the existential era. Dr. Kinsey's report insinuates that most adults are hypocrites; and penicillin will cure venereal disease while pills will invalidate spermatozoa. Women's rights are now conceded to extend far beyond political franchise. So the "sex bomb" becomes a natural sequel to the "H-bomb."

Is it possible that this may turn out to be a dangerous threat to our culture and our civilization, too? Can college girls really afford to play what has aptly been called "ovarian roulette"?

Colleges adapt sign-out rules to meet, or combat, the check-in, check-out policies of nearby motels. Language formerly considered the exclusive vocabulary of men now is used indiscriminately by both sexes. The new sins are "hypocrisy, dogma, absolutes, provincialisms. . . . To distrust authority and question conventional morality becomes a part of the college experience."

Loss of the three deterrents to free sex practice—morality (undermined by the Kinsey report); venereal disease (attacked by penicillin); and fear of pregnancy (avoided by contraceptives, including the pills that one college boy gave to his girl as a Valentine present)—have resulted in a breakdown of the former bastions of chastity.

Then there are the girls who, sometimes with the connivance of their ambitious mothers, deliberately trap desirable young men by getting pregnant—and there are the super-sophisticated girls who delight in seducing their professors, and vice versa.

Gael Greene's concluding chapter of-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fers, among others, these observations:

> Increasingly . . . the college rules seem designed to protect the school from blame rather than the students from any social disaster.
>
> "When they're off the hill, the hell with them," was how one Wisconsin faculty man expressed his own position. "We're not in the business of building character. . . ."
>
> At Bennington, girls need not come home until 6:30 a.m. . . . Student griping about college apron strings is eliminated, and with it any need to break rules just for the principle of anti-maternalism.
>
> . . . the simple, unavoidable truth is most rules are ignored, overlooked or simply broken, sometimes with righteous indignation. . . .
>
> A necktie hanging over a doorknob—from Harvard to Antioch and wherever closed door privacy is permitted—is a universal language, warning: Keep out. Male visitors are supposed to sign in at Sarah Lawrence and leave the dorms by midnight, but girls are not surprised to hear masculine voices or run into a man coming out of the shower in the early hours of the morning.
>
> "For a sheltered girl, the first exposure to an Ivy League weekend can be quite a shock," a Vanderbilt junior recalled. "I walked into this Princeton house party. There in one corner of the floor were a boy and girl making love—and in another corner, a boy and a boy. Talk about coming of age in Samoa!"

Up to this point—partway in the last chapter, one may get the impression that the author is reveling in showing her readers what can be seen by peeping through the keyhole. During her last dozen pages, however, she cites evidence to indicate that "students want help." She quotes a Radcliffe student who says, "Of course, we are supposed to be adults and should be able to take care of ourselves, but not all of us can." And she quotes Harvard professor Goethals' thesis that "a girl must have the right to say 'no' as well as 'yes.'" She endorses Max Lerner's point that "the faculty does have a moral role to play in the life of a student far more important than any disciplinary role it may have. . . ."

Wisely, Miss Greene offers the advice that "dropping the restrictive reins altogether or pulling them tighter is not going to solve all the problems of sex on the campus. Sex is not a problem. But the abuse and misuse of sex creates genuine tragedy that college deans and counselors have finally warned us we can no longer ignore. Pregnancy, illegitimacy, early marriage and forced marriage, abortion, and venereal disease—the reality middle-class girls don't seem ever to worry about—are only the most readily identifiable symptoms of the ignorance, pretense, anxiety, hostility, and self-destruction revealed in the confidences of the American college girl."

No one can argue with Miss Greene when she says that "the pressing need for sex education is obvious," and most realistic people will probably accept her suggestion that "parents and educators will never bridge the chasm between generations until they have the courage to admit there can be good sex outside of marriage."

Certainly those of us who have worked closely with college students, both male and female, know that they are indeed seeking answers, as Miss Greene suggests. Thus it is more than a little alarming to hear many people occupying positions of authority in colleges and universities frankly deploring their own lack of conviction as to what answers, what kind of help they—that is to say their colleges—should try to give in response to these students' urgent pleas. The concluding paragraph of *Sex and the College Girl* provides a reasonable guideline:

> "If adults [including college administrators] have the insight, tolerance, intelligence, and optimism to concede the collapse of fear as a sexual control and the need for a new moral orientation, they will be answering not only the desperate needs of youth but pointing to a new direction for adults themselves. Such an orientation must provide both a convincing argument against exploitive, destructive sex and a respect for the immense potential of fulfillment possible in joyous and responsible sex that builds both a relationship and the self."

There seem to be signs of a growing willingness on the part of college administrators to acknowledge responsibility in this area. For example, the presidents of four eastern colleges for women recently secured a grant from the Danforth Foundation to finance an exploration of the problem on their campuses. Meetings of presidents and deans were followed by conferences of five student representatives from each of the four campuses, without any elders present. These college girls were somewhat surprised, and subsequently reassured, to learn from their sisters from other campuses that the questions and concerns each of them had were held in common with the others, though in varying degrees. Out of the discussion of the twenty women students grew another meeting to which five men from each of four men's campuses were invited. Here again, after the introductory period of self-conscious parrying, both the men and women conceded a common concern and anxiety and a desire to seek better answers than they and their cohorts had been working out for themselves on their respective campuses. Significantly, this conference concerned itself ultimately with discussion of what the college administration should do.

It seems that despite protestations to the contrary, most of us, even the ardent individualists, want some definition from a higher authority, if only to disagree with it. How many people, young and old, used the Surgeon General's report on cigarettes *vis-à-vis* cancer as the excuse they had been looking for for a long time to stop smoking?

Vassar College students ultimately applauded Miss Blanding for her statement on sex and morality (although Gael

(*Continued on page* 66)

"Is it my fault you can't drive something through my thick skull?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whose Values Should Be Taught?

—Bettmann Archive.

Schoolroom on the Lower East Side New York, about 1886. Photo by Jacob Riis.

By MAX BIRNBAUM, *Education Consultant of the American Jewish Committee and a staff member of the Boston University Laboratory of Human Relations.*

IN A society in which there is general agreement on what constitutes the good, the true, and the beautiful, the task of teaching values is a simple one. The consensus is clear and, even if minority views exist, they do not challenge the majority judgment effectively. But in a pluralist society, in which no general agreement has been reached, the problem becomes infinitely more difficult.

Teaching values in American classrooms today, therefore, is an awesome assignment. For, as a nation, we are caught between the myths of a rural past that has all but disappeared, and the new urban present that has not yet achieved its final form. While our backs were turned, profound changes took place not only in our values, but in the very sources from which they come. While our sights were focused on older, simpler patterns of thought and conduct, far more complex problems and issues were beginning to challenge our society. No longer, for instance, can we teach the principle of equality for all without recognizing its unique meaning for the American Negro; nor can we discuss traditional concepts of religious liberty without taking into account the recent Supreme Court decisions on Bible reading and prayer in the classroom, and the role played by the new assertiveness of Catholics and Jews in many areas of our national life.

(Some teachers who live and work in areas of the country where religious, racial, and ethnic differences are not acute will insist that such problems are alien to the American Way. But many others have experienced the problems of emerging difference at first hand and are aware of the vast changes that have taken place.)

Yet the dramatic changes that have marked the development of contemporary attitudes did not come without warning. If we take even a brief backward look at our nation's history, we can see that they evolved over a period of several decades.

The American colonies were settled originally by Protestant, English-speaking people of Anglo-Saxon origin. Almost from the beginning this group was joined by those who were non-Protestant, non-Anglo-Saxon, and even non-English-speaking. But the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the membership of the Constitutional Convention, almost 150 years after the earliest settlements, still reflected the continued dominance of the first group. This persistence of control is most remarkable in view of fairly sound historical evidence that almost 40 per cent of the inhabitants of the United States in 1790 were of non-English-speaking origin.

American culture, its values, institutions, and mores are primarily, although not exclusively, the creation of that remarkable group of men whose origins, immediate and remote, were the British Isles. To be sure, the group absorbed innumerable sons and daughters from other religions and cultures, but its Protestant Anglo-Saxon imprint continued to be highly visible.

THE Civil War and the rise of industrial America contributed directly to changes in the religious and ethnic composition of the nation. Most new immigrants in the years immediately after the Civil War were German and Irish. These were followed by people from Southern and Eastern Europe, of Slavic and Italian origin and Jews from the Austro-Hungarian empire, Poland, and Russia. Part of the native American's horror-stricken reaction to the city of the late nineteenth century came from the fact that it was crowded by people with strange tongues and stranger behavior. By the turn of the century, when immigrants of English origin were fast becoming a minority, voices were saying that unless something were done to stem the tide, the character of our civilization would change drastically.

Just as the Civil War was in many ways the "Second American Revolution" in its impact on our society, so 1914 marked the end not only of our isolation from world involvement, but also of our unitary society. The values and mores derived from our historically dominant religious and ethnic groups were being challenged. As a result, in the years following 1914, we witnessed the imposition of immigration quotas based upon a philosophy of Nordic Supremacy, the Great Depression and the fundamental changes it brought in the relations of the state to our citizenry, and the successive challenges to the old order by Catholic, Jew, and now the Negro. In the light of these swift and truly revolutionary changes, it is not remarkable that our schools have had difficulty in promulgating a common set of values. What is amazing is

This article is based on a background paper prepared for the annual convention of the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development, Miami Beach, April 1964.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that they have done as well as they have.

Of the half century since 1914, perhaps the most significant years were the 1920's. For they marked a climactic period during which those conflicts that had raged sporadically just beneath the surface of public awareness were revealed publicly. The fears of those who felt that this country was theirs by right of birth and ancestral domain were intensified by the 1919 steel strike and rumors of Bolshevik infiltration. The American Legion had been organized in Paris in response to similar fears, when all of Europe appeared to be going communist. The United States, with its polyglot population, seemed a natural target for such subversion. But the most significant impact on America came from the immigration debates that raged for almost a decade in Congress and throughout the nation, in which terms such as the "alien flood," the "barbarian hordes," and the "foreign tide" were freely used.

The debates when stripped to their essentials reveal that: 1) the dominant voices in our society used basically racist arguments to stigmatize those who had immigrated from Southern and Eastern Europe; 2) descent from English-speaking ancestors from the British Isles was deemed sufficient guarantee of superior capacity to assume the responsibilities and privileges of American citizenship; 3) American labor, despite its origins, was willing to be swayed by economic need to shut the doors of the nation even against its own kin; 4) the new American patriotic coalition, which emerged at this time, spearheaded the drive for restriction of immigration as an expression of nationalism and a fear of socialism and communism.

ALTHOUGH minority peoples formed protective organizations in response to a variety of special needs, the defensive character of these groups was intensified by the use of ethnic group classifications in the National Origins Act that determined all future quotas for immigration into the United States. From that point on, the right to enter America and become a citizen was defined not in individual but in group terms. The Irish had already learned the uses of ethnic group politics; other immigrant groups were now to follow in their footsteps, and group pressures soon became common in all areas of national life, including the schools.

The end of unrestricted immigration created a condition quite different from that which had been intended by the architects of the restrictive immigration policy. In two generations, all citizens of Eastern European descent had become native, rather than foreign-born Americans. But for many the group consciousness stimulated by the National Origins Act helped to strengthen rather than lessen their adherence to the values of the groups from which they sprang. Aided by awareness of service on behalf of country in two World Wars, the minority religious and ethnic groups began increasingly to assert their rights. Subsequently, the American Negro returned from the Allies' victory over German Nazism, determined to destroy racism here as well.

THE decade of the Thirties witnessed two events of overwhelming importance to all Americans that had special poignancy for Catholics and Jews—and that also demonstrate the complexity of group loyalties in American society. The first was the Spanish Civil War. The nation, with the exception of the Catholics, was largely sympathetic to the Republican cause. The fact that Germany and Italy were aiding Franco, and Soviet Russia was aiding the Loyalists, created disastrous divisions among religious, ethnic, and political groupings. The issue was in large measure, for the Catholics and Jews, a matter of opposing the ally who was most threatening to them at the time. For the Jews it was obviously Hitler; for the Catholics it was Stalin; Protestants, and the unchurched generally, except for those who feared and hated the Soviet more than anything else, were either neutral or pro-Republican.

Then came the war against the Axis powers. A significant number of Americans, reflecting predominantly Catholic and Protestant groups, some of whom were of German ancestry, felt that we were fighting the wrong enemy. When Stalin and the Soviet Union became our major antagonists in the period after the Second World War, those groups that had opposed our fighting as an ally of Russia came into their own. Their passionate opposition to American foreign policy had been long pent-up and the beginning of the Cold War provided them with final justification for their feelings.

Senator McCarthy was in many respects a charismatic champion of this submerged cause. A Midwestern Irish Catholic, elected from a state with a very large German ethnic population, he provided precisely the kind of ruthless hostility toward Communism that would satisfy the loose coalition of those who had always felt that Russia was the true threat to America. A Gallup Poll during the period of McCarthy's greatest influence showed Jews overwhelmingly opposed to him, the Catholics strongly in his favor, and Protestants divided. The strongly Protestant hinterlands of the Middle West and Southwest supported him, and the ur-

Next semester sail around the world while you study at the

UNIVERSITY OF THE 7 SEAS

The University of the 7 Seas is a unique idea in higher education. Your co-educational school is the well-known student ship M.V. "Seven Seas" operated by Holland-America Line. Staffed by an excellent faculty and equipped with library and lab facilities, the "Seven Seas" takes you to 18 exciting ports of call and 14 countries.

You'll study history where it was made, explore everything from marine science in the Red Sea to architecture on the Acropolis, delve deeply into the economic, cultural and political life of many different nations —and much more. Combine a Liberal Arts curriculum with the enrichment of world travel. Interested? Fall Semester begins October 19 from New York City and lasts 108 memorable days. Spring Semester, February 11 from San Diego. The University is accredited by the California State Board of Education. For detailed catalog mail the coupon below today.

University of the 7 Seas 68 U 6
Director of Admissions
Whittier, California

Please send me the illustrated catalog of the "University of the 7 Seas."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

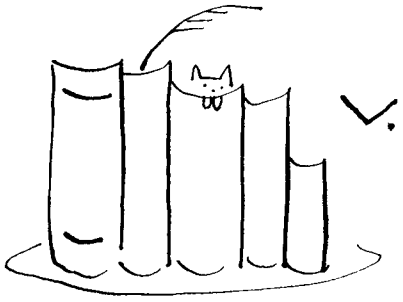
ban, Northwestern, and Far Western Protestants strongly opposed him. The endurance of attitudes based on religious and ethnic considerations has rarely been more clearly demonstrated than during this conflict. And, as we shall see, recent problems in the teaching about communism and patriotism are still intertwined with this legacy of the past.

At this point it should be revealing to analyze three basic issues that have presented serious problems for teachers, in terms of the group forces operating in our contemporary society. Obviously, the most significant value-laden issues for public schools have been the place of religion and religious values in the curriculum, the teaching of patriotism, and the closely related issue of teaching about communism. The impact of race on our schools is also of prime importance, but this will be treated separately because of the unusual character of the group forces reflected in the racial crisis.

BEFORE applying a group relations theory to explain these complicated issues, however, certain qualifications should be stated. No one theory can explain complex group behavior. Few observers after the election of 1960 would deny the persistence of religious, ethnic, and racial loyalties. The significant shift of Democratic Protestants to Nixon and a similar shift of Republican Catholics to Kennedy is evidence enough. What is not explained by any simple cause and effect analysis is why so many Protestants, for example, voted for Kennedy, and why so many Catholics voted for Nixon. Economic factors, ethnic backgrounds, regional biases, personal preferences largely free of group loyalties or pressures, would have to be investigated. Jews and Negroes, on the other hand, voted in overwhelming numbers for Kennedy. The Democratic Party, especially in the Northern cities, still retains the loyalty of these and other minority religious and racial groups. The appointment of two Jews to Kennedy's Cabinet, and the subsequent appointment to that powerful and symbolic body of an Italo-American and a Polish-American, with a tacit commitment to include a Negro eventually as well, makes very plain indeed that the old Protestant, Anglo-Saxon order has changed.

With this *caveat* stated, let us consider the two major problem areas that have both openly and subtly affected the teaching of values and value-laden subjects during the past two decades—religion and patriotism. Both problems differ markedly from region to region and stubbornly refuse to respond to simple analysis. But after saying this, we are also reasonably certain that on both issues Catholics and Jews have been overwhelmingly on opposite sides, and that Protestants, once again, have split down the middle, in a pattern very similar to that which prevailed during the 1930s and through the McCarthy period.

THE growing agreement between the politically and theologically liberal Protestants and the Jews with similar views has been an important factor in Protestant sensitivity to Jewish hostility toward religious influences in the public schools. Prayer, Bible reading, and excessively Christological observance of Christmas and Easter are cases in point. And most of the leaders of the larger Protestant denominations, together with a few Catholics, have gone along with the recent Supreme Court decisions on prayer and Bible reading. (To be sure, the awareness of Protestant leaders that the more important issue is public support of parochial education undoubtedly influenced many to make what is a comparatively small sacrifice in order to build additional legal bulwarks against the potential diversion of public funds.) Common commitment to public education, similar attitudes on censorship, birth control, and a host of other religiously value-laden issues make for easy communication and accommodation between these Protestants and most Jewish groups.



Most Catholic spokesmen, on the other hand, originally opposed the Supreme Court decisions in terms that were surprisingly similar in tone to the declarations of the Protestant South and Middle West. Increased secularization of the public schools is seen as a direct threat to conservative Protestants, and as an attack on religion in public life by Catholics.

Beyond this point, however, the two groups differ. And unless the essentially unstable character of this coalition is comprehended, it is virtually impossible to understand the unpredictable strengths and weaknesses of its pressures on the schools. The largest segment of Protestants opposed to the elimination of prayer and other religious observances in the classroom also opposes with the greatest vigor any grant of public funds to Catholic parochial schools or any move that would increase Catholic influence. Fundamentally, the purely religious loyalties of the two parties to the coalition are directly opposed to each other. For instance, consider the Catholic opposition to public school baccalaureate services throughout the Middle West and the opposition of Protestants to an ambassador to the Vatican.

When the topics of divorce, family relationships, and the nature of authority arise, members of each of the two coalitions again find themselves in agreement. The question of school discipline is a revealing touchstone, for here, too, with some exceptions, the Jews and liberal Protestants tend to be more child-centered and less concerned with traditional forms of authority and discipline. The fundamentalist Protestants and most Catholics tend in the opposite direction. Attitudes toward the subject of mental health divide similarly. What we have in essence is a serious culture conflict, with powerful groups arrayed against each other along fairly distinct religious lines.

THE issue of patriotism and the related problem of communism are directly associated with this culture conflict. Reliance on familiar religious forms, hostility to anti-religious forces, zealous support for traditional forms of authority, a highly developed sense of individual property rights, plus a strong nationalist bias would immediately predispose the conservative coalition to react to the serious threat of the cold war with traditional solutions. Their support for a program of indoctrination in the schools, the feeling that there should be no compromise with evil, and a strong sense of what is right and what is wrong, the insistence that there is good only on our side and nothing but evil "out there" are but a public restatement in pedagogical terms of the manner in which members of the coalition were reared—or believe they were reared.

The opposite approach is also easy to comprehend if we interpret the religious, ethnic, and regional influences on those who support it. The coalition of liberal Protestants and Jews reflects basically a yearning for peace, an effort to achieve possible accommodation with the cold war enemy, and a recognition that authoritarian solutions are difficult if not impossible to achieve. (To be sure, the liberal coalition has at times seemed to be so unaware of the harsher realities of peace and power politics as

(*Continued on page 67*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Creative Revolutions

The New Curricula, *edited by Robert W. Heath (Harper & Row, 292 pp., $5.95), and* ***Realms of Meaning,*** *by Philip H. Phenix (McGraw-Hill, 391 pp., $7.50), deal with new programs and concepts of learning that are revolutionizing American education. The reviewer is Education Consultant to The New World Foundation and Editor-at-Large, Saturday Review.*

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

FORMAL education is a matter of high seriousness. Our lives are shaped by it because tomorrow is being born in the classrooms. What that tomorrow will be depends upon how school keeps. Therefore, the keepers of our schools had better know what they are about and be able to tell the rest of us, so that we may know how to help and when not to hinder.

Realms of Meaning, by Philip Phenix, is a daring leap into that necessary future in which what is taught at all levels of education will, hopefully, make useful sense to the teachers and the taught. This is an imaginative work, sometimes exciting, often frustrating, but finally useful. *The New Curricula*, edited by Robert W. Heath, is a collection of reports on what is stirring in some classrooms. In his Introduction, Paul Woodring declares, "Clearly the time has come for an educational revolution." The essays that follow his give evidence that the shooting has already begun and that some important high ground has been won.

In contrast to Professor Phenix's book, which is synoptic and essentially philosophical, *New Curricula* is programmatic. The first three essays deal with the so-called "new mathematics." Max Beberman's "An Emerging Program of Secondary School Mathematics" is worth the price of the book for its style, its preciseness, and its salesmanship. Both parents and teachers can profit, for example, from his explanation of the "discovery method" of learning.

Jerrold R. Zacharias and Stephen White in "The Requirements for Major Curriculum Revision" offer what could be considered the field manual to accompany the manifesto for the curriculum revolution. The latter was enunciated in 1960 by Jerome S. Bruner in his potent little book *The Process of Education* (see SR, Oct. 15, 1960). In that earlier work, Bruner called upon the scholars at the frontiers of their disciplines to become actively concerned with production of materials and development of teaching procedures to be employed from kindergarten through graduate school. Zacharias and White point out that, "The quality of a curriculum revision is a reflection of the quality of those who carry it out; the mechanisms in themselves produce nothing of value." They further issue a loud and clear warning for which they deserve a special vote of thanks:

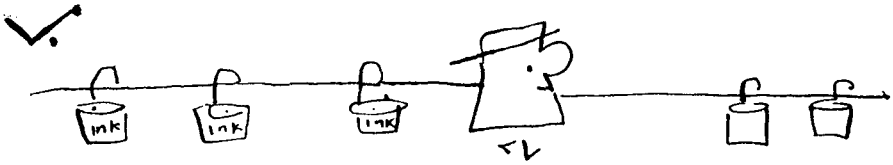
> The immediate and unrelenting assumption of responsibility by the scholar and teacher must accompany the production of every item of material if that material is to be worth having in the classroom. It will be a matter of constant concern, and it will demand constant vigilance.

New Curricula is in a sense an account of the degree to which Bruner has been heeded. In the case of mathematics and the physical sciences (especially under the driving genius of Zacharias), the response has been brilliant and often successful. The biological sciences were only slightly slower in responding, but the quality of their contributions is of a very high order, as Bently Glass points out. There is as yet much heat and considerably less light in the social sciences and the humanities, but the forces of scholarship and administration are being marshaled in those sectors, too. Under the aegis of the U.S. Office of Education, teams of scholars, research scientists, teachers, and school administrators are at work designing and developing curriculum study centers within two huge enterprises: Project English and Project Social Studies. Francis A. J. Ianni of the Cooperative Research Branch of the U.S.O.E. and Lois S. Josephs of the Carnegie Institute of Technology offer a chapter detailing the current development and future plans in these areas. They provide some graphic examples of the ways in which these projects operate and offer some sense of the scope of the programs. These will involve major universities, departments of teacher education, the curriculum program centers, demonstration schools, and associated school systems. In-service programs for teachers will be, and in fact are now being, articulated within the programs. All of this calls for sophisticated but neutral federal support.

All of these efforts are concerned not only with the development of new and improved materials, with experimentation in new procedures, but also with the retraining of the classroom teacher. The healthiest and most attractive aspect of all this activity is that it gives evidence that we have at last gotten beyond the breast-beating stage wherein nothing in American education was valid or praiseworthy. The concern now is to do something. There is of course the accompanying danger that doing something to everything comes to be considered a good in itself.

Sterling M. McMurrin, former U.S. Commissioner of Education and professor of philosophy at the University of Utah, offers a cautionary note in the final essay when he writes, ". . . without a clear conception of what the schools should achieve it is not possible to determine either the proper substance of education or its appropriate methods." It is not enough to rediscover the ancient truth that children can learn more, better, and faster than they have; there is need for decisions about what learning is appropriate to what stage of the child's development. Long ago, Diderot, the French philosopher, observed that it is no great trick to make intellectual monsters out of pretty little children; the point is that the school is charged with helping them become effective and possibly attractive adults.

This is the issue that Philip Phenix attempts to deal with in his *Realms of Meaning*. A philosopher by training, an educator by vocation, he argues that, "Human beings are essentially creatures who have the power to experience *meanings*. Distinctively human experience consists in a pattern of meanings. Furthermore, *general education is the process of engendering essential meanings*." Countering this, he says, are the forces and experiences that tend to distort and destroy meaning. He sees these as the spirit of criticism and skepticism, the depersonalization and fragmentation of life in our complex society, the "sheer mass of cultural products, especially knowledge, which modern man is re-



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quired to assimilate," and the rapid rate of change in the conditions of life "with the consequent feeling of impermanence and insecurity."

Professor Phenix would have the curriculum builders use as their base lines data from the arts and sciences, ordered within six realms or domains that he identifies as follows: *symbolics,* those symbol systems including language, mathematics, rituals, gestures, and all organized patterns by which we communicate; *empirics,* the data of the sciences and the world of man and nature; *esthetics,* the arts both specifically and in general; *ethics,* moral meanings that have to do with personal conduct "that is based on free, responsible, deliberate decision"; and finally *synoptics,* those integrative meanings that include religion, history, and philosophy, through which we make coherent experiences that are separate or fragmented. Responding, as many of the authors of the Heath volume do, to the various challenges and issues raised in Bruner's *Process of Education,* Professor Phenix attempts to demonstrate that "knowledge in the disciplines has patterns or structures and that an understanding of these typical forms is essential for the guidance of teaching and learning"; in short, the curriculum is to be built upon the work and the behavior of the scholars in their own fields.

REALMS OF MEANING is in many ways a noble book. It is earnest and it dares to pursue the implications in the notion that the structure of a discipline carries within it the seeds of the curriculum. This enterprise leads the author on a sometimes sentimental, often breathless, journey through the great and lesser domains of knowledge and endeavor. He explains, often with studied superficiality, what it is like to be an historian, a mathematician, a philosopher, an artist, and even a person.

It will be easy for the various practitioners of the fields he explores to be condescendingly critical of his demonstrations, but let it be said that Professor Phenix dances before the Lord, and for this he deserves our applause. *Realms of Meaning* is not a successful book in terms of its intent; there are too many lapses of style, a too frequent redolence of chalk dust; there are intrusive summaries everywhere, and a dependence on mere enumeration in the place of the genuine logic of the disciplines. Yet in spite of all this, the final impression is the one he sought after: it is not only possible, it is both necessary and inescapable, that the school be so ordered that those who tend and attend it engage in an adventure in learning and come out of that experience capable of expressing and employing their humanity.

Boroff

Continued from page 50

some of those developments (containing luxurious apartments for girls) look like Las Vegas motels replete with swimming pools around which shapely girls recline like Hollywood starlets, their textbooks strewn irrelevantly around.

Then, of course, there is the race issue. U.T. is integrated—nominally anyway. In the early days of integration, there was the Barbara Smith episode. Miss Smith, now a professional singer in New York, had a lead in a campus musical show but was denied the opportunity to perform because of her color. Things have improved, but the dorms are still segregated and tend to reinforce what the Negro students feel most poignantly: their fatal separation from the life of the University.

For the Negro students—over 200 of them—it is an open wound. They are on campus—but invisible. For many of them, as one girl said, the experience is "regressive." "Many of us were valedictorians," she explained, "but here we lose our skills." White students often friendly in private, snub them in public. Ironically, even in a Negro jazz joint that the students frequent – Charlie's Place—white students will look away when they see Negro classmates. At the integrated ROTC ball, white students melted away from mixed tables to which they had been assigned. "Eventually we didn't feel a part of things," a Negro boy explained, "and wound up together."

Most white students accept integration, but as one boy said, "We still have feelings." And the sympathetic ones have a fear of being patronizing. "There was a time," a student explained, "when there were these funny-looking gringoes each with his Negro in tow. These were the over-active integrationists, and they have made us a little wary." There is support from other quarters. The faculty is preponderantly integrationist and often vocal. Some have picketed or helped plan integration strategy at the University and in town. And the church groups have been courageous, throwing their full resources into the fight. In fact, the student Y and some of the churches have provided centers of genuine intellectual excitement not to be found anywhere else on campus.

Happily, the end of the dorm issue is in sight. A law-suit against the University policy of segregated dorms is in the courts, but on May 16, the Board of Regents adopted a no-discrimination policy with respect to admissions, hiring of faculty, and housing. Presumably this means that the dorms will be integrated immediately. The University also announced the appointment of the first Negro faculty member, Dr. Ervin Perry, as assistant professor of engineering. Perry, age 28, is a gifted researcher who did his graduate work at U.T. These developments augur well for U.T.'s future.

But all dissonances at U.T. are drowned out in the football stadium. Here the University speaks with one voice—a loud, thunderous cheer. Nowhere in the country is there greater passion for football; it reached new heights last year when the team won the national championship. The Big Game is against Oklahoma, which takes place in Dallas, followed by a "big blast" at the Municipal Auditorium. But equally ferocious feeling is aroused by Texas A&M, U.T.'s sibling rival, regarded as "gauche, brutish, utter Endsville." When U.T. wins a football game, which is most of the time, the tower on campus is bathed in triumphant light ("a ghastly orange," an unreconstructed critic said sourly.)

There are ten football coaches, including a so-called "brain coach" whose job it is to supervise the athletes' academic performance. He has been known to hover anxiously over professors who teach football players, but he does not exert direct pressure. His principal job is to provide tutors for athletes at the University's expense. "We think of them as working students," he explained. "A student may be a soda-jerk and will use some of his income to hire a tutor. We use some of our income in the same way. After all, our boys are busy when their professors have office hours, so we have to provide them with help at other times."

Head coach Darrell Royal is a good-looking affable man in his late thirties who sits sport-shirted in his executive office, first-names visitors, and chants the old-time religion about football: "You don't achieve success in football without good character. We had a beautiful example of it in the Texas A&M game when we were 80 yards from the goal and 3 points behind. The boys had a choice: to compete or curl up and die. Well, the boys didn't lie down. They believe in something. They're willing to work hard. I'm sure that if they would work as hard in engineering or English, there would be carry-over value."

THE faculty is a vivid mirror of both old Texas and new. There are still some old Southern gentlemen on the staff, but they are a dying breed. And there are some leathery old Westerners, like Frank Dobie (now retired), and Walter Prescott Webb, the distinguished historian who was killed in an automobile accident last year. Then there are the "store-boughten" Eastern and Midwestern professors, the academic carpetbaggers

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imported presumably to give the place some intellectual dash. And there are the scientists, brash and confident, with the gleam of the future in their eyes. It is a wildly varied faculty: from the weekend rancher—a big bruiser who looks like a Marlboro ad despite his Ph.D. and is prone to say to his guests, "Come any time at all; I can tell you're just folks"—to the sophisticated swingers who tell "inside" stories about Leslie Fiedler's last visit. There are relatively few women on the faculty; U.T. is a man's world.

Salaries are respectable—hardly dazzling. Next year there will be thirty endowed professorships at salaries of from twenty to twenty-five thousand, but the average salaries for next year will be $13,972 for full professor, $10,309 for associate professor, $8,475 for assistant professor, and $5,614 for instructor. There are no sabbaticals, but leaves with pay for research are granted to the deserving. The people who publish—and it *is* a publish-or-perish place—teach six to nine hours a week; distinguished researchers in science teach even less. And top-echelon professors teach undergraduates only, as one man put it, "if it's a matter of their personal addiction." There is the usual student discontent about the inaccessibility of their professors and the usual vows of reform by some conscience-stricken teachers.

TEXAS has been the scene of bitter struggle over academic freedom in the past. By and large, there is now surcease from battle. The current Board of Regents is free from the repressive tendencies of its predecessors and recognizes that in the scramble for faculty nothing could be more disabling than a know-nothing reputation. And there is a certain relevance to the remark of Ernest Goldstein of the Law School faculty, who said, "I have more academic freedom than my brother at Yale. I've tested it; he hasn't."

"We are outrageously confident," a faculty member said. The phrase that keeps recurring in conversation with some members of the faculty is U.T.'s "imaginative leap." Martin Arrowsmith of the Classics Department takes pride in *Arion*, his department's publication, which is widely respected. "Elsewhere," he said, "it could not be established without five or six years of lobbying and then would have fallen into the hands of a committee which would castrate it."

There is indeed a kind of inner brain trust of younger men—"Harry's boys"—beginning to age, alas, who are close to Dr. Harry Ransom, the Chancellor, and who, in effect, have a *carte blanche* to try anything. They include Arrowsmith, Roger Shattuck (Romance languages), John Robert Silber (philosophy), and a few others. They have given the University a certain exuberant flavor. Ransom himself is the new breed of Texan. Urbane, Yale-educated, he is the spearhead of the drive towards excellence. On his own—perhaps the only university president to do so—he established and edits (in odd moments) *The Texas Quarterly*.

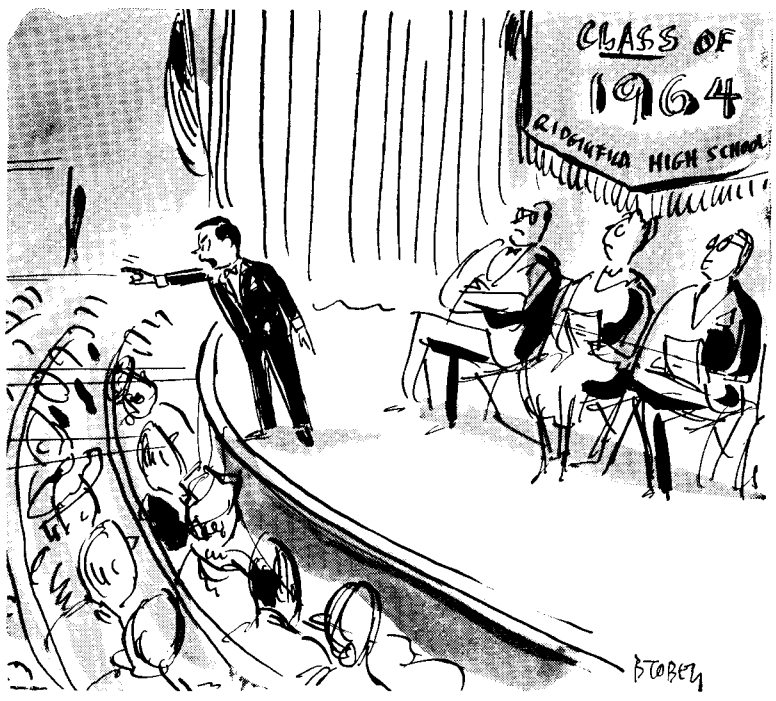
How good, then, is the University of Texas? Not as good as some of its zealots would have you believe, but a good deal better than spiteful outsiders are prepared to acknowledge. It has some excellent departments: linguistics, classics, sociology, Germanic languages, genetics, botany, and some branches of engineering. Its library is superb, and its manuscript collection was described to me by an expert in New York as the best in the country outside of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, and the Huntington Library. In the not too distant future, the University hopes to have 8,000 graduate students and then move into the first rank.

Not everyone is so sanguine. One professor offered this bleak view of the state of U.T.: "I see the University, like in one of the animated cartoons, running up and down saying, 'I'm going to fly! I'm going to fly!' But I don't think it will ever get off the ground." But the faculty consensus was summed up by another professor who declared: "The University is obsessed with itself, but it is capable of some lively things."

However, this obsession with self may seriously impair the University's march to greatness. Nowhere outside of the military academies did I encounter an institution of higher learning more persuaded of its virtue, so sensitive to criticism, and so unable to tolerate ambiguity. Moreover, the administration was less than cooperative when I tried to locate some of the University's critics. For all U.T.'s imposing size and growing prestige, it still has a familial, self-protecting flavor. It was hard for the University to understand that they were not helping me—or themselves—by stubbornly putting only their best foot forward.

IN short, the University of Texas—like the state itself—has a naïve kind of love-me-or-hate-me psychology. They can be ineffably warm and charming and generous. (So much so that professor from the Midwest confessed that "it felt good to visit Chicago and be insulted by a clerk again.") But if you are not entirely with them, then you are against them. This was painfully demonstrated by a faculty wife who not long ago published an article about Austin. It was a witty and perceptive sketch with, inescapably, the ironies and mildly malicious overstatements that any sophisticated Easterner would engage in. U.T. professors—including some surprisingly good ones—sniped viciously at her character when her name was mentioned.

But these may be growing pains. One may hope that when the University of Texas achieves the stature it aspires towards, it will develop a sense of security that will make such episodes unlikely. But even until that happens, the propaganda line is absolutely right in one respect: Texas is a place to watch.



"It isn't enough to hand over the torch! Hand over the torch and stand out of our way!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eldridge

Continued from page 59

Greene does not report this sequel in her book), not necessarily because they completely agreed with her, but because they respected her for stating a point of view and a policy—and Vassar authorities have the impression that a considerable number of their girls have made good use of this as a bulwark to support their own stands, which up to that time might have been tottering.

Now the forty men and women from the eight colleges have asked for another meeting, this time to be attended by college deans and/or presidents, coming at the invitation of the students, to consider jointly possible developments for the following *student-defined* propositions.

1. The college's position on moral standards should be made clear. It should take a stand on where the responsibilities lie. Many institutions remain ambiguous in this respect.

2. The college should represent something identifiable to its students, enabling them to know what they are living by. There is a general lack of direction.

3. The student's responsibility to the institution is to abide by the academic and social obligations, no matter how strict or lenient they may be.

4. Students who are unable to meet the standards set by the institution should be provided for in the form of counseling or, if necessary, psychiatric care.

5. Generally, a college should not interfere in the personal life of its students unless their actions have a detrimental effect on the college community.

6. The college should afford its students freedom with understanding.

7. The college should provide room for growth. It is obliged to produce intellectually and emotionally mature people to the best of its efforts. Responsibility breeds responsibility; restrictions can only hinder the best intentions of the college.

8. There should be more introspection and self-evaluation on the part of the college faculty and administration.

The college, according to these undergraduates, should set a *tone*, not a code; it should afford its students realistic freedom and understanding; it should not legislate morality, but at the same time should provide adequate protection for those who need it, guiding the students, while not interfering with their actions except when the latter are detrimental to the college as a whole. More guidance should be provided during the first two years, and especially during the freshman year, but at no time should the institution be a strong force of *regulation*, either morally or personally.

Some of their statements suggest an interesting dichotomy in the thinking of students, who would not question the right of the college to regulate academic standards and requirements, but who seem to miss the fact that these may be adversely affected by lack of supporting regulations to protect the student from serious distractions and even physical handicaps that might well result—from unwanted pregnancy, for example, that might have been prevented by certain regulations such as *not* permitting the entertainment of members of the other sex in one's dormitory room.

Some students do sense this, as one of them indicated when she said, "Young people are pushing to find the outer limits of acceptable behavior, and it looks as if there may soon be no limits at all. I think it is untrue that everyone either wants to or is emotionally capable of renouncing one set of standards and then forming a workable, satisfying personal code. To do this requires a degree of maturity which some college students do not have. . . . Guidelines to behavior could do no harm but implicit acceptance of indiscriminate sexual experiment does."

And again a woman student speaking: "Tradition is not wrong just because it does not affect everyone. Nor are morals invalid because they are not strictly upheld. That times have changed has been ascertained; that they have progressed has not! Until we can say, without reservation, that new values or lack of values are better than the old, the case for premarital chastity is a valid one!"

As one who survived his own undergraduate days in the Roaring Twenties, was a teacher during the "depressed Thirties," served as dean of men in an eastern college during the days after World War II, including part of the "fast Fifties," and has enjoyed the past seven years as head of a college for women, I have reached the conclusion that the establishment of new standards of values—involving not only sex but also honor systems, responsible self-government, and personal integrity and good taste—will originate in our women's colleges.

This, too, has to do with tradition, and was unconsciously affirmed by the deans who participated in the planning session of the eight-college conference referred to above. The male administrators at first were negatively inclined toward the whole idea of a conference on this subject. As the discussion went on, however, according to one of the women deans, "It became obvious that all the men deans were aware of new currents sweeping their campuses and they would like to do something to stem the tide they have seen creeping higher. There are many things going on on their own campuses they dislike very much but I gathered they have been reluctant to step out and take any leading role against the press of youth. As we explained the background of the conference and what we hoped might be accomplished, they relaxed and eventually agreed they really would like to attempt in some small way to see what student action might come up with as answers for some of their problems. They cited the dress problem, drinking, misconduct, lack of integrity, etc., as problems they all face."

Can it be that the women deans are going to assert their rights, too, and actually take a stand against "laissez faire?" If so, this might have a sensational effect on our society. Being deans, they know that the idea of equal rights for women is now accepted as a social and political fact; being women, they know that responsibility for the results of sexual relationships can never be equal because of the biological facts!

Like most people who have continued happily in my profession, I am an inveterate though not naïve optimist, and I completely agree with John W. Gardner's argument, expressed in an article *On Men and Moral Values*, that "the moral order undergoes regeneration as well as decay—a continuous 'recurrence of birth,' offsetting death. Men are always corrupting the old symbols, drifting away from the old truths. But while some are losing their faith, others are achieving new spiritual insights; while some grow slack and hypocritical, others bring a new meaning and vitality to moral striving."

To this I would simply add that I believe the women in today's younger generation, guided and helped by those responsible for their education, may well exert their ultimate right to equality by taking the leadership in bringing this "new meaning and vitality to moral striving" in the years ahead.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Des Moines (French). 2. Las Vegas (Spanish). 3. Carlsbad (German). 4. Palo Alto (Spanish). 5. Bâton Rouge (French). 6. Norfolk (Anglo-Saxon). 7. Terre Haute (French). 8. Alameda (Spanish). 9. Fond du Lac (French). 10. Pierre (French). 11. Albuquerque (Latin-Spanish). 12. Escondido (Spanish). 13. Le Sueur (French). 14. Los Gatos (Spanish). 15. Mosquero (Spanish). 16. Chicago (American Indian). 17. Nogales (Spanish). 18. Socorro (Spanish). 19. Amarillo (Spanish). 20. Ratón (Spanish).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Birnbaum

(*Continued from page* 62)

to cause their opponents to question both their patriotism and their competence to administer affairs of state.) This group also displays a considerably smaller degree of nationalism, and their support of the U.N. is, therefore, firm. In direct contrast, the conservative religious coalition reflects strong suspicion and outright hostility to the U.N. and its affiliated agencies, especially UNESCO. And finally, the liberal coalition's memory of Hitler predisposes its members to be especially vigilant in opposing any excessive anti-communism that tends to bracket communism with liberalism.

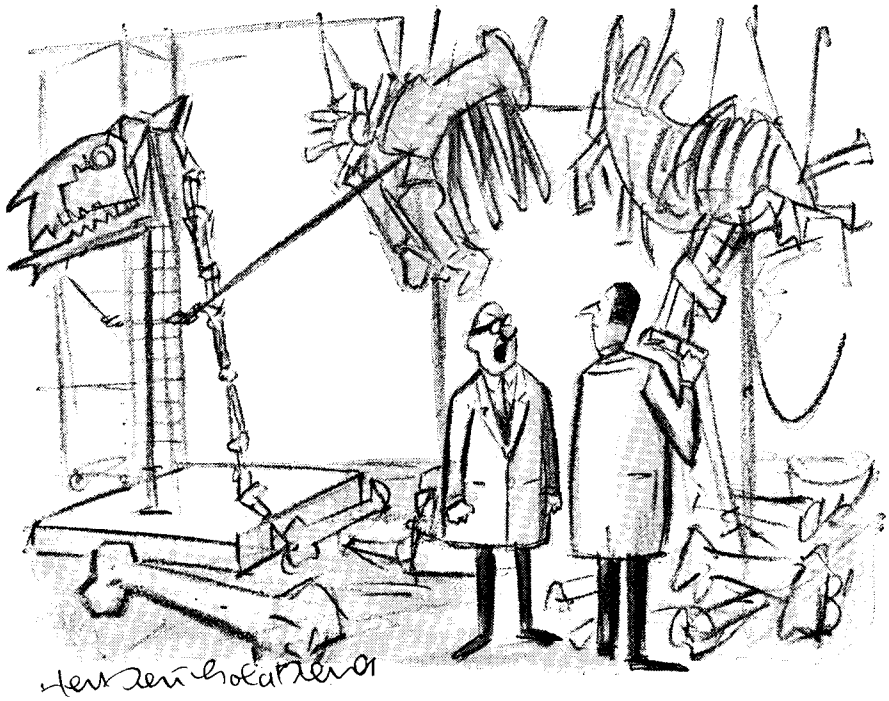
WHAT impact the recent shift in emphasis and viewpoint within the Roman Catholic Church will have on issues that concern the public schools is a matter for speculation. Very likely, leading Catholic spokesmen will join with the liberal coalition on selected issues at first, but ultimately the full import of the Catholic Church's ecumenical effort to reorient itself for participation in a religiously and racially pluralist society will make itself felt—and with profound effects on the American public school scene. This realignment will not only have profound influence on the atmosphere in which values are taught—possibly making the job easier—but it may also lead to further experiments in closer cooperation between public and parochial schools such as shared-time programs.

The racial problem has been reserved for separate treatment for several reasons. Race in our culture has been an infinitely more difficult barrier to surmount than religious or ethnic background, and the Negro has been compelled to condense into a few short years what for other groups has been decades of organization and effort. The violence of the Negro thrust can only be understood when we remember what happens when a coiled spring, compressed to its utmost, is suddenly released. The election of 1960 was won with the strong surge of Negro votes in the major Northern city strongholds of the Democratic Party. What has happened since has been the presentation of a bill for payment for services rendered. This process is as old as the political realities of American elections.

The Negroes, who are primarily Protestant, although there is a sizable Catholic minority, have hardly engaged in "religious politics;" their overriding concern has been the question of race. So basic is the issue of color that increasingly the Negroes have become a separate entity, considered as a third force in addition to the two religious coalitions. This condition will undoubtedly continue for some time to come. Ironically, in the last few years the cause of equality for the Negro has become the first occasion for a remarkable degree of cooperation and collaboration among the three major religious faiths. Short of war, this has not happened before. (There are other signs that cooperation on behalf of the cause of the Negro may be the first of a series of collaborations on crucial issues, such as U.N. support and world peace.)

The Negro, with the help of his white allies, has turned to the schools with a host of demands that have upset public education as seldom before. This is true not only in the South, where the issue has been a matter of constitutional right, but also in the North, where the school has become the major instrumentality for the symbolic—if not actual—end of racial segregation. Balked at ending residential segregation immediately, and unable to secure the kinds of jobs that satisfy their rising expectations, the Negroes have turned on the schools with a series of demands. Almost overnight the problems of the education of deprived children and the school drop-out have become predominantly the problems of Negro children. They have also become the two most discussed educational problems since the post-Sputnik overhaul of science and mathematics teaching. The reverberation of this onslaught will affect the teaching of history and social problems, textbook revision, the nature of teaching, the organization of schools, and practically every other facet of education. But what is perhaps most meaningful for the teaching of social values is that the militancy of the civil rights movement has heightened our awareness of the fact that so many of our values reflect a white culture with unconscious as well as conscious biases. These will be repeatedly challenged from now on. Excessive sensitivity that has led to attacks on *Huckleberry Finn* and other classics will undoubtedly abate in the future, but the period immediately ahead promises to be a very stormy one for schools and teachers.

The gradual dissolution of a homogeneous, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant society, the appearance of the conservative and liberal religious coalitions, and the emergence of the racial crisis will necessarily lead either to a truly pluralist society or to chaos. The problem for the public schools, of course, is especially acute. Caught for the past two decades in a religio-ethnic crossfire, they are suddenly also beset by racial conflicts. Their only salvation is to begin immediately to bring to bear all our present knowledge and experience to develop ground rules for teaching and learning in a diverse society that will conserve our basic values and still accommodate the emerging social order. Fortunately, such a pluralist solution is in harmony with the spirit of our democratic ideal and the reality of our constitutional tradition. But the task will be a difficult one—far more difficult and complex than most of us have yet admitted.



"Dr Wilberforce, if I hear you singing the knee bone is connected to the thigh bone, the thigh bone is connected to the hip bone once more . . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nehru

Continued from page 21

like "inevitability," "free will," and "determinism."

Imprecise though these terms were bound to be, I had asked Nehru whether he accepted the idea of implacable historical forces beyond man's reach.

In matters such as these, he had replied, it was well to avoid absolute judgments.

Even so, I had said, it was perhaps fair to ask how he reacted philosophically to the eternal debate over free will *vs.* determinism.

"I would still try to avoid absolute judgments," he had replied. "Actually, I think it possible to reconcile the two. Do you play bridge?"

"Very little and very poorly," I had said.

"No matter," he resumed. "Determinism is like the cards that are dealt you. Free will is how you play them. The interaction between the two determines what you are as a person—or even a nation."

• • •

The man as prophet and politician. Jawaharlal Nehru may have been able to reconcile free will and determinism, but he was never able to reconcile the conflict inside himself between prophet and politician.

As prophet, he had profound kinship with Mahatma Gandhi. Whenever you asked him about his innermost beliefs he was certain to say that the most important conviction of his life—one taught him by Gandhi—was that good ends never justified bad means. Violence, even in a good cause, defeated the good.

"We must not appease evil," he had said in our recorded conversation in 1951, "but we must also remember that evil is not surmounted by wrong methods that themselves produce more evil. I have felt more and more that the basic lesson Gandhi taught was right, that means should not be subordinated to ends.

"I know these ideas cannot easily be translated into life. A political leader cannot function like a prophet. He has to limit himself to people's understanding of him; otherwise, he cannot function at all."

"What happens when the moralist becomes politician and is faced with the need to get things done?" we asked.

"I am not a moralist or even a very good politician. I have dabbled in various things because they interest me. The politician has to compromise. That is what makes him a politician. But it may make a difference if he at least begins with certain convictions or principles. Anyway, I think Gandhi was right about ends and means and about violence. I hope to come as close as I can to making this a working philosophy."

Some years later, in a letter, he returned to this theme.

"A leader must not only feel what is right," he wrote, "but he has also to convince masses of people about it. Thus, he tends to compromise or else he would cease to be the leader. The only example I know in contemporary history of a leader who refused to compromise with what he thought was right is Gandhi—and Gandhi was assassinated in the end, as prophets often are."

Yet even Gandhi, faced with the terrible gravitational pull of events, could acquiesce in compromise, even if he was not an architect of it. Shortly after independence, armed raiders from the Northwest moved into the Kashmir. Nehru didn't hesitate. He ordered military action. He didn't wait to consult Gandhi.

Once having acted, Nehru told Gandhi he had decided to use force in the Kashmir because this was the only course open to him. He was sorry if what he had done had brought pain to Gandhi.

Gandhi put his arm around Nehru's shoulders. He didn't have to say anything.

The battle between politician and prophet inside Nehru never left him. Before he had the responsibility for governing a nation, he could define goals in terms of necessity instead of workability or attainability; he could move toward an objective without having to develop a consensus in order to achieve it; he could advocate rather than legislate. Once in office, he found himself plagued by some of the very tactics that had been so effective in gaining independence for India. Separatist movements sprang up throughout the country; this or that state would want its own language or cultural or political autonomy. The methods used to advance these objectives, naturally enough, were the same ones that had been used to such good effect against the British. In order to deal with these methods, it was necessary for Nehru to be tougher than his personal makeup would warrant.

We were in India in 1961 when the P. M. was having severe difficulties with Master Tara Singh, the Sikh separatist leader. In quest of his objectives, Singh went on a hunger strike. We asked Nehru how it felt being the target of this device, as contrasted to the time when he himself was an agitator identified with Gandhi, who made personal hunger and suffering into one of the most potent political weapons in history.

His face clouded over. I could tell it was painful for him to think about it.

"Frankly," he said, "I don't like it. I don't think this is the right way to go about persuading a government."

For the first time in the years we had known him, he seemed to stammer somewhat. Then he realized the irony of the situation. He smiled.

"I think I told you that a politician has to act in a certain way," he said. "What else is there to be done? I can't give in to the man and allow India to become a mass of splinters."

"Do you feel the hunger strike is—well, hitting below the belt?"

"In a sense, yes."

"How did you feel about it when Gandhi used it?"

"To tell the truth, I didn't feel quite right about it even then. If I analyze my feelings, I suppose I felt rather awkward about it. But you don't have to try very hard if you want to catch me in an inconsistency. This is the occupational disease of any philosopher who finds himself in the position of an operating leader."

IT was at that 1961 meeting that I discerned for the first time the visible evidence in Nehru of physical deterioration. One side of his face seemed rigid, as though he had suffered a stroke. His posture was no longer as erect as it had once been. The fatigue came through in his voice. For more than a half-century he had made India his life and work. Thinking he might be looking forward to a time when he might lay down his burden and return to his writing and thinking, we asked what he would do if it became possible for him to be freed of his government responsibilities.

"You mean, what would I do if I retired?"

"Yes."

We had thought his face would light up at the prospect. Just the opposite. He looked as though nothing would be more unwelcome.

"Well, I suppose there are some things I might do," he said without any particular enthusiasm in his voice. "I like to walk. I would probably walk quite a bit, in the mountains. I might want to read a bit. But I really haven't thought much about it."

More than ever, we realized that Nehru loved his job and had no thought of leaving it; he loved everything about it, the contradictions, the inner strug-

"It is dangerous to be guided . . . by hatreds and aversions."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gle, the endless pressures and counter-pressures, the physical strain and the anguish and the multiple problems and complexities and the insolubles. Most of all, he loved the direct connection he had with the people of India and the destiny of his nation.

Before leaving him, we had one more question to ask—even though we knew he was annoyed whenever it came up. But everyone was asking the question all through India, and, indeed, throughout the world: After Nehru, who? In talking to newspaper editors and members of the government, we had encountered considerable feeling, some of it bitter, because Nehru had not selected a successor. One editor said he couldn't understand why Nehru couldn't anticipate the chaos and disintegration that would afflict India upon his death in the absence of a designated successor. A prominent member of the Congress Party told us that the battle for his successor might go on for months. He said Nehru was neglecting his responsibility.

We put the question to the Prime Minister. But we approached the subject somewhat gingerly.

"People say that the greatest part of Gandhi's legacy to India was you," we said. "Now, who is your legacy to India?"

He didn't hesitate a moment.

"Four hundred million people who are capable of selecting a leader for themselves. I am not going to do it for them. It would be insolent of me to do it."

"But suppose they don't have that capacity?"

"They do. Anyway, it is rather depressing to me to believe that everything we have tried to do about preparing people to rule themselves has failed. I don't believe we have failed, at least not in that respect."

"They say—even some of your friends say—that if you fail to designate a successor, the attempt to choose one would tear the country to pieces. They say that all your good work could be undone if you don't train a man to take your place."

"I think we will do all right. I think the country will do quite all right."

At that time, it is possible that he was the only man in India who held that view. Today, the Indian people know how right he was. They have been able to select a successor, a good man and a wise man. They have been able to do so without upheaval or disintegration. And they have gained in strength because of it. They have vindicated Nehru's confidence in them. They have also justified his highest aspirations. Nehru's death, in a real sense, marks the coming of age of a free and mature India. His legacy is what he wished it to be.

Wilson

Continued from page 53

sign twenty pages on nautical history, whether or not they are read and understood.

There is no way to stop the criticism of the exposé writer or the noise-maker down the street. In a deeper sense, no one wants to eliminate criticism. Responsible criticism is needed at all school levels, from kindergarten to the university graduate school. But broadside complaints against the entire profession and picky blasts at individual practices do more to stifle creative teaching than the repeated failures of tax referendums.

NO, there is no way to stop the grist mills of complaint. But there are things that people seriously interested in the welfare of public education can do. First, they can stop acting like the critics themselves. Every blast from the opportunistic critic is accompanied by a flood of inquiries from well-meaning people, whose skeptical scowls are scarcely discernible from the critic's snarls. Generally such people, after an investigation, satisfy themselves that their own local schools are a sparkling exception to the critic's broad charges. But in the process of investigation they leave trails of suspicion and resentment streaking through the school community.

Second, they can speak up for the teachers and principals and schools that they know are good. Far too often, the loud-voiced barbs and wisecracks of the critic, at the supermarket or cocktail party, go unchallenged. It has become an accepted part of social intercourse tacitly to acknowledge that kids are incorrigible, that all teachers are slightly touched, that the schools are committed by philosophy to fun and foolishness.

Finally, the informed citizen can take a more active interest in the election of qualified and responsible members to the board of education. Make no mistake about it—over a period of time, a school system reflects the character and intelligence of its board members. The fiction that American schools are controlled by an interlocking directorship of administrators and professors of education is pure poppy-cock. There isn't an administrator, and in turn a teaching staff, that isn't acutely responsive to the desires, and unfortunately the whims, of a board of education. What weaknesses the American school has can be traced largely to weak membership on boards of education.

The American public school is truly the product of the people who support it. It will be made worse, or better, not only by the dollars infused into the budget, but by the kind of moral support given by thoughtful parents and other citizens.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

YOU CAN take advantage of the excellent Washington, D.C., research facilities—headquarters for government, science, health, trade associations; 200 special libraries plus the Library of Congress. Your background material assembled for you. Reasonable rates. Box H-710.

LITERARY RESEARCH for bibliographers, etc. Enclose return postage for rates. Metropolitan Book Service, Box 6959, Washington, D.C. 20032.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box H-740.

BOOKS

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N. Y. We pay postage.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

PAPERBACK CATALOGUE, 50¢. 150 pages, 10,300 titles, subject indexed. New York Book Shoppe, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36. Mail your paperback requirements. Postage free.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

EXCHANGE PAPERBACKS: details 10¢. Bruce Clark SR, 115 McGavock Pike, Nashville, Tennessee 37214.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 21, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, POLISH periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to German, Austrian, Swiss magazines make thoughtful gifts. Request catalogue. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, NYC 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

(Continued on page 70)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 69)

OUT-OF-PRINT

BIBLIOPHILES: Extensive Research, no obligation. Free Search Service. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570-S, Long Beach 1, California.

TAINTER'S CHICK BOOKSHOP. Temple, N. H. Books on anything and everything. Try our search service for that certain book.

BOOKS LOCATED. LISTS. Write Out-of-State Book Service. Box 1253, San Clemente, California 92672.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

LOCATE BOOKS! California Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, Box 194, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

FROM STOCK! Good Books—At Fair Prices—with Quick Service. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio 43609.

OUT-OF-PRINT? Hard to find? We specialize in locating the difficult. Fast, reasonable. Ardsley Books, Box 4308, Sunnyside 4, N. Y.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Your satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

METROPOLITAN BOOK SERVICE. Worldwide book search—free. Box 6959, Washington, D. C. 20032.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Free experienced service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH. 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee 38127. Book finders.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts—wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 129 S. Botolph Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

BACK NUMBERS

AMERICAN HERITAGE Magazines: I (1949) through XV (1964). All. Sold-Bought. Issues, Runs. Reid-Books, 1404 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11230.

ART

1,000 ORIGINAL BRITISH MEDIEVAL RUBBINGS. $10 to $25. Knights • Secular • Elizabethan • Multiple and Ornamented Figures. Picture House, 86-01 Northern Boulevard, Jackson Heights 72, N.Y. Near World's Fair. Catalogue.

SCULPTURE WORKSHOP. July 19th to August 7th at Squaw Valley, California. Presented by University of California Extension. Instruction by Tito Giambruni, Ofelia Arizemendi, Harold Paris, Richard O'Hanlon, Jeremy Anderson. For a descriptive brochure write University Extension, University of California, Berkeley, California 94720.

PAINTING, DRAWING, SCULPTURE summer classes—Aspen School of Art, Colorado Rockies. Write G. Price, 3 Rutherford Place, New York 3, N.Y.

BEAUTIFUL DOOR COUNTY, WISCONSIN. Door Harbor School of Arts. July 6th-August 29th. Ted Kraynik, Director. Classes daily Sculpture, Painting, Crafts, and Graphics. University caliber staff. Address inquiries: P.O. Box 63, Ephraim, Wisconsin.

MUSIC

MARLBORO (VERMONT) MUSIC FESTIVAL, Rudolf Serkin, Director. Pablo Casals Master Classes. Weekend concerts: July 3rd to August 16th. Festival Orchestra, Bach Cantatas, Chamber Music. Write Marlboro Festival, Box 25, Marlboro, Vermont. Telephone 802-254-8163.

MUSIC THERAPY

MUSIC THERAPY CENTER offers individual music therapy as adjunct to psychotherapy. Referral required. Nonprofit. 18 West 74th Street, New York City 23. SChuyler 4-5578.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

SABATHIL HARPSICHORDS unite authentic sound and modern reliability. Vancouver, Canada.

GUITAR KIT $24.95 (F.O.B. NYC). Spruce and maple wood. Materials and instructions supplied. DO IT YOURSELF and save (Extraordinary Value!). Hargail, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

DeBLAISE HARPSICHORDS: quality craftsmanship. 453 West 21st, New York 10011.

FOLK GUITARS, BANJOS—1964 catalogue 25¢. Main Music, 4139 Main, Skokie, Illinois.

RECORD MART

GOETHE FAUST I, Deutsche Grammophon, original German cast: Gruendgens, Hartmann, Gold, three LP set, textbook, $19.95. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

MUSIC OF RUSSIA on records—imported from USSR. Russian Operas, Folk Songs, Classical Music. ALSO: Dramatic Readings and Children's Stories on records in Russian. ALSO: Russian Art Reproductions in color and black and white. Mail orders filled. Free catalogues. Phone CHelsea 2-4500. Stop in and browse. FOUR CONTINENT BOOK CORP., Dept. 322, 156 Fifth Avenue (Corner 20th Street), New York, N.Y. 10010.

FOLK MUSIC RECORDINGS of consistent quality—authentic traditional singers, instrumentalists; tasteful interpreters. For descriptive catalogue write Box SR, Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., Huntington, Vermont.

SCHOOLS

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY. Two schools: Toms River, New Jersey; St. Petersburg, Florida (also Junior School). Fully accredited. Prepares for all colleges, government academies. Naval science. Testing. Sports. Pools. Bands. Summer camp, school. Catalogue. Box S, Toms River, New Jersey.

BOYNTON SCHOOL. Orford, New Hampshire (near Dartmouth). Starting fall 1964 for 9th grade boys; church (Episcopal) emphasis; limited enrollment; self-help; moderate tuition; beautiful surroundings; 200 acre farm; horses, etc.; languages, music, sports. Contact A. J. Boynton, Jr.

COLLEGES

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 430 Cuyahoga Savings Building, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

HAVING DIFFICULTY entering college? We still have vacancies. YAMPA VALLEY COLLEGE, Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

FRENCH AND GERMAN academic year in Geneva and Neckar Valley castle in Germany for American college students. Transferable credits. Excellent faculty. September to June $1,650. For information write Schiller College, U.S. Office, 425 Laurel Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

ADULT EDUCATION

BRITANNICA SCHOOLS — Secondary and college level courses "programmed" uniquely for home study by newest member of Encyclopaedia Britannica family. Exclusive arrangements with Iowa Writers' Workshop for courses in poetry and fiction writing. Write Dept. SRG, Britannica Schools, 14 East Jackson, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Complete your collection with the scenes you missed. Select from thousands of colorful 35 mm slides from 98 countries and official New York World's Fair slides* (sold individually) — 8 & 16 mm movies also available — all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it—restricted interiors—Holy Land narrations with new slides—Oberammergau 1960—Tahiti—exciting peoples of the Far East! Send 25¢ for the big 88 page, 8th edition Wolfe Catalogue of Hi-Fi slides in true, living color. For more than 13 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 764-B, Los Angeles 90025. *Distributed in association with Photo Lab, Inc., Official Licensee, New York World's Fair 1964-1965.

LANGUAGES

NEW! "TEACHING-MACHINE" WAY! If you are short of time for study or are dissatisfied with tutors, classrooms or records, then quick and easy "Programmed Self-Learning" is the answer for you. Proven results! Approximately 50% faster, retention 3 to 4 times longer. Self-paced. Based on Harvard's Skinner Technique now in use by leading institutions. We have Schools of Automated Learning in New York. For out of New York, we provide Self-Learning Packages containing teaching machines, "programmed" courses, supplemented by audio-visual material. From $65 to $435. (30 other subjects also available.) Learning Foundations Institute, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 10017.

FOR THE GOURMET

VOLUPTUOUS VICTUALS! "Look's Atlantic" Maine Lobster Newburg! Impetrate your purveyor ineluctably! Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut.

GOURMET FOODS for your table and gift giving. Exquisite selections. Request mail order catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

COFFEE LOVERS! Jean Gordon's fascinating "Coffee Recipes; Customs, Facts & Fancies" with illustrations and recipes from 45 countries using coffee as a beverage or flavoring. Paper $1.50, Cloth $3.50. ("Rose" or "Orange Recipes"—same price.) Red Rose Publications, SR, St. Augustine, Florida.

HOBBIES

THIRTY ORDOVICIAN FOSSILS, $1.98. Fossil Tidepools, Box 263, Lebanon, Ohio.

30 DIFFERENT "S" Mint Lincolns—$2.95. Send for list other coin values. CVL, Box 43-R, Pratt, Brooklyn, N.Y.

PERSONALS

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch, Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music. Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 6-4-C, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

B.A. DEGREE PROGRAM FOR ADULTS. Six months independent study cycles begin and end with week on campus. College experience required. New admissions accepted in August and February. Write Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English language newspapers overseas, social work. Highly recommended for many years. 1964 edition only $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N. Y.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

STOPPERS—Glass Stoppers for Decanters. We can replace missing or repair broken stoppers, also china and glass covers. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 16.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

WORLD FAMOUS CLASSICAL GUITARS AND LUTES: Fine collection of the leading masters of Spain and Western Germany shipped on approval. Most reasonably priced. Write for particulars. Locker's—Importers, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

HARPSICHORD RECITAL by Igor Kipnis—Bach, Handel, Soler, Dussek. 2 discs, Golden Crest CR 4071, mono, stereo, $9.96. Available, Magirex, Box 14, Little Neck, N.Y.

CULTURED FRENCH FAMILY will accommodate limited number American pupils in lovely XVIII century modernized home near Limoges. Available: All French public and private schools; specialized schools art, music, housekeeping; professional studies law, medicine, etc.; home tutoring, trips, culture. Enrollments open for '64/'65 school year. Write Thevenin, Solignac, Haute-Vienne, France.

VERMONT is now an easy drive from the World's Fair. Carol Brown's, in Putney, is near the southern end of Vermont, on U.S. 91 and 5. Come by and see her collection of outstanding fabrics: Irish handwoven tweeds, raw silks, cottons.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue, New York 10021. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

STRINGS—STRINGS—STRINGS. 300 varieties for all instruments. We specialize in the finest quality, in return-mail delivery, and, happy day, we save you money. Send for our string supplement catalogue and see! Wayne J. Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, New York 25, N.Y.

FOOT COMFORT—Also extra large sizes. Free all-seasons catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin, sheepskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

MARTELL'S—Fine food and spirituous liquors—we're open for lunch now. Enjoy our new sidewalk cafe bringing Paris to New York. Like to greet you. Third Avenue at Eighty-Third, NYC.

EARLY AMERICAN playing cards wanted. Also Massachusetts Bay Colony money, Harper's Weekly bound copies. Ray Austrian, 229 East 53rd Street, New York.

DEFY the credit-hour system! Intensive study, physical work, social commitment. Self-description required with inquiry. S. Jacoby, RIVERSIDE FARM, South Kortright, N.Y.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U. S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual "Teaching Opportunities in England," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

WHAT IS THE AIR like downwind of Heaven? Sniff someone wearing our hand-blended fresh flower fragrances! Circular G, May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

MAGNIFICENT 18th century Chinese palanquin? Red lacquer, carved gold front. Glass painted panels: 7' height, 5' length, 3' depth. If interested, phone SAcramento 2-2623 NYC, Box H-715.

ESCAPE BORING HUMDRUM HOURS by playing popular Solitaire with new, original competitive point scoring system. Directions with 2,250 deals score pad, $1.00 postpaid. Barron's System, P.O. Box 8431, Asheville, N.C. 28804.

"MY WIFE IS FAIR, feeds well, loves company, is free of speech." Well-adjusted. Her books come from the British Book Centre, 122 East 55th Street, NYC.

"HE WHO SPEAKS WELL does well" • Social • Business • Private • Class • Brochure. "Speech Center," 165 West 46th Street, NYC. LT 1-3471 after 6 p.m.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 135 Broadway, New York 6.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

OIL PORTRAITS hand painted on canvas from your photo. Information: Maldeau, Franklin, Pennsylvania.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, New Jersey.

VOLUNTARY STERILIZATION—Questions and Answers. Send 25¢. Human Betterment Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc., 515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

PERSONALS

TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT when in Washington. Worship Saturday morning in the air-conditioned Sligo Seventh-day Adventist Church, Flower and Carroll, Takoma Park, Maryland. Sensibly biblical.

"TIKKI," the modified South Sea island wrap-around bathing suit for men. Fits sizes 28 to 34. $5 postpaid to "Tikki," Box 475, Southport, Connecticut.

DEAN OF WOMEN position wanted in four year college. Widow, 47, master's degree, two years experience as Assistant to Dean. Box G-662.

CREATIVE DESIGNER, B.S. and graduate school, unmarried male, 40's, seeks change of job or locale. Interested in people, ideas, writing. Prefer suburbs. H-197.

CARLETON GRADUATE, female. M.A. French. English, Education. Travel, write, edit, translate, tutor. August. Box H-649.

MAN FRIDAY—Male, perspicacious, personable, seeks permanent position. Aide, confidant. Background banking, bookkeeping, typing, timekeeper, navy hospitalman. References. Box H-681.

GRADUATING M.A., English literature, girl, 23, Phi Beta Kappa, some teaching experience, wants job, academic or commercial. Box H-638.

YOUNG MAN, 29, college graduate, speaks German, extensive European traveler, Epicure, available June-August as travel aide. Excellent references. Box H-216.

NEW COLLABORATOR WANTED—Seasoned ASCAP stage composer seeks experienced bookwriter-lyricist, NYC. Box H-297.

MAN, 50, hard of hearing, seeks promising job, farm, estate. Box H-730.

TEACHER, FEMALE, will accompany children to Europe end of July. Excellent references. Box H-727.

SUCCESSFUL BUT BORED corporation executive, prize-winning but unproduced playwright, seeks position teaching literature or drama at small college. B.S. degree. 20 years in Orient. Box H-722.

BRITISH GIRL, Oxford student, wishes U.S. travel. Experienced child minder, tutor. Expenses only. Box H-714.

EXPERIENCED WRITER, female, seeks NYC position. Excellent professional, academic record. Box H-721.

SUCCESSFUL WOMAN ARTIST (purist) desires part-time position NYC area. Qualified to teach. Box H-726.

BACHELOR, 32, A.B., taught English, can type, presently employed in industry, seeks absorbing employment. Interests in the arts and sports. Box H-704.

YOUNG WOMAN, varied interests, M.A. psychology, moving permanently Los Angeles, seeks challenging job. Particularly interested in aspects of movie-making. Box H-711.

WRITER-REPORTER, 29, single, college graduate, ex-Navy pilot, wants interesting, challenging position. Prefer travel. Box H-708.

SEEKING INTERESTING JOB, congenial environment. Intelligent, reliable woman, B.S., English major. Proofreader for eight years, previously social worker for sixteen. Interested in literature, art and people. NYC. Box H-741.

ENGLISH GIRL, 21, visiting U.S., will care for children, home, on vacation, four weeks. Box H-748.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SUBSCRIPTION FULFILLMENT and Circulation Promotion Manager wanted by midwest Christian magazine. Give experience, references, salary requirements in first letter. Box H-399.

PART-TIME PSYCHOLOGIST—Nursery, lower elementary grades; progressive school, Manhattan. Clinical background, school or related experience essential. Box H-659.

IMAGINATIVE, ADAPTABLE secretary wanted. Unusual opportunity for responsible woman. Congenial, intellectual, rural environment. Box H-718.

PRINCIPAL, retired. Exciting challenge, help with administration of New England prep school. Strong discipline. Box H-707.

EDITORIAL SECRETARY WANTED, NYC. Male/female, free lance. Resume. Box H-701.

PEACE RESEARCH ASSISTANT: Part time. Editing Newsletter and reports. Planning Workshops and Conferences. M. L. Albertson, Colorado State University, Fort Collins.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EDUCATION DIRECTOR NEEDED—Qualified educator, experienced in special education, to supervise instructional and curriculum aspects of program at private pre-school and elementary level day school. The students, whose intellectual capacity ranges from borderline to superior, present a variety of learning problems associated with organic, developmental, or emotional disorders. Person will be working with a professional team composed of Director, Psychiatrist, Psychologist, Social Worker, Speech Therapist, Remedial Teacher, Classroom Teachers and Teachers in Special Skills. State salary required. Apply to: Albert Silverman, Director, The Green Tree School, 6340 Wayne Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19144.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

BERKSHIRE HILLS FARMS, going and abandoned. Country homes, weekender cottages from $2,000 up. Lake property-land $50 acre and up. Within 30 miles of Pittsfield. Free lists. Atlas Realty, 24 Hamlin, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Country homes and acreage. Harold W. Ross, Bondville, Real Estate. Telephone 802-824-5457.

BUCKS COUNTY NEAR NEW HOPE. Newly restored 3 bedroom stone house with handsome stone barn. Asking $26,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

MILLSIDE—Virginia's Piedmont Country. 41 acres on mountain "river"—delightful setting circa 1830 fully restored home of miller and planter. $39,000. Adjacent 139 acres good pasture, split rail fences, woodlands. $22,500. Realty tax both properties, $157. Write for pictures, Stevens and Company, Realtors, Box 213, Charlottesville, Virginia. Phone 296-6104.

VERMONT FARM built 1820. Beautifully restored, original floors, doors and hardware. 8 rooms and bath, attached shed. 100 acres in lake and ski area, trout brook, pond. $15,000. General Stiles, Waterford, Virginia.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Skytop house, contemporary luxury, simple. $200,000. Telephone UNiversity 1-0728 NYC, Box H-635.

ONE HOUR to New York. Privacy. Brook-encircled 2 level contemporary; 2 plus acres, naturalized landscaping. Ideal for in-laws. Entrance level: cathedral ceilings; foyer; dining-living room, fireplace; master bedroom-study-bath suite; kitchen with bar; 2 decks. Lower: 2 bedrooms; bath; family room; garage; patio. $47,500. Principals only. 914-PE 9-1818.

SMALL SUMMER COTTAGE, Connecticut. Cathedral Pines. Only $1,000. Box H-744.

TYROLEAN LODGE on 42 Adirondack acres. 4 rooms, fireplace, furnace, guest cottage, mountaintop view. $35,000. Najer Realty, Warrensburg, N.Y.

VERMONT—Wallingford farm 130 acres, mountain and valley views, house dated 1824—8 rooms, fireplace, 2½ baths, kitchen with dishwasher, wall oven. Barn-garage, 2 horse stalls, fenced pasture. Simple uncomplicated living. $27,500. Snare Associates, Realtors, Dorset, Vermont.

SOUTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE. Elegant, authentically restored 18th century house. Seven fireplaces, wide board floors, beamed ceiling, great kitchen, etc. Pristine condition. $31,500. Box H-751.

For Sale—Furnished

SUPERB VIEW of Mount Desert, Maine, from Cranberry Island shore. 4 bedrooms, modern Cape Cod, furnished. $22,000 cash. Box G-386.

BLOCK ISLAND, R.I., Box 116. 4 bedrooms, garage, shed, lovely country acre. View. Heat. Furnished, antiques; equipped. Low taxes. Interesting natural community. $14,300. Many beaches. Fishing, boating. Telephone 401-HO 6-2659.

For Rent—Furnished

ROSLYN, N.Y. 9 room studio house, huge living room, excellent acoustics. Near station, beaches, shopping. $250 month, lease. Available July 1st. 516-MA 1-0855.

LOS ANGELES SUBURBAN: 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Heated pool. Excellent neighborhood. October to April. $300 month. Write Rognstad, 6641 Barela, Arcadia, California.

VERMONT. De luxe chalet. Aesthetic, beautiful area offers all. Will sell. 201-AD 3-0875.

EASTERN SHORE ESTATE—10 room house with mile of waterfront, near Easton, Maryland. $225 monthly. Brochure. Schofield, 109 East 81st Street, NYC.

(Continued on page 72)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 71)

For Summer Rental

LIDO BEACH, L.I.—4 bedroom split level house, lovely garden, 75 yards from dunes, private beach. Hour from Manhattan; half hour World's Fair. August only, $1,000. Phone 516-GE 1-4011 after 6 p.m.

BERKSHIRE-TANGLEWOOD COTTAGE. On charming rustic secluded estate. Sleeps 4. Large sun deck, brick fireplace, all modern appliances. Now to October 15th. A steal at $770. Telephone 212-OX 7-1090, Box H-752.

RENT SUMMER COTTAGES in scenic mountains, unusual swimming pool, 2 hours N.Y., no colony. Phone collect Ellenville 932, or write Hansburg, Walker Valley, N.Y.

CABIN ON POND, southern Vermont. Swimming, trout, modern conveniences. $75 weekly. Box H-757.

SAN FRANCISCO, Russian Hill. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, living-dining room, furnished completely. Double garage. Republican convention, longer, $500 weekly. Maid available. Station wagon. 52 White Street.

NEW HOUSE, heart of Green Mountain National Forest. 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, 3 fireplaces. By month or season between July 10th and October 1st. Located Route 11, Peru-Londonderry, Vermont. P.O. Box 16, Londonderry, Vermont, phone 802-824-5918.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. 2 room housekeeping cabin on large wooded lot. No electricity. Few minutes drive to sea. $90 week. Box H-687.

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Comfortable home, accessibly secluded. Electricity. Private swimming. 4 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bathroom. August $500. *Mrs. Helen Durant, Jamaica, Vermont.*

CAPE COD, MONUMENT BEACH—Waterfront, year round house, unparalleled location, on former private estate. 2 bedrooms, second floor sleeping area, sun deck, private beach. Exclusive. July, August, September. Box H-723.

CUERNAVACA, MEXICO. Renting completely furnished home, 3 bedrooms, baths, heated pool, servants. Everything furnished. Two months, $700. Chapman, Box 200. Phone 2-15-50.

NEW HOPE. Old stone house on ½ acre along Canal. Short stroll to Bucks County Playhouse. Fireplaces, baby grand, patios, old trees, hammock, etc. 215-862-5572, Box H-717.

PROFESSOR GOING ABROAD wishes to rent chalet in secluded Maine woods facing Sugarloaf Mountain. Large living room, modern kitchen, master bedroom, loft accommodates 2. 2 balconies overlooking pine acreage. Ideal writer's, scholar's hideaway. Family also welcome. $600 season plus utilities. Box H-733.

MANHATTAN OR FAIR 30-40 minutes. Charming Victorian, 5 bedrooms plus maid's, playroom, 4½ baths. Walk to beach. Available July 26th to September 5th. $1,500. Optional extras: live-in help, Rhodes 18 Charter. 914-TE 4-6898.

NEW ALL ELECTRIC HOUSE in Redstone, Colorado, near Aspen. 4 bedrooms, tile baths, dishwasher, clothes washer and drier, fireplace, patio. $200 weekly or $600 *monthly. References. Dr. O. T. Clagett, M.R. 72, Rochester, Minnesota.*

WASHINGTON, D.C. August 15th-September 6th. Large, cool 5 bedroom house located in town, National Cathedral area, near everything. Maid included. $450. Box H-709.

LAKE KEEWAYDIN, MAINE. 3 bedroom cottage, fully equipped. On tip of private peninsula, beach, boat. Walling, 145 Pinckney, Boston.

HOUSE WANTED

BEACH HOUSE WANTED, completely furnished. Winthrop, Massachusetts, Marblehead, Swampscott. August 16th-30th—two weeks Reserve duty Chelsea Navy Hospital —doctor's family of seven. Box H-734.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

WORLD'S FAIR RENTALS. Furnished apartments by the week. Pennington Agency, 192-12 Northern Boulevard, Flushing, N.Y.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

$100 UP—Singles, bedroom apartments. Westwood, near UCLA. Child O.K. No lease. 505 Gayley, Los Angeles, California.

OVERLOOKING MANHATTAN. 5 rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, dishwasher. Answering service, part-time maid. Large terrace, high floor. July-August, $575. References. Box H-684.

RENT: Large seashore apartment. Quiet, cool, inexpensive. Rensch, Cape May Point, N.J.

MANHATTAN, WEST END. 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, river view. Flexible dates. $250 month. ENdicott 2-2894, Box H-702.

ONE BLOCK Metropolitan Museum. 3 bedrooms, air-conditioning, laundry. Three weeks: August 6th-28th. $100 week plus utilities. Box H-759.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

MAINE. WRITE TO MAINE'S "Mr. Real Estate" for everything in property needs. Clyde I. Barrows, Franklin Realty Co., Farmington, Maine. 778-2852.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, acre lots or large tracts with outstanding views, streams, timber, some with lake frontage or near skiing. $20 an acre and up. For brochure write Box G-28.

BUCKS COUNTY. High, partly wooded, overlooking beautiful valley. New York commuting. 7 acres—$7,000. F. Louis Fitting, Realtor, New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2291.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BOOK SHOP—Active, in rapidly expanding San Francisco East Bay area. Ideal for couple. Box H-353.

OWNER EXCELLENT QUALITY Michigan art gallery desires advisory and financial partner. Challenging? Box H-712.

CAMPS

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Theatre, Dance, French, Sports. Coed. 342 Madison Avenue, NYC. TN 7-6690.

FOR THE TALENTED: Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

SUMMERLANE. A school and camp based on the concept of freedom through self-regulation. Fernwood Road, Mileses, New York.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

THE MANOR HOTEL — Asheville, N.C. Ideal for year-round living. Perfect for a vacation.

PAMPER YOUR RETIREMENT YEARS at remarkably modest cost in Westchester's new residential apartment hotel, just completed, within one of the nation's most beautiful retirement communities, in a 42 acre park overlooking the Hudson River, just an hour from New York City. This modern, fully fireproof, soundproof, air-conditioned hotel offers single, double, or larger suites from $55 per week per person including daily luncheon, dinner and maid service. Beautiful dining room, cocktail lounge, indoor swimming pool, solarium. Stores on premises. One year lease—no cash payment. Immediate occupancy. Visit THE SPRINGVALE INN on Route 9, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y., or call 914-PE 7-6954.

VACATIONS

SCHROON LAKE, N.Y. SILBERT HOTEL—heart of Adirondacks. Private beach, all sports, excellent cuisine, modern accommodations. Near Adirondack Music Festival, summer stock. From $67.50 each, double occupancy.

TEN MILES OFF THE COAST of Maine: Monhegan Island. *Virtually unchanged over the centuries, Monhegan's* cliffs and shore, its woods, ponds and meadows offer sanctuary to the creatures and growing things of air, land and water. And to mankind. For here the cacophony, crowds and confusion of the mainland are miles away. No street lights or neon signs dim the stars. No jukeboxes, bars or cocktail lounges disturb the peace. Cars, radio and television stay on the mainland. But waiting here to be found by all: peace, quiet, beauty. The Island Inn, Box D, Monhegan Island, Maine.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

COLONIAL LONG ISLAND, at Amagansett. The Ocean Dune Apartments offer luxuriously furnished, charming 2 and 4 room seaside suites with kitchenettes, daily maid service, private sun decks, swimming pool, private ocean beach, golf privileges. Rates, brochure and application: BO 9-7299 or 516-AM 7-3406.

PROSPECT HOUSE and Golf Club, a traditional Vermont summer resort near Rutland. 80 scenic lakeside acres (opposite Alexander Woollcott's island) where that old green magic casts is spell. NEW motel accommodations. GOLF, water sports, dancing. Delicious cuisine. Color folder. Write: Mr. & Mrs. Charles Baker, Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

ADIRONDACK CAMP—ROAD'S END—directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

RELAX BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort. Swimming pool, beach, championship putting green. Exceptional meals. Opening 57th year June 12th. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

S'DRAIATO nelle piu' alte colline di Montauk. Gurney's Inn, con la sua maestosa vista sul magnificente Atlantico, invitante a un contemplativo umore dove le preoccupazioni scompaiono nel mormorio delle onde. Le nostre villette sul lungomare e l'albergo riserva un panorama di rullante superfice azzurra e morbida sabbia accarezzata dal sole. Concediti il piacere di cullarti nel Brink o' the Beach. For color brochure write Gurney's Inn, Dept. ISR, Montauk, L. I. 516-MO 8-2345.

ENCHANTING RUSTIC "RETREAT" near Tanglewood and all Berkshire festivals. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of sports, Hi-Fi music, good food and true relaxation. Swimming, rowing, canoeing, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, etc. Informal, congenial, moderate. A unique vacation spot for business and professional people. Rustic lodge, cottages and cabins. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 81, Lee, Massachusetts.

JAMAICA REASONABLY. CASUAL LUXURY. 2, 3 and 4 bedroom villas; studio and 2 bedroom apartments; pool. Daily, weekly, monthly. $5 P.P.D.O. or less. Corniche, P.O. Box 91. Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I. NYC Office, MUrray Hill 4-6823.

HORSEMAN'S HAVEN in old Mexico! What more can you ask? Fine horses, beautiful trails, superb climate, outstanding instruction by cavalry officers based on methods of Mexican cavalry. Charming accommodations. Dressage, cross country, and jumping. Beautiful Colonial town, fiestas, academies, spas, library (bilingual). Write Escuela *Ecuestre S. M. A., Apartado 185S, San Miguel de Allende,* Guanajuato, Mexico.

WHITE MOUNTAINS. Perry House, Bethlehem, N.H. Hotel-Motel. Entertainment, pool, dancing, free golf. Children supervised. Kosher.

"RELIEVE IT OR NOT"—Unspoiled mountain country 2¼ hours from NYC. Private lake. Boating, fishing. Trout stream. Pool. Entertainment, dancing. Jewish Cuisine. Cooks Falls Lodge, Cooks Falls, N.Y. CHelsea 4-0467.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR. 8th consecutive year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. Also pre-season rates. For 1964 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine 04543.

WATCH ROCK LODGE. Adirondack, N.Y. On Schroon Lake. Jewish-American Cuisine, Sports. Instruction: Art, Dancing, Free Water Skiing. Sand beach. Excellent children's day camp. Family plan special. Weekly $66 and $78, child 2/3. HI 5-2557 NYC.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS. Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Dining room, cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable rates without meals. May 30th to October 15th. Color brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

UNWIND. At the charming new Christmas Tree Inn—mountain setting — Continental atmosphere — excellent cuisine. Swimming pool, superb new golf course, riding, tennis. Special golf week rates. Write The Christmas Tree Inn, Sugarbush Valley, Warren, Vermont.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" on an island in Maine. $75 weekly, $12 daily. For brochure write Mrs. A. Tardy, Box 774, Montrose, N.Y.

LIGHTHOUSE INN. New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea, jewel box 52 room inn. Art gallery lounge, private beach, E.P. Brochure 1A.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

MOUNTAIN VACATION. Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower fall rates.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from. Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

KINAPIC LODGE. Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, tennis, beach, water skiing. Couples, families $90+ weekly. Open to October 15th. Long Island phone TN 8-4057.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH, one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

PINKHAM NOTCH INN—A secluded Alpine Inn of rare charm at the foot of Mt. Washington in the White Mountain National Forest. Enjoy your leisure, superb mountain climbing, swimming and outdoor sports in an idyllic setting. $10-$16 American Plan. R. P. Whipple, Mgr., Jackson 3, New Hampshire.

NATURE LOVERS, CREATIVE PEOPLE. Find peace, quiet, beautiful hill country, charming old-world home. No TV, individualized cooking. Near lovely, historic Cooperstown. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y. 1-607-397-6218.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

ASOLO THEATER COMEDY FESTIVAL — 5th Season! Lady's Not for Burning. Twelfth Night, School for Scandal, Imaginary Invalid—in Ringling Museum's 18th century Italian theater. July 9th through August 29th. See all on one weekend. Write for package-plan brochure, folder on Sarasota County—Florida's Distinctive Resort Area. Wonderful beaches. Cool Gulf breezes. Chamber of Commerce, Box 308E, Sarasota, Florida.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine. Open through October.

VACATIONS

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE — Secluded, 2,100 feet elevation, panoramic view. Superb cuisine. Informal. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

RELAX. Like to get away from it all? Here you can sit in the sun and remember, or lie in the shade and forget. Take your choice. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

EVER SAUNTER through the cool, exquisitely scented, wild azalea woodlands? THE FLYING CLOUD, New Marlboro, Massachusetts.

GREAT BOOKS SEMINAR: Stimulating vacation with informal atmosphere of Colby College campus. Good reading, discussions, good food, good fun among interesting adults. Write Box 179, Jericho, N.Y.

FANTASTICALLY PAINTABLE countryside! Great food, too! Poetic brochure. The Seraphim, The Macklems, Lakeville, Connecticut.

ADIRONDACKS. Small, informal. Hiking, picnics, fishing; a hammock in the sun or a rocking chair by the fire. Activities for children. Folder. Trail's End, Keene Valley, New York 12943.

QUIET COUNTRY ROOMS with Continental breakfast. Tanglewood, Berkshire Playhouse, Jacob's Pillow, swimming, fishing and golf nearby. Single and double. Rates. Orchard House, Tyringham, Massachusetts.

MAGPIE'S ROOST. Falls Village, Connecticut. Small, intimate—home cooking, baking. Near lakes, Berkshire Concerts area, Music Mountain.

WINDY HILL. R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE. Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Elevation 2,900'. Small, secluded, informal — entirely modern. No cottages. Mid-May-November. American Plan $10.00-$12.50 per person double. Folder. Telephone 704-479-3433.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE. concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

RED INN, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Quiet rooms and breakfasts on the sea.

FAMILY VACATIONS! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Informal resort (bungalows: fireplace, bath). Also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water Sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and Dartmouth Summer Theater near. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Booklet. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 802-333-4478.

EXCEPTIONAL FOOD, LODGING. Halfway between Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Bossidy House, Route 20, Lee, Massachusetts.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50. daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

FISHING, HUNTING or vacation in Newfoundland? Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

VERMONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook House—cool, 1,600 ft.—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 up a day Modified American Plan. Families welcome. Also housekeeping apartment, attached to inn. Living room, fireplace, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, private entrance. Available day, week, month. Meals if desired. Phone 802-824-5918.

VACATIONS

WORLD'S FAIR ACCOMMODATIONS—Delightful—Economical Package includes de luxe hotels — transportation — sightseeing — guides — tickets to Fair — Broadway show — many extras! For complete descriptive folders write HERITAGE TOURS, Suite 412, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020.

TRAVEL

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

CRUISE CARIBBEAN JUNGLE RIVERS, visit friendly Bushnegro, Amerindian stone-age villages; hunt; fish; tour quaint capital; stay modern hotels, guest houses. Write Surinam, Dept. SR-2, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

MEXICO-U-PLAN-IT. A unique folder for the independent traveler. Hotel pictures, descriptions, rates and location maps. Sightseeing details. Restaurant and night-life information. Contact Gramercy Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL. 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to New York World's Fair, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

CRUISE COOL NEW ENGLAND with us aboard beautiful Cape Cod Schooner Olad II. Two to six guests. Excellent meals. From Essex, Connecticut. Brochure. Captain Arthur Kimberly, Box 22297, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

GLOBAL CIRCLE TOURS. Around the World in 48 or 60 Days. Completely escorted, frequent departures. Dittmann Travel Organization, Northfield, Minnesota.

BARCELONA OR BELGRADE, Paris or Parma, London or Lucerne—wherever you go you'll know where to eat well, live well and shop well when you carry Olson's Hotel, Restaurant and Shopping Guide to Europe, 1964 Edition. $3.95 at all bookstores. Lippincott.

WASTING YOUR HOLIDAY? . . . Over one thousand Americans last year enjoyed hobbyist, professional classes in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, history at famed Instituto Allende. Sunshine, field trips, fiestas, Mexico's most beautiful town. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson. Direcrector, Box 6, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

GOING ABROAD?—Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N. Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Escorted Cruises and Tours—for single men and women. Travel with your own age group to Europe, Mexico, Caribbean, Hawaii, California, World's Fair, Orient, Around-the-World. Free 32 page catalogue. Contact Department SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

EUROPE IN COMFORT and economy. $798-$1,600, 21-56 days, including Stratford. Dittmanntours, Northfield, Minnesota.

SOUTH SEAS TRAVEL—Study Cruises. Two Matson luxury cruises, each featuring a different 6 week university course for credit or audit: Government of the South Pacific on August 6th and Literature of the South Pacific on September 20th. Program sponsored by the University of Hawaii and conducted by its professors. Sailings from San Francisco; following day from Los Angeles. Ports of call are Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga, New Zealand, Australia, Noumea, Fiji, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago, Hawaii. Write: Matson, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, for complete information.

"MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY" CRUISES offer the trip of a lifetime at amazingly low cost! Elegant Italian Line steamers—Colombo, Saturnia, Vulcania—feature unexcelled cuisine and service, thrilling ports of call, plus glamorous stay ashore in Italy. 23 to 43 days, from $595 each for room with bath. Monthly departures. For brochure, Columbia Tours, Inc., 590 Fifth Avenue, NYC 36, COlumbus 5-2600.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1576

Reg U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Figurative for compliments, not to be thrown at unacknowledged fiancees.	123 30 73 78 184 126 94 54
B. Interested person who tries in a certain way to influence the deliberations of a legislative body.	170 66 120 173 159 108 132 146
C. Lighten a cargo in time of danger.	187 38 28 128 55 95 135 74
D. Titular character of Maugham's first "mystery" story, 1928.	16 101 70 171 65 114 134 44
E. French diplomat and poet of early 15th cent., the title of whose best-known poem was later used by Keats.	69 143 100 199 33 200 153 119
F. Diametrically different in position or nature, but not necessarily antagonistic.	85 133 39 198 131 160 147 82
G. U.S. section of male liturgical choir which British call their countertenors (2 wds.)	25 20 63 158 137 5 59 99
H. A German workman.	106 8 62 121 110 41 97 166
I. Amer. criminologist, once warden of Sing Sing prison, Dean of Columbia Law Sch., etc. (1855-1942).	193 93 87 17 140 9 138 124
J. Diligence.	43 1 181 21 127 6 12 58
K. One thing the reducing dieter hopes to be (3 wds.)	53 156 176 107 34 197 26 90

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Harsh or rasping; velar.	169 118 190 201 60 81 172 102
M. Made harmless by deprivation of natural weapons.	64 149 18 2 185 195 77 122
N. Mere exteriors.	174 31 109 142 177 15 186 111
O. Greek god of dreams, poetical not religious.	98 163 61 136 10 130 188 29
P. How Trinculo characterized Caliban's "ancient smell."	145 80 116 91 36 52 157 13
Q. Set in a conventional form; fixed (both fig. uses).	103 49 83 115 152 144 7 75
R. Harps on (something unpleasant; 3 wds.)	76 50 179 71 40 155 45 22
S. Sea creatures whose name sounds to be any gentleman resting.	3 68 178 191 32 37 92 19
T. Lambings.	182 57 4 112 150 104 196 46
U. Afternoon snacks of a hearty nature (2 wds.)	47 167 105 148 117 96 89 192
V. Eject by broom.	141 79 84 35 165 180 11 15
W. Coarse offensiveness.	27 194 86 14 129 23 151 162
X. Overspread; filled.	189 164 42 161 175 24 88 67
Y. British writer, 18th cent. on education and mechanics, who put in practice telegraphic communication bet. Dublin and Galway, 1804.	48 56 168 154 139 183 125 113 72

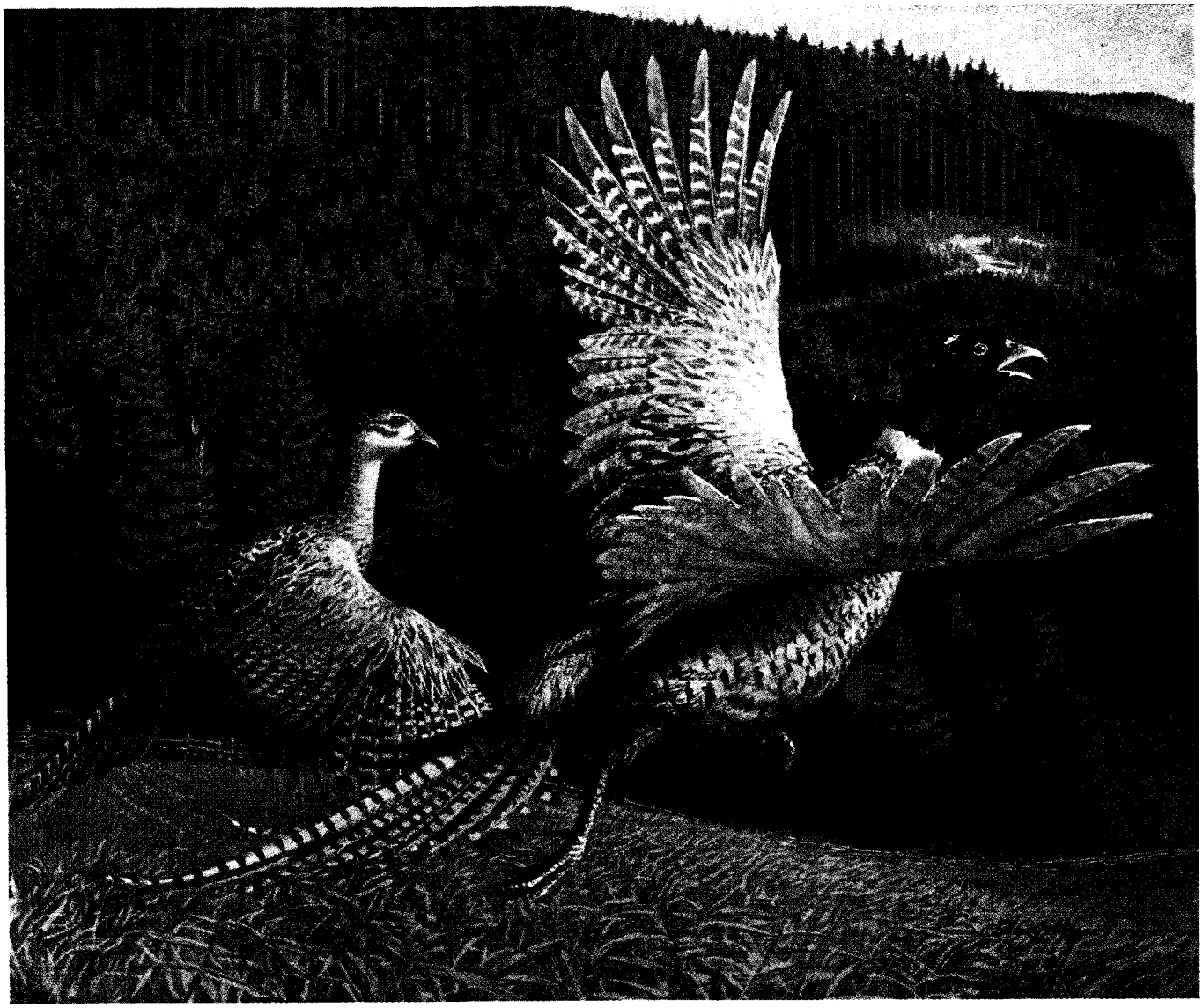
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

		1 J	2 M		3 S	4 T	5 G	6 J	7 Q	8 H		9 I	10 O	11 V	12 J	13 P	
14 W		15 N	16 D	17 I	18 M	19 S	20 G	21 J	22 R	23 W		24 X	25 G	26 K	27 W	28 C	29 O
	30 A	31 N	32 S		33 E	34 K		35 V	36 P	37 S	38 C	39 F		40 R	41 H		42 X
43 J	44 D	45 R	46 T	47 U	48 Y	49 Q		50 R	51 V		52 P	53 K	54 A	55 C	56 Y	57 T	
58 J	59 G	60 L	61 O		62 H	63 G	64 M		65 D	66 B		67 X	68 S	69 E	70 D	71 R	72 Y
73 A	74 C	75 Q		76 R	77 M	78 A	79 V	80 P	81 L	82 F	83 Q		84 V	85 F		86 W	87 I
88 X	89 U	90 K	91 P	92 S		93 I	94 A		95 C	96 U	97 H	98 O	99 G		100 E	101 D	
102 L	103 Q	104 T	105 U		106 H	107 K		108 B	109 N		110 H	111 N	112 T	113 Y		114 D	115 Q
116 P	117 U	118 L	119 E	120 B	121 H	122 M		123 A	124 I		125 Y	126 A	127 J	128 C	129 W	130 O	131 F
132 B		133 F	134 D	135 C	136 O	137 G	138 I		139 Y	140 I	141 V		142 N	143 E	144 Q	145 P	146 B
	147 F	148 U	149 M	150 T	151 W		152 Q	153 E	154 Y	155 R		156 K	157 P	158 G	159 B		160 F
161 X		162 W	163 O	164 X		165 V	166 H	167 U	168 Y	169 L	170 B	171 D		172 L	173 B	174 N	175 X
176 K		177 N	178 S		179 R	180 V	181 J		182 T	183 Y	184 A	185 M	186 N		187 C	188 O	189 X
190 L		191 S	192 U	193 I	194 W	195 N	196 T		197 K	198 F	199 E		200 E	201 L			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pheasants on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm where new trees follow the old in perpetual tree crops

You undoubtedly use fine papers from Weyerhaeuser tree farms

Paper comes from wood. Along with lumber and plywood it is one of the most important end-products of Weyerhaeuser tree farms—so important, in fact, that it is hard to imagine a world without it.

There would be no books or birthday cards, no easy way to pay a bill, leave a note, or write a letter. There would be no magazines like this.

Because wood is the most economical source of paper products, Weyerhaeuser has an important stake in their production. Crocker Hamilton Papers, Inc., a Weyerhaeuser subsidiary, produces the nation's broadest line of fine printing papers. Among them are high quality book publishing papers, text and cover papers, practical papers for office forms, fine bonds for formal letterheads.

These and other products come from privately owned, tax-paying tree farms like Weyerhaeuser's. Here, we grow timber in 30- to 80-year crop cycles to make sure there will be a perpetual supply for future generations.

Tree farms are practical only under a tax and economic climate that takes into account the risks from fire, insects and disease involved in the lengthy growing period. Fortunately, today's tax policy encourages good forestry. Because these tree farms are a vital source of trees for tomorrow, as well as payrolls, recreation and wildlife protection, it is important to keep it that way.

Send for our colorful free booklet describing modern industrial forestry in greater detail. Write Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A5, Tacoma, Washington 98401.

Crocker Hamilton printing, writing and industrial papers—from Weyerhaeuser tree farms

Weyerhaeuser

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Welcome Scotch The World Over!

"White Label"
DEWAR'S

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Dewar's never varies!

Paris plays host to the
Dewar's Highlander

SET OF 4 COLOR PRINTS OF CLANS MacLaine, MacLeod, Wallace and Highlander, shown in authentic full dress regalia, 9½" x 12", suitable for framing. Available only in states where legal. Send $5 to Cashier's Dept. #3, Schenley Imports Co., 1290 Avenue Of The Americas, N.Y. 19, N.Y.© 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED